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ALICE FAYE
BY PAUL HESSE

2 GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
HOLLYWOOD'S MADDEST MOMENTS BY HEDDA HOPPER

The smoke of Slower-Burning Camels gives you
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR

and
28%

LESS
NICOTINE

than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

ALL that you get from a cigarette—you get in the *smoke itself*. And here's what you get when you smoke slower-burning Camels. More mildness where you want mildness...*in the smoke*. More flavor where you want flavor...*in the smoke*. More coolness, too!

In the same slow smoke of a Camel cigarette, you get LESS NICOTINE. Yes, 28% less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested...less nicotine than from *any* of them.

Dealers feature Camels by the carton. For convenience—for economy—get *your* Camels by the carton.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

“Camels taste like the cigarette they are . . . a finer cigarette of real mildness, wonderful flavor!”

MRS. EDWARD M. McILVAIN, JR., of New York

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested . . . slower than any of them . . . Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



• A lover of home life, Mrs. McIlvain enjoys running a household...entertaining small groups of friends. Deeply interested in decoration, she prefers antiques and period pieces . . . was photographed against the background of an eighteenth-century lacquer screen. As a hobby, Mrs. McIlvain collects miniature

furniture and silver. She also likes candid photography...movies...concerts . . . Camels. “Smoking Camels is one of my chief every-day pleasures,” says Mrs. McIlvain. “Camels are mild as can be...and taste simply grand. Yes, the fact that there's less nicotine in the smoke of Camels means a lot to me!”

Camel — the Slower-Burning cigarette



Even if you were born Plain Jane . . .
TAKE HOPE...If your Smile is Lovely!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

*say well-known beauty editors of
 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HOPE—plain girl! Look in your mirror—and smile! There's your chance for beauty. For if you keep your teeth sparkling, gums firmer, you, too, have a loveliness to turn the eyes of men.

But truly, how is your smile? Bright and radiant—or dull, dingy? Help make your smile sparkle, make it the real, attractive YOU. Start today with Ipana and massage. Remember, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. He

may say your gums only need more work—natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the extra stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Try Ipana and Massage

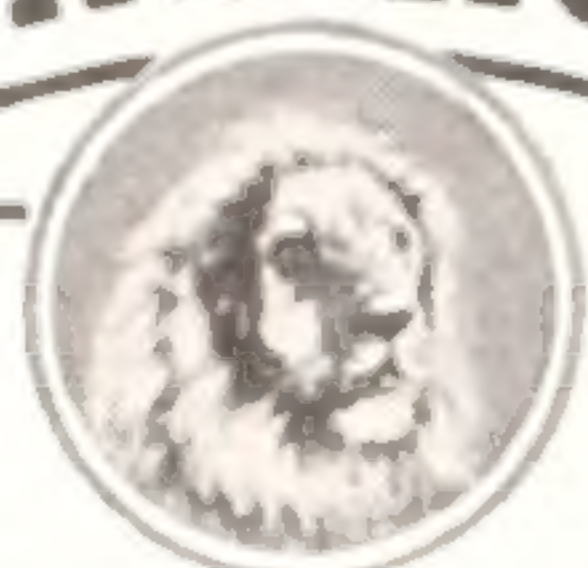
For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to sturdier, more resistant firmness. So be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Start with Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile winning and attractive.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

The lion roars "See 'Men of Boystown'!"

It will be money properly spent.

It will blend the golden laughter and tears of April, as in William Watson's poem.

In September, 1938, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—conversationally called M-G-M—decided that the world should know more about Father Flanagan and his famous home for homeless boys of all faiths. Result—"Boystown".

It was one of the five most successful pictures ever produced. There were letters from the public. There was a demand for more.



And so with time and care a new great hit was created—a worthy sequel—a successful successor.

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are together again.

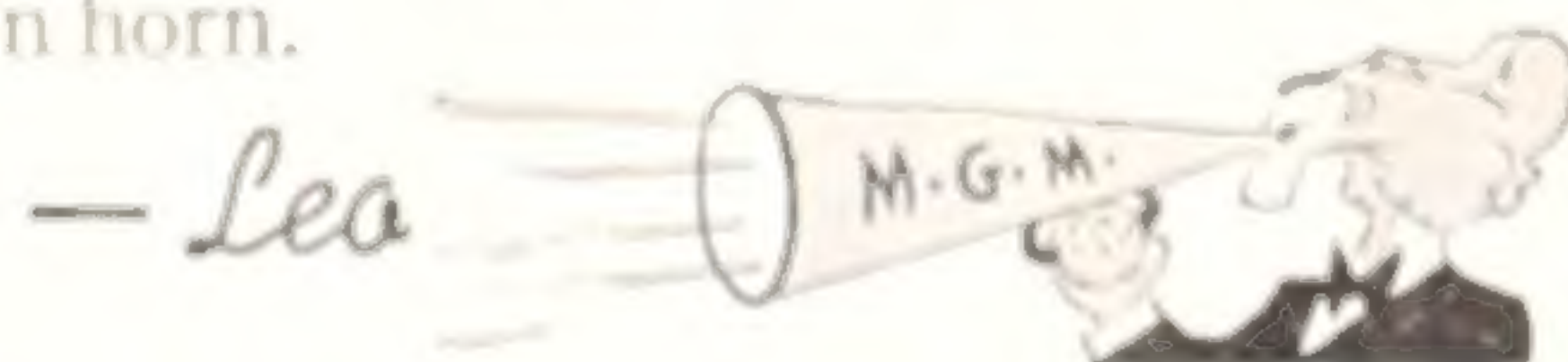
Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are Father Flanagan and Whitey Marsh again!

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are wonderful again in "Men of Boystown"!

The original screen play by James K. McGuinness was directed by Norman Taurog, produced by John Considine.

Time is the master critic and Time has awarded every medal and trophy to M-G-M, the master of entertainment.

Sorry. We were told not to blow our own horn.



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

PHOTOPLAY combined with movie MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

MAY, 1941
VOL. 18, NO. 6

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IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN BOYS TOWN

SPENCER

MICKEY

Tracy·Rooney
IN
"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"

with

BOBS WATSON · DARRYL HICKMAN · MARY NASH
LARRY NUNN · HENRY O'NEILL · LEE J. COBB

Original Screen Play by
James Kevin McGuinness

Directed by Norman Taurog

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.



METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER'S NEW HIT





Close Up: Alan Curtis as Franz Schubert and Ilona Massey in "New Wine"

Long Shot: Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman, Bill Orr, Perc Westmore at Warner party for "Strawberry Blonde"

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

WHY I LIKE HOLLYWOOD (1941 Version). . . . I like Hollywood in 1941 because despite war, taxes and general insecurity, it is just as madly, beautifully inconsistent as ever before. . . . I like it because the lordly Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, being the richest studio of them all (and incidentally, despite all the successes all the other studios have had, it is still Metro that rules the raves), has discovered economy . . . discovered it by way of two master works . . . "Comrade X" and "Come Live With Me," both starring Miss Hedy Lamarr . . . the latter cost a mere \$450,000 to make, which used to be Metro chicken feed . . . but like its predecessor, "Comrade X," it is a box-office riot, a gold mine and a bonanza . . . and then by way of contrast, RKO, just trembling back from the brink of bankruptcy, gives Mr. Orson Welles an unlimited bankroll to produce "Citizen Kane" and now insists that it never read the script or knew what was going on . . . it insists this since all the controversy has been stirred up that may mean the picture will not be released. . . .

I like Hollywood this year because the studios, having decided there would be no more previewing of pictures in theaters (the claim being that this was necessary because too many of "the wrong people" were crashing these previews, supposedly sacred to the press), are the ones who are now trying to break the ruling, rather than the press on whom it has worked the greatest hardship . . . this ruling



BY RUTH WATERBURY

meant reviewers have had to go to dinky studio preview rooms to see films run off at outlandish hours, hours anywhere from eleven in the morning to six at night . . . hours which are particularly hard on the magazine people who need to be in their offices at those times . . . but, somehow, we adapted ourselves to this scheme . . . so what happens? . . . the studios, themselves, begin giving "sneak press previews" . . . and in theaters . . . getting around their own ruling by cautioning you not to tell anyone which theater you are going to . . . (it is only printed in advance on the admission tickets, of course) . . . the studios get around it by giving "press dinners" in advance at the studio proper and then transporting the press theaterward en masse and in buses (so that you can't take your own car and thus can't possibly know where you are going, despite the theater's name printed on the tickets you have been holding in your little hot hand all through dinner) . . . not that anybody minds this . . . it makes

for a new kind of Hollywood outing . . . but it's so gorgeously typical of Hollywood's twisted reasoning . . . but by way of making it all perfect, the best "preview" of them all turns out to be one that is neither of these things . . . but a dinner on a sound stage . . . the so-called "Burbank Outing and Crowder Club" . . . giving it at Warners on the evening they showed "The Strawberry Blonde" . . . which is enchanting . . . a party given at "Grimes Gala Gardens" which promised "free lunch . . . free tintypes . . . free beer . . . free ladies" . . . with the latter scratched off the invitations and "Bring Your Own Ladies" written in its place . . . it all meaning the Warner publicity department had pulled another natural and a fine time was had by all. . . .

I like Hollywood because a good friend in the studio phoned Ann Sheridan and said, "You'd better settle your strike because it is getting really serious over here . . . they're buying new bras for Joan Leslie." . . . I like Hollywood because the girls on the appointment desks in the beauty parlors always say when you ask for a date with your favorite hairdresser and manicurist . . . "all right, dear" . . . "we can give you Peggy, dear" . . . "it takes two hours for your hair, dear" . . . and the more they "dear" you, the less they know you . . . I like Hollywood because many of our "men about town" let the papers know they are going to date a girl before they let the girl know and that doesn't (Continued on page 102)

**LAUGHING, FIGHTING, LOVING
their way into your heart!**

William A. Wellman, Producer of "Beau Geste," brings
you three modern musketeers in a rousing, rollicking
romance that hits straight at the heart with a wallop!



Paramount Presents
**JOEL MCCREA
ELLEN DREW**

"REACHING FOR THE SUN"

with
Eddie Bracken • Albert Dekker • Billy Gilbert
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. River



Speak FOR YOURSELF

From one Eleanor
to another: Eleanor
Powell gets a pat on
the back from Iowa

\$10.00 PRIZE
Serious Symptoms

MOVIES are ordinarily a pleasant subject to talk about, but with the tremendous importance which they have assumed, it is inevitable that eventually one must discuss something which is unpleasant. Very recently, a senator declared that the films are being used to spread war propaganda and suggested that there should be passed laws to curb them. The columnist's blast that Disney's "Fantasia" dripped from the fangs of Fascism may not be more comical than the "investigation" of Shirley Temple some years back, but it is a symptom of something far more serious.

Not only is any movement to suppress and control films an insult to the movie-goer, but it is based upon fallacious reasoning. In the first place, the charge that the industry is attempting to inflame this country to war is ridiculous. The producers would have nothing to gain by war and much to lose. Furthermore, theirs is a business to produce entertainment—otherwise they make no money. The out-and-out propaganda picture is not entertaining. Therefore, people won't go to see it.

Most important, however, is the fact that this is a land of freedom—freedom of press, freedom of speech, freedom of thought. We deplore bad taste or deliberate falsification in the movies, but we must declare ourselves unwaveringly for their freedom!

THOMAS H. ELLIOTT,
Boston, Mass.

\$5.00 PRIZE
I Meet "The Killer!"

BEHIND that door was "The Killer!" Slick black hair as shiny as patent leather. Piercing eyes that stare point-blank from under sinister brows. A leer that sends cold shivers tobogganing down the spine.

Yes, I had seen him before. From afar. And today, the committee had drawn my name from the hat. It was my duty (privilege, they called it) to face this man—"The Killer!"

Cautiously I turned the knob, stepped quickly inside to do the job. There he sat.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

"Been waiting for you," he said quietly, a smile on his face. A friendly smile! And his eyes—their warm welcome was as plain as that on the old-fashioned doormat over at Grandmother's house.

"The manager told me about the poor little lad over at the hospital," he went on. "And, mister, if he'd like my autograph, let's get over there and deliver it in person."

Our cab zoomed away from the stage door. Bright lights of the marquee flashed their message—"See George Raft in Person." How much more satisfying, I thought, to *know* the man beneath the film reputation—to meet "The Killer" on an errand of mercy!

MORRISON M. SCOTT,
Cleveland, O.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Quicksilver Comment

I HAVE been privileged to meet and know Eleanor Powell. It was a wonderful experience and I shall never forget it. Through her I learned that screen stars are very human people.

I am struck with admiration at the success Eleanor has achieved and the kindness, the good comradeship and courtliness she shows towards all her co-workers. I believe Eleanor's success on the stage and screen is a splendid tribute to pluck and perseverance and because of her willingness to work and co-operate in every way I know she will keep steadily climbing higher and higher.

She is like quicksilver; her eyes are always alight with some enthusiasm or other which helps her cheer a world that holds so much gloom now. There is no jealousy, cattiness or swollen head to make her giddy and send her hurtling down back to the foot of the ladder. This world gains a valuable nutriment in the joy, beauty, dancing, and color Eleanor brings into the lives of millions—so thanks a lot, Eleanor!

ELEANOR MORGENSEN,
Cedar Falls, Ia.

(Continued on page 22)

*"Sometimes
there's a terrible penalty
for telling the truth . . ."*

BETTE DAVIS

**will appear
soon
in her
stunning
new triumph**

The Great Lie

GEO. BRENT

Her co-star of 'Dark Victory' and 'The Old Maid' in the Warner Bros. drama that magnificently surpasses both!

MARY ASTOR

LUCILE WATSON • HATTIE McDANIEL

Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • From a Novel by

Polan Banks • Music by Max Steiner

Directed by **EDMUND GOULDING**





Inside Stuff

Making eyes at the Mocambo: Betty Grable and George Raft. For a salient sideline on the Grable half of the romantic team, see page 36

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER



Result of the Mocambo floor show—three satisfied customers: John Howard; Hedy Lamarr, the girl who usually decorates his arm; Chaplin

CAL TALKS TO HIMSELF. Wonder why Jimmy Stewart continues to send those yellow roses to Olivia de Havilland every week when the romance is said to be over? Wonder what happened to that romance anyhow? Could the rumor be true that Jimmy won't marry a professional woman? Hmmm, we wonder.

Why doesn't someone tell Roz Russell to close her beautiful mouth when having her picture

snapped? As far as that goes, why doesn't someone tell Roz not to talk *all* the time.

Maybe beau Freddie Brisson might have a chance to ask that all-important question if—oh well, t'ain't our business.

Speaking of pictures, what gets into Jean Arthur, breaking up the photographer's cameras at night spots? They have *their* living to earn too, she should realize. What was that someone told us about

Jean? Oh yes, she felt she wasn't so young as she might be and that the fact has become an obsession with her. Shucks, Jeanie with the bright-red temper has a long way to travel before she reaches middle years.

What was behind all that confidential whispering between Greg Bautzer and Dottie Lamour at the Brown Derby last night? Could those two be plotting something labelled matrimony?



Left: Seen at Ciro's—the new inspiration for Rudy Vallée's love songs: 20th Century Fox's Gene Tierney

An itemized account of intimate
Hollywood happenings, includ-
ing some tales told out of school

By CAL YORK



Below: In step at the Mo-
cambo—Eleanor Powell and
the man who's now buying
her dinners, Merrill Pye



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HYMAN FINK

Mutual admiration society
at the Mocambo: Carole
Landis and her current
pulse quickener, Bob Stack

Have to laugh the way Errol Flynn's friends are ganging up on him about that expected baby. They yell, "Hey, Daddy," or, "Papa Errol" or, "Father Flynn," all over the place. Errol takes it big. Funny about Errol, too. Has such an ingratiating grin and aura of good fellowship, but they say he forgot the struggles and yearnings too soon. Went from one extreme to the other too fast. Too bad. And why the heck do we always feel a

personal hurt for these boys and girls who won't play the game of life according to the old rules of kindness and charity toward all, especially when they have so much to be thankful for? Movie-acting is better than selling typewriters in Australia, at that.

There we go, leading with our nose into other people's affairs. Oh well, Cal can think out loud once in a while, can't he?

Or can't he?

Hollywood Helps: Again we say there is no community anywhere or any group of people so ready and willing at all times to give of their precious time and talent to a worthy cause as the people of Hollywood.

The gigantic radio program organized by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn for Greek relief and broadcast to Greece and England had practically every star in the business participating, from Shirley Temple to

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



George Raft balked when he found out what the Benny-Hope team planned to do with him on the air. Occasion was Goldwyn's broadcast for Greek relief

backstage just two minutes before he went on the air in a *Hardy* skit.

Considering the hours and days of rehearsals and the writing and technical talent that lay behind the broadcast, we'd say Hollywood had done its bit once again—and done it magnanimously.

New York Sniffs at Hollywood: Well, you should have seen me! There was old Cal literally surrounded by those beauteous top-bracket New York advertising models who were brought out here by 20th Century-Fox for the picture "That Night In Rio."

We were all primed for the "ahs" and "ohs" when the talk swung around to our movie lads, but imagine the shock to our frazzled nervous system when the girls pooh-poohed our lads in one united chorus.

"They are all right as playboys, but as husbands— you can have 'em."

(Continued on page 12)

At the broadcast rehearsal, Ronald Colman and Shirley Temple held a private tête-à-tête, made photographer Fink use some high and mighty methods



Fine-feathers corner: Clark Gable (above), Carole Lombard, Melvyn Douglas, Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power. Analysis of the Lombard look on p. 16

Charles Laughton. Bob Hope and Jack Benny, as co-partners in emceeing, kept the performers in stitches—Bob with lighthearted quips, Benny with his heavyhearted worry

Myrna Loy was the belle of the ball throughout the rehearsals and little Shirley Temple was so popular she and Ronald Colman were compelled to lock themselves in a dressing room to rehearse in peace. But our Hymie is resourcefulness itself. He merely climbed up to the transom and clicked away.

Big find George Raft, who scares millions on the screen, got the willies when he learned he was to be treated like a facilitator each between Benny and Hope in a skit. He couldn't cross up on the air, he was so frightened.

It was *Alfred Hitchcock* who made Brown the troupe leader with Melvyn, who had been chosen for the Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen show even in R.C. and was in the traffic jam outside the Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard and arrived

Three "chariteers" (below) on the broadcast: Robert Taylor, his wife Barbara Stanwyck, and Lewis Stone



1941's GREAT GLAMOUR-MUSICAL . . .
THE SHOW OF YOUR DREAMS!

• From the studio that gave
you "Tin Pan Alley" and
"Down Argentine Way"!

Alice
FAYE

Don
AMECHE

Carmen
MIRANDA

in

**"That
Night
in Rio"**

IN TECHNICOLOR!

IT'S GAY!

IT'S ROMANTIC!

IT'S MUSICAL! . . . the
South American Way!

Hit songs—

"I'yi, Yi, Yi, Yi" (I Like You Very Much)
"Chica, Chica, Boom, Chic"
"Boa Noite" (Good Night)

"They Met In Rio"
"The Baron Is In Conference"
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

S. Z. SAKALL • J. CARROL NAISH
CURT BOIS • LEONID KINSKEY

Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Fred Kohlmar. Screen Play by George
Seaton, Bess Meredyth and Hal Long. Additional Dialogue
by Samuel Hoffenstein. Based on a play by Rudolph
Lothar and Hans Adler. Adapted by Jessie Ernst.

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Two vital statistics in the romantic ledger (left): Millionaire Alfred Vanderbilt pays the Mocambo cover charge for benefit of Virginia Field



Night-lifers at the Mocambo: Ginger Rogers, the girl who made the shiny make-up popular, with her escort of the evening, bandleader Johnny Green

(Continued from page 10)

Hollywood men are too fickle." panned up Mary Joyce Walsh, the former Miss Florida. "When a new glamour girl comes to town," went on Mary Joyce, "the boys forget all about you and run to join the stag line that forms on her right."

Bettye Avery of Tulsa, Oklahoma, put it off again. "Hollywood men are too flakey to night clubs, but who wants to get up housekeeping in a night club?"

Even Rosamond of Boston declared: "Out here, you'd have to catch a husband between romances or between pictures."

Bunny Hartley of Virginia summed the thing up. "Listen," she confided, "we are still raising the best husbands in the canyon corral called Wall Street."

Well, maybe the gals have something there! Cal wouldn't be knowing

Who Makes the Best Marriages in Hollywood?: Thinking it over, who do you think makes the better marriages in Hollywood—the gals or the boys?

Frankly, Cal is casting his vote for the men. Take young prospective tycoon Vaughn Paul, an assistant manager for instance, who is married to that glamorous star Deanna Durbin. Add Cary Grant, who will marry the wealthy and titled Barbara Hutton.

Paul Henreid, Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda and Dean Jagger all married successful prominent women who brought considerable prestige and material happiness to these male stars.

On the other hand, let's take the girls. Bette Davis has recently married the son of a Vermont farmer who works as a flier. Alice Faye



A where-there's-smoke-there's-fire picture: Gene Markey, ex-husband of Hedy Lamarr, has a Ciro's date with starlet June Storey

married Tony Martin when he was only a struggling young actor. Betty Grable wed Jackie Coogan when he was battling for whatever happened to be left of his fortune. Priscilla Lane married an unknown assistant director, Oren Haglund, and Jeanette

MacDonald, one of our top stars, married Gene Raymond, who was then a B star.

To prove the exception to the rule, Andrea Leeds and Sonja Henie married wealthy Bob Howard and Dan Topping respectively, but on the whole it's the Hollywood men who marry women of social standing who make grand and good wives.

So think it over, girls.

Our Thanks and Bob Taylor's Answer to You: Little did we dream you grand people out there would literally snow us under with replies to our little suggestion of a name for Bob Taylor's horse in "Billy The Kid."

Whewie! They came by the dozens and the midnight oil was burned plenty while Cal and his amiable secretary sorted the names. The task finally finished, we took them personally to Bob, who had this to say:

(Continued on page 14)

IF—

You like Photoplay-Movie
Mirror's inimitable
CAL YORK

IF—

You like Hollywood's inimitable
JOAN BLONDELL

You'll love listening to them every
Friday night at 9:30 E.S.T., over
your nearest Mutual Broadcasting
System station in the radio show,
"I WANT A DIVORCE"

TOPPER'S BACK

Having GIRL TROUBLE *Again!*

He's a Super-Snooper Trying To Find The Little Girl Who Wasn't There!..What a riot of fun when Topper and his Glamorous New Ghost make a Mirthquake out of a Mystery, and a Madhouse out of a Murder!

MEET
TOPPER'S
BOLD BRAVE
SHADOW!

Hal Roach presents
**TOPPER
RETURNS**

with **JOAN BLONDELL**
ROLAND YOUNG • **BILLIE BURKE**
Eddie (ROCHESTER) Anderson
Patsy KELLY • **Carole LANDIS** • **Dennis O'KEEFE**
George ZUCCO • **Donald MacBRIDE**
Original Screen Play by **JONATHAN LATIMER** • **GORDON DOUGLAS**
Additional Dialogue: **PAUL GERARD SMITH**
Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH** Released thru **UNITED ARTISTS**

MEET THE
LADIES IN
TOPPER'S LIFE

Meet the little girl
who wasn't there

Meet the little blonde
...with the baby stare

Meet the little woman...
who wouldn't stay home

Meet the little maid...
who had her hands full

BASED ON THE HILARIOUS THORNE SMITH CHARACTERS



Disproving the theory that men don't like exotic headaddresses: Dennis Morgan (above) sees eye to eye with Marlene Dietrich at the Warner Brothers Biltmore Bowl party

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Three figures of fun at the same event: Manuel del Campo, Mary Astor's husband; Bette Davis and husband Arthur Farnsworth caught in a timeout moment



(Continued from page 12)

"Please thank every one of these writers personally for me. I would have had a difficult time in choosing a name from this list.

"I especially liked the suggestions of 'Nebraska' and 'Star Dust' but, unfortunately, the horse has already been named 'Hassa Yama,' after the mount ridden for years by Bill Hart. Since 'Hassa Yama' passed away, Mr. Hart suggested my horse be given the name

Cal tells me a lot of folk who have written in are Bill Hart fans, so I know you'll understand and appreciate the honor

And thanks again for your grand assistance

May Cal join Bob Taylor in conveying appreciation

"Comes a Pause in the Day's Occupation—": Longfellow couldn't have been thinking of Alice Faye or even Cary Grant when he wrote those lines, could he?

Well anyway, there is coming a pause in the occupations of both Cary and Alice, a momentous one if you

Star feature at Table 123 was Priscilla Lane with the man she has been reported about to marry, John Barry

ask Callie, the snooper-doooper.

Yep, both stars have asked for and received three months' leave of absence after the completion of their present assignments.

Cary, in those three months, is expected to marry his love, Barbara Hutton, and spend the time a-honey-mooning—which isn't exactly news if you've been reading this column. Alice has asked and received her three months' leave in order to accept Carmen Miranda's invitation to be her house guest in Rio de Janeiro. But wait—there's more to come. That Texas millionaire, Charles Wrightman, who has been assiduously courting our Alice, will also be in "Southeast America" at the same time

Those who know say Alice hasn't been so happy since her separation from Tony Martin. Once her divorce is final, anything can happen. Especially down Rio way

Where There's Life—: How those jokes keep pouring forth in a constant stream from Bob Hope is one of the mysteries of the town. Bob just never seems to go dry.

The other day, for instance, Cal popped into Bob's set of "Caught in the Draft" and neatly did a quick double-take as he caught sight of Bob, Lynne Overman and Eddie Bracken with nothing on but a towel. They were supposedly undergoing an Army physical examination, along with fifty or sixty extras. Hope looked at us sheepishly and hung onto his towel in disgust.

"They can't kid me," he growled. "It's the Lamour influence. Why else would they put us in army sarongs?"

"And what do they do?" demanded Hope of bewildered old Cal. "When they shoot the scene in which the doctor looks us over, they put a guy who could double for Atlas right in the center. They're trying to give us an inferiority complex. They're not getting by with it, though. When we have to stand on our toes and say 'Ah, we all sing bass.'"

(Continued on page 16)



"I didn't come here to rock!"

I DIDN'T come here to rock at \$15 per day. I came to mix and mingle, to laugh and live in the Florida sun, to wave goodbye to work and worry. So far, no score for Mabel. *And so I rock.*

I didn't come here to rock. I came to swim and sun with new adoring Adonises . . . but they're out with other girls. *And so I rock.*

I didn't come here to rock. I came to dance the hours away in the moonlight with a man . . . the MAN I might be lucky enough to meet and maybe to marry. Well, I met him . . . and he's out tonight with Thelma. *And so I rock.*

Am I slipping? Am I breaking up at 27? Maybe . . .

Still, my hair is nice; my eyes are good; I walk without crutches; I still have all my teeth. I've got a figure to match Eleanor's, a bathing suit to go with it, and three evening gowns that

are a little bit of Heaven right here on Earth. I've got a "line" that men like. I even have my own car. Yet here I sit and rock while romance reigns around me and the moonlight mocks me. It's never happened to me before and every time the rocker creaks, it seems to ask: "How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . ."

Take This Tip

Perhaps, Mabel, yours is that unfortunate trouble that puts so many otherwise attractive people in the wall-flower class—halitosis (bad breath).

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself may not know when you have it, and so can offend needlessly.

Perhaps all you need to get back into the swim is a little Listerine Antiseptic now and then, especially before a date. This amazingly effective antiseptic and

deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter and fresher. Thousands of popular people, fastidious people, simply wouldn't be without it. It's part of their passport to popularity . . . and it should be a part of yours.

Mouth Fermentation

Listerine works this way to sweeten breath: It overcomes fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth . . . said by some authorities to be the principal cause of odors; then overcomes the odors themselves. Other cases of bad breath may be due to systemic conditions; to get at the causes, see your doctor.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before business and social engagements. Keep a bottle handy in home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel—it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Let LISTERINE Look After Your Breath



**SHARP EYES CANNOT TELL
with Tampax**



YOU need never fear that *anyone* can detect anything if you wear Tampax—*internal* sanitary protection. Tampax has been perfected by a doctor so ingeniously for monthly use that it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands never touch the Tampax and you simply *cannot* feel it when in place!

You experience a new and glorious freedom with Tampax. A month's trial convinces beyond doubt . . . You can dance, swim, engage in all sports, use tub or shower . . . No chafing, no bulging, no pin-and-belt problems. No odor can form; no deodorant needed. And Tampax is easily disposed of.

Made of pure surgical cotton, tremendously absorbent, Tampax now comes in *three sizes*: Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.



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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Below: Picture of women at work at Irene's fashion show. Mrs. Benny (Mary Livingstone), Ann Sothern, Mrs. Fred MacMurray



Mink-coat critics at Irene's were Mrs. James Cagney, Mrs. Bob Montgomery, Mrs. George Murphy. Only photographer permitted to enter was Fink



(Continued from page 14)

Hope finally donned a bathrobe and sat down in his chair to chat about the picture.

"The only thing I don't like about this picture is the ending," he said. "At the end of the picture I am promoted to a corporal. I want them to make it a sergeant. Look at the corporals. First, we had Napoleon, then Mussolini, and now Hitler. I don't want people to get the idea that I'm ambitious."

With that Cal rose, bowed and departed. Bob is too quick on the trigger for our confused brain

Siren in Socks: The cutest story of the month concerns nine-year-old Ann Todd who plays Linda Darnell as a child in "Blood and Sand."

When informed by the studio the part was hers, Ann's eyes grew wide with excitement

"Quick," she said to her mother, "give me the telephone, I've got to call Mickey Rooney."

"But—" began her mother in bewilderment

"If he's crazy about Linda now, he can be crazy about her when she was a little girl, can't he?" she demanded.

The Todds have been trying to persuade Ann to the contrary ever since.

Cal Nominates: The most in-love woman in all Hollywood—Carole Lombard. What's more, we offer proof on page 10.

Watch Hymie Fink's pictures of Clark and Carole together. Carole either clings lovingly to her husband's arm or gazes adoringly into Clark's eyes. She completely submerges herself into one with Gable and openly tells the world with her eyes, "I love this man. He is mine."

In fact, we suggest you not only look at all Hymie's intimate pictures but study them and discover your own stories about Hollywood. Stories of love, indifference, friendship.

But for the most-in-love one we dare you to find any that surpasses Carole Lombard with her Clark.

Last Minute Round-up: Edmund O'Brien couldn't be happier, having finally won his sweetheart of many years, Nancy Kelly, as his bride.

Arthur Hornblow is courting Minnie (Myrna Loy) most assiduously these evenings.

The divorce between Dave Rose and Martha Raye is final in March and close friends are anxiously watching Judy Garland lest she suddenly decided to marry Dave now and not wait until she is older.

(For an up-to-the-minute account of the romantic status of Judy and Dave see the story on page 27 of this issue.)

Pretty Ellen Drew may even now be Mrs. Sy Bartlett, wife of the writer, and June Storey may take on the name Mrs. Gene Markey when the divorce between the producer and Hedy Lamarr becomes final.

The way Barbara Hutton kept stealing little glances at Cary Grant in Chasen's t'other night, we can guess the outcome—marriage any minute.

More of that "good neighbor" policy was climaxed in the arrival of Carmen Miranda's sister Aurora in Hollywood from Brazil. The boys were on hand to give Carmen's sister the kayo—an enthusiastic one. Brazil has really exported *somesing thees* time.

Frowns can speak volumes—but they can't say "Mum"!



**Even a hint of underarm odor ruins charm.
Every day use quick, safe Mum.**

WHAT'S happened to make two hearts chill that earlier in the evening beat as one? Lovely Peggy doesn't know—but her frowning escort could tell her. Only being a gentleman he never will. A girl who offends with underarm odor seldom knows she's guilty and no one is likely to tell.

Lovely Peggy's sole offense was trusting her bath alone. And no bath deserves that perfect trust. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum makes that bath-freshness *last*. One quick touch of Mum under each arm—30 seconds after

your bath or just before you dress—and charm is safe all day or all evening long.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on ... in 30 seconds you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum won't irritate your skin. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor hours on end. Get Mum from your druggist. Use it every day!



Booming the gardenia market: Deanna Durbin, in white fox, makes an entrance at the world premiere of "Back Street" at Miami, Florida

WHY MUM IS AMERICA'S FIRST CHOICE!



For Sanitary Napkins
Thousands of women use Mum this way because it is gentle, dependable ... a deodorant that prevents embarrassment.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



avoid Lipstick Parching WITH "Sub-Deb"

This is the Lipstick that may very well change your Lipstick life... Coty "Sub-Deb"!

"Sub-Deb" gives you more than alluring color... it helps you avoid "Lipstick Parching"! Yes, blended through every Lipstick is a softening ingredient that helps keep your lips tenderly soft and sweet. So why risk rough harshly chapped lips—ever? Today get a Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, \$1.00 or 50¢.



New Shades
Four of the 9 exciting Coty shades

Gitane
dashing "gipsy" shade

Magnet Red
a dramatic red red

Dahlia
smart, flower-soft red

Tamale
alluring "Latin" shade

COTY

Brief Reviews

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY THE—Paramount: This tries very hard to be very funny, but it's pretty corny. Jackie Cooper causes everyone a lot of trouble and grief in his efforts to earn a hundred dollars. Eddie Bracken is Jackie's pal; Hedda Hopper and Fred Niblo his parents. (Apr.)

✓✓ **ARIZONA**—Columbia: Magnificent in scope and stirring in action is this super-super Western with Jean Arthur as the first American woman to settle in Arizona. Her struggles through the Civil War, Indian uprisings and outlaw riders make a terrific emotional story. William Holden proves himself a fine actor. (Feb.)

ARKANSAS JUDGE, THE—Republic: The Weaver family play straight in this story of a small town divided into two factions by vicious gossip. The Weavers are good and Roy Rogers is a fine hero. Homey melodrama. (Apr.)

BANK DICK, THE—Universal: W. C. Fields is a bank detective who, after much confusion, foils a bank robber and emerges a hero. It's packed with typical Fields gags and antics, and he's the whole picture. (Mar.)

BARNYARD FOLLIES—Republic: There's quite a bit of entertainment in this story of a group of orphans who try to support themselves by putting on a benefit show. Mary Lee is very cute and Rufe Davis and Ralph Bowman do good jobs. Some of the songs are gay. (Mar.)

BEFORE I HANG—Columbia: When Boris Karloff inoculates himself with a serum to make people young again he finds that the serum contained the blood of a murderer and the urge to kill comes upon him. The cast struggles through this brooding melodrama, but the story's poorly developed and really not worth your while. (Feb.)

✓ **BEHIND THE NEWS**—Republic: Lloyd Nolan's convincing performance gives this story of disillusioned newspaper men a lot of verve and snap. Doris Davenport, Frank Albertson and Robert Armstrong are also very good. (Mar.)

✓✓ **BITTER SWEET**—M-G-M: Noel Coward's romantic story comes to the screen in gorgeous Technicolor. Jeanette MacDonald elopes with Nelson Eddy, her music teacher, who takes her to Vienna, where they struggle for success. George Sanders is the suave villain. The music is beautiful. (Feb.)

BORDER LEGION, THE—Republic: If you're a Western fan, pardner, this rootin', tootin', shootin' picture is for you. Roy Rogers joins the Border Legion, a gang of notorious bandits, and finally brings them all to justice—with violent action and much excitement. (Mar.)

BOWERY BOY—Republic: Strictly routine is this story of an underprivileged boy, Jimmy Lyon, who falls in with racketeers, but is saved by idealistic doctor Dennis O'Keefe and Louise Campbell. (Apr.)

✓ **CHILD HANNA**—20th Century-Fox: There is little coherence to this story of a 19th century girl, and it's mostly a parade of uneventful incidents, but the glorious Technicolor and grand performances overshadow the story. Henry Fonda falls in love with trick rider Dorothy Lamour and joins the circus. Linda Darnell also runs away with the show, of which Guy Kibbee is the owner. (Mar.)

✓✓ **CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP**—United Artists: Beautifully told tale of a young school teacher in a Midwest college who meets and receives love and goes through the years giving of herself to the young students eager for knowledge. Martha Scott is wonderful in her transition from youth to age, and William Garman as her lifelong lover is perfect in his role. It's a tear-jerker, and a triumph. (Apr.)

✓✓ **COME LIVE WITH ME**—M-G-M: Smart and gay is this cute little story of an Austrian girl, Hedy Lamarr, who marries struggling



Reason why there will soon be long lines and a lot of excitement at the box office: Bette Davis and George Brent in the Warners film, "The Great Lie"

young writer Jimmy Stewart in order to stay in America. Hedy's boy friend, publisher Ian Hunter, causes much of the complications in spite of the fact that he's married to Verree Teasdale. You'll love it. (Apr.)

✓ **COMRADE X**—M-G-M: Take Gable as a newspaper reporter smuggling uncensored news out of Russia, add Hedy Lamarr as a streetcar conductor with whom he's forced to flee Russia, mix up with a chase consisting of Lamarr and Gable in one tank against an army of tanks and you have riotous slapstick entertainment. (Mar.)

✓ **DR. KILDARE'S CRISIS**—M-G-M: When Lew Ayres diagnoses Robert Young's malady as epilepsy and discovers that it's hereditary, things become very difficult for young Dr. Kildare because he's engaged to nurse Laraine Day, who's Young's sister. Even more interesting than others in the Kildare series. (Feb.)

ELLIERY QUEEN MASTER DETECTIVE—Columbia: First of a new series starring Ralph Bellamy as Ellery Queen, this has the detective finding Margaret Lindsay on the scene of the murder of a rich tycoon and he hides her in his apartment while he seeks the real murderer. If you're a detective fan, you ought to be able to find the murderer even before Bellamy does, but you'll like it just the same. (Feb.)

✓ **ESCAPE TO GLORY**—Columbia: Assorted passengers aboard an English freighter on its way to America when war is declared in Europe face death from a submarine attack, and their true natures reveal themselves. Adventurer Pat O'Brien and secretary Constance Bennett find love. (Feb.)

✓✓ **FANTASIA**—Walt Disney Productions: Great music is pictorially interpreted in this important picture, which you must see, although it may shock as well as delight you. Leopold Stokowski, the great conductor, interprets eight classic masterpieces musically and Disney and his artists interpret them graphically. (Feb.)

✓✓ **FLIGHT COMMAND**—M-G-M: This authentic picture of flyers trained in the government school of naval aeronautics is thrilling and awe-inspiring, and Bob Taylor takes advantage of the best opportunity he's had in years. Ruth Hussey is Commander Walter Pidgeon's wife; both give good performances. We cannot recommend it too much. (Mar.)

✓✓ **FLIGHT FROM DESTINY**—Warners: We nominate this as the surprise picture of the year

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

for its brilliance in theme, dialogue and acting. Professor Thomas Mitchell is given six months to live, so, as a philanthropic act, he decides to kill unscrupulous Mona Maris, who has wrecked the marriage of Jeffrey Lynn and Geraldine Fitzgerald. Mitchell gives a magnificent performance. (Mar.)

FOUR MOTHERS—Warners: Homey, cozy little tale of the *Lemp* family, who lose their money and struggle to regain it. It has the same familiar characters, the Lane sisters, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert, Gale Page, Claude Rains and May Robson, but it doesn't measure up to its predecessors in entertainment. (Mar.)

✓ **GALLANT SONS**—M-G-M: Sincere and heart-appealing is this story of the friendship of Jackie Cooper and Gene Reynolds and how they, with the help of Bonita Granville and June Preisser, save Ian Hunter, Gene's father, from death for a murder he didn't commit. William Tracy, Leo Gorcey and Gail Patrick are also involved. (Feb.)

GIVE US WINGS—Universal: The Dead End Kids and the Little Tough Guys get together for this little picture, in which they agree to fly planes over crops that require chemical spraying. But the planes are antiquated and dangerous and when one of the boys is killed, the others go after the plane owner. If you like the kids, it has its points. (Feb.)

✓ **GO WEST**—M-G-M: The zany Marx Brothers thoroughly indulge their appetite for hilarious clowning in this, one of their funniest pictures, with scarcely a minute's letdown in the fun. It's about their efforts to secure a deed to Dead Man's Gulch so they can sell it to a railroad and permit John Carroll to marry Diana Lewis. But you won't pay much attention to the story on account of all the laughs. (Mar.)

✓ **HER FIRST ROMANCE**—Monogram: Edith Fellowes has her first grownup role in this gay picture as the ugly duckling who becomes the belle of her school and finds romance. You'll be charmed with her performance and singing. (Mar.)

✓✓ **HIGH SIERRA**—Warners: Entertainment is yours in this absorbing story of a paroled convict, Humphrey Bogart, who goes back to his racket. Ida Lupino is grand as Bogart's girl and Joan Leslie shows great promise. Bogart's portrayal of the gangster is terrific. The whole picture has great dramatic impact. (Apr.)

✓ **HUDSON'S BAY**—20th Century-Fox: Although the story is too concerned with geography rather than with people and it's ponderous, it's well done and worth seeing. It tells of the formation of the great Hudson's Bay Company and the bringing of the north country under British rule under the leadership of Paul Muni and his enormous partner, Laird Cregar. Gene Tierney provides romance. (Mar.)

✓ **INVISIBLE WOMAN, THE**—Universal: John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes lovely Virginia Bruce to become invisible and thus have herself a lot of fun. Oscar Homolka as an exiled gangster is very clever, but the gag of invisible people walking about is no longer a novelty in pictures. John Howard falls in love with the invisible Virginia. (Apr.)

✓ **JENNIE**—20th Century-Fox: When Virginia Gilmore marries William Henry, she refuses to allow his father to dominate her life and she sets about undermining his power over his family. It's a human, sincere picture of a family ruled by a father who is virtually a dictator over them. The entire cast offers fine portrayals. (Mar.)

KEEPING COMPANY—M-G-M: Too much adherence to routine material and hokum situations spoils this homey little picture about the tribulations of an average young married couple. John Shelton and Ann Rutherford are the young husband and wife and you'll also see Frank Morgan, Irene Rich and Virginia Weidler. (Apr.)

✓✓ **KITTY FOYLE**—RKO-Radio: Christopher Morley's famous love story of a working girl has been brought to the screen in truly magnificent style, with Ginger Rogers giving her best performance as *Kitty*, the white-collar girl who loves socialite Dennis Morgan but is torn between him and James Craig. Both Craig and Morgan are splendid. It's a hit. (Mar.)

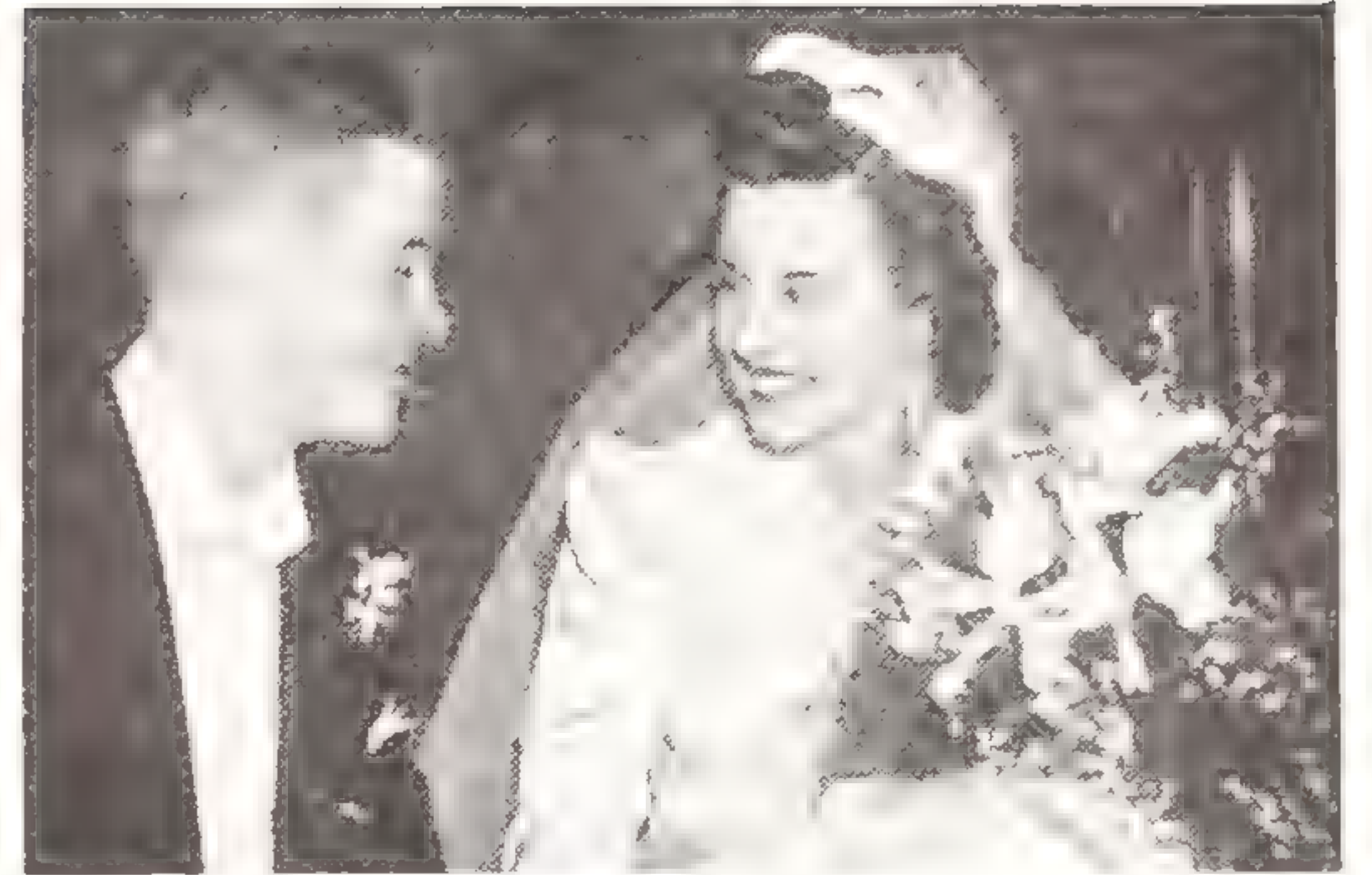
✓ **LADY WITH RED HAIR**—Warners: Beautiful performances by Miriam Hopkins, as the tempestuous Mrs. Leslie Carter who embarked upon a stage career to gain money to fight for her child, and Claude Rains, as the famous David Belasco, make this a fine motion picture, although the story lacks dramatic climaxes. (Feb.)

✓✓ **LAND OF LIBERTY**—M-G-M: The colorful history of the United States is told in scenes from feature pictures, shorts and newsreels. It's impressive and exciting, although occasionally dull. All the profits go to war-relief charities, so seeing it is part of being an American. (Apr.)

LET'S MAKE MUSIC—RKO-Radio: Bob Crosby and his band make their movie debut in this innocuous tale about a music teacher, Elisabeth Risdon, who sells a song that becomes a hit. If you like good swing music and don't insist on big names and strong story, this is for you. (Mar.)



Here we see Mr. F. Martin Smith, Jr., and his lovely bride having fun cutting the wedding cake. After the ceremony the reception was held in the Rose Room of the Algonquin, famous New York hotel.



Off for a honeymoon in North Carolina. Mrs. Smith says: "I've used Camay for years. Delicate skins like mine need an extra mild beauty soap and Camay's wonderful mildness makes it just right for me."

"I'm another Bride thanking Camay for helping me to a Lovely Skin"

— Says Mrs. F. Martin Smith, Jr.



Photographs by David Berns

Every woman can benefit from Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

MRS. F. MARTIN SMITH, JR., is tall and slender, with chestnut hair and grey-green eyes, while her skin is unusually fair and of flawless purity!

Naturally such a lovely skin calls for the very utmost care—and so Mrs. Smith uses Camay.

A great many beautiful women, even those women who feel they have a somewhat sensitive skin, or a dry skin, tell us they prefer Camay because of its superior mildness.

For now a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of

the other leading large-selling beauty soaps. Actual tests made in the great Procter & Gamble laboratories proved this superior mildness of Camay.

Get 3 cakes of Camay today. Put this milder Camay to work right away, helping you in your search for loveliness.



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THINK OF THE BEAUTY!—MUSICIAN: A C.C.C. choir of African in the background has the latest hit tune of New York's East Side Boys. The Central is trying to get across the same old message as everyone else of trouble. The picture is new, but it's about the same. (A-2)

BRYAN AND **JULY NICHOLS**—RKO ROLAND NICHOLS
represented as the other in Christian pictures, but
with more broad comedy. When Wanda Hall and
her partners return to the small town, Irene Hilda-
brand, their boss, sneaked and saves the town from
ruination in her own way. (P)

FORMER OF THE DAY (GRADE 201).
 Century Fox. In the spirit of the adventures of the *Conan* and *Lesly Korman* (played by the son of a very famous actor) is ready to bring a new



Another reason for hurrahs and hat tossings in the future: the James Roosevelt production, "Pot O'Gold," with James Stewart and Paulette Goddard (center), set to the music of Horace Heidt's famous band. Heidt is at the left above

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

of thieves to justice, and there's quite some excitement. Patricia Morison and Lynne Roberts are very pretty. (Apr.)

✓ **SANDY GETS HER MAN**—Universal: Good old-fashioned hokum that results in riotous fun in this comedy, with Baby Sandy, who grows cuter by the minute, deciding whether Mama Una Merkel shall marry fireman Stuart Erwin or policeman Jack Carson. (Feb.)

✓✓ **SANTA FE TRAIL**—Warners: Almost too much story for one picture, this is breathtaking in scope and theme. Essentially it tells of the struggle of John Brown against slavery. Errol Flynn is outstanding as "Jeb" Stuart, Raymond Massey is great as the fanatical Brown, Ronald Reagan splendid as Custer and Olivia de Havilland is beautiful as the heroine. (Mar.)

✓ **SECOND CHORUS**—Paramount: Fred Astaire's dancing is superb; Artie Shaw's music swell; the performances are fine; the story is rather weak. Fred and Burgess Meredith are perennial college lads who flunk out year after year and keep up a feud that ruins their chances with Paulette Goddard and Shaw's band. However, it has bright moments and the boys are amusing. (Feb.)

SIX LESSONS FROM MADAME LA ZONGA—Universal: This weak little number teams that pair of funsters, Leon Errol and Lupe Velez, but nothing much comes of it. Helen Parrish is cute, but altogether it belongs in the "too bad" files. (Apr.)

✓✓ **SO ENDS OUR NIGHT**—United Artists: This tells of the bitter plight of European refugees, without passports and tossed from country to country. Glenn Ford and Margaret Sullivan as the homeless couple who face their situation together are wonderful, as is Fredric March who flees Germany, leaving his wife Frances Dee behind. Despite the weakness of too much story, this is a memorable picture. (Apr.)

✓ **SON OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—Edward Small—U. A.: Sequel to "The Count of Monte Cristo," this has Louis Hayward in the dual role of fop and hero who rids a small Balkan country of its villainous dictator, George Sanders, and rescues beautiful Joan Bennett from his clutches. It's pretty hokey, but good enough. (Mar.)

SOUTH OF SUEZ—Warners: George Brent's talents are pretty well wasted in this complicated little B about South African diamond mines and vengeful murders. Brenda Marshall and George Tobias struggle through the silly story but even they can't make it good entertainment. (Mar.)

TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME—20th Century-Fox: Softhearted gangster Cesar Romero locks up his rivals in his private prison, while pretending to have rubbed them out. Virginia Gilmore, nightclub dancer, falls hard for him, and Milton Berle and Charlotte Greenwood add to the fun and gaiety. (Apr.)

✓ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Columbia: Another of those risqué situations is this eyebrow-lifting picture which deals hilariously with a platonic marriage between Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell that rapidly gets out of bounds. Secretary Binnie Barnes adds to the mixup and Roz and Melvyn are riotously funny. (Mar.)

✓✓ **TIN PAN ALLEY**—20th Century Fox: Top musical film fare, this, with John Payne and Jack Oakie as song publishers who go overseas as dough-boys in the last war, and Betty Grable and Alice Faye as sisters in vaudeville. Yesterday's songs add to make this grand entertainment. (Feb.)

✓✓ **TRAIL OF THE VIGILANTES**—Universal: Franchot Tone is sent out West to investigate the killing of another reporter in this riotous Western. Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine are cowhands who help him along, and Mischa Auer adds to the fun, as does cute Peggy Moran as a boy-crazy girl who falls for Tone. (Feb.)

✓ **VICTORY**—Paramount: Betty Field is outstanding in this colorful, exciting story as the girl weary of the sordidness of her life who takes shelter with Fredric March on his island. Peace is disturbed when a group of villains storm the island to seek for hidden gold. The mood and tempo of Conrad's stirring story have been maintained. (Mar.)

✓ **VIRGINIA**—Paramount: For sheer pictorial beauty and gorgeous scenery, for the delightful performance of little Carolyn Lee, you should see this. The story deals with the return of Madeleine Carroll to her old home in Virginia where she becomes steeped in the traditions of the South and falls in love with Fred MacMurray. Stirling Hayden is destined to become a star. (Apr.)

✓ **YOU'LL FIND OUT**—RKO-Radio: Kay Kyser and his band agree to play at Helen Parrish's country home and get all mixed up with Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre. Trying to outwit the bogeymen and assorted horrors leads to much music, fun, and laughs. (Feb.)

"MY LIFE IS AN OPEN LOOK"



OLIVIA de HAVILLAND, star of the Warner Bros. film, **"STRAWBERRY BLONDE"** is another of the many well-groomed, well-informed screen stars who use CALOX TOOTH POWDER.



PERC WESTMORE, Warner Bros. make-up expert, gives Olivia a check-up before she faces the camera. Olivia says: "Ever think how *your* smile would look, with a couple of 2000-watt lights on your face?..."



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HELPS YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 6)

\$1.00 PRIZE "Star Shorts"

BETTE DAVIS . . . Soul-stirring and dramatic, but with gracious charm; as nervous as a candle flame; as international as the sun.

Martha Scott . . . A woman who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman; your mother as a girl.

Betty Grable . . . Sleek as a whip-pet; high blonde pressure; center of distraction.

Hedy Lamarr . . . A black orchid; perfectly matched pearls on black velvet.

Priscilla Lane . . . Youth, rich in laughter; as genuine as a thumbprint; love song.

Dorothy Lamour . . . Weird, slender palm trees, exclamation points in the tropic landscape; strange colorings, wine-dregs red, dawn rose, twilight mauve, stone grey distant-mountain blue.

Vivien Leigh . . . Piquant and saucy; as restless as smoke; her eyes punctuate everything she says.

Rosalind Russell . . . As gay and darting as a bright quip; as changeable as a dollar bill.

Jane Wyman . . . Casual and breezy; as irrepressible as a streak of lightning; as jubilant as a flag unfurled.

A. J. F.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1.00 PRIZE We Do Admit It!

CONGRATULATIONS on the good judgment of the editor who picked Hedda Hopper as a perfect personality in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR! I'm an ordinary fellow who works in a bakery, but I found it very easy to talk with the charming Miss Hopper when I had the pleasure of meeting her a short time ago. This lovely lady is not fearful or anxious, nor a braggart, nor possessed of false modesty. She has confidence in her ability, but does not overrate it.

She impressed me as a clear thinker who understands human nature and can make the truth attractive. You may or may not agree with everything the delightful Miss Hopper says, but you'll have to admit she is never dull!

LEON A. MULLER,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE "One Outstanding Example"

WHEN we're tempted to trot out and air some of the old clichés about the sins of the movies—how they create nothing new, how they debase talents overbid from other

fields, etc., then let's stop a moment and give credit where credit's due.

I'm referring at the moment to one outstanding example of what Hollywood has done in the creation of both a talent and a personality—Dorothy Lamour. I first saw her singing in Chicago, before her picture career began, in a hotel night club. A husky, interesting quality of voice, neither very true nor wide in range; a handsome figure; an empty face; great rolls of dark hair; and nothing else.

Then I saw her picture "Chad Hanna," and what a difference! A voice of professional quality; clothes sense making her pleasing as well as arresting; a face filled with personality, and her entire being vital, talented and awake to life. She depends so little on the objective blessings of face and hair that she suppresses the one and has cut off the other.

All credit to her for being willing to work, sacrifice and make herself over; but credit, too, to Hollywood for keeping her to the task of making so much out of herself, when she had so little to start with!

W. BREVIER,
San Francisco, Cal.

\$1.00 PRIZE Heresy?

THANK heaven this is a land of outspoken freedom; otherwise I should indubitably be crucified for what I am going to express: I loathe those patternized Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy farces!

As far as I'm concerned, those contributions are the only black marks that M-G-M releases. I don't care if a recent magazine poll adjudged these performers to be filmdom's most popular team; I hate 'em! Although I concede that their golden voices are practically unsurpassable, Miss MacDonald flits and flutters about in hammy-coated expressions like some juvenile Billie Burke, while frozen-faced Nelson Eddy stands around like some heroic "bored board."

You may retort that I "positively can't" have seen all their offerings without enjoying at least one of them. Well, I work in a theater and I have to see them all and the best news I've read in days is that Mac and Ed will not appear together in their next presentations. Nelson is scheduled to appear with Risé Stevens in "The Chocolate Soldier" and Jeanette with James Stewart in "Smilin' Thru."

Boy, at least that's some comfort!
S. A. MOGAVERO,
Cooperstown, N. Y.

Jolene takes you round the clock with Joan Blondell.

JOAN BLONDELL
Co-Starring with Dick Powell in "MODEL WIFE"
A Universal Picture

8 A.M. Off to an early call at the studio!

1 P.M. Lunch at the studio commissary!

9 P.M. Off to preview her new picture!

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STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

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Be a Star in Your Own Right! . . . Wear Jolene Shoes "Styled in Hollywood". They are so freshly glamorous . . . So exquisitely designed So thoroughbred in quality . . . Yet, so modestly priced! Be sure to select yours today!

TOBER-SAIER SHOE COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS

HONORABLE MENTION

COME what may, Edward G. Robinson keeps on giving splendid performances. Have just seen "A Dispatch From Reuters," which was unexcelled for pathos, comedy, drama, love and historical interest. But it took Eddie to put it over and make a whopping hit out of the material.

LOUIS LEBOWITZ,
New York, N. Y.

SOMETHING must be done about the new evil perpetrated by the movie moguls—remakes of pictures that movie-goers have not yet forgotten.

I am twenty-five, but I have no difficulty in remembering William Powell and Kay Francis in "One Way Passage." Everyone saw it and loved it. But I haven't heard one word about "Till We Meet Again," its remake. No, I didn't see it. Why should I pay to see a story, however beautiful, that I know beforehand?

MRS. FRANK KURLICK,
East Hartford, Conn.

THE hottest thing in Hollywood right now is Betty Grable. I've spoken to a number of other boys and most of them are just as enthusiastic about her as I am and that's really going some. You can have Garbo, Lamarr and Dietrich, but to me Betty Grable is the most beautiful woman in the movies.

She doesn't have to do a thing (not that she can't). Seeing beauty that one never sees in real life is enough in itself. Give us plenty of Betty Grable—and in Technicolor!

ANONYMOUS,
New Haven, Conn.

GRADUATED from high school last spring and now have my first position as a stenographer.

I have to thank the movies for much of the ease and poise of manner I have. I doubt if there is any other practical educational plan that can teach a young person poise and how to act under all circumstances, as the movies can. To any young person who is eager to learn, they are a means of education that should not be overlooked.

KRANE KRANDALE,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

WE want more of Wallace Beery! More! More! The public is dying to see his homely, wrinkled old face glowering at them from beneath a broad-brimmed sombrero. Any kind of hat will do, but we want to see the rollicking, lazy, good-for-nothing old master at his best—and he is tops in all his pictures.

MARY ELLEN COOK,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Beaux a' Plenty when skin looks like "peaches and cream"!



If soap irritation mars your complexion, perhaps you will find Cashmere Bouquet Soap more mild and agreeable

THERE'D be more "peaches and cream" complexions if it weren't for the disheartening fact that one woman out of two reports that some soap or other irritates her skin.

So take a tip from the lovely women who have patiently searched for a soap that won't irritate their skins . . . and found the answer in mild, agreeable Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

When complimented on their clear, smooth skins, three generations of belles have blessed the lucky day they first decided to try Cashmere Bouquet.

And—because it's so nice to be like peaches and cream all over, and to be glamorously scented *all over* with the fragrance men love—you'll glory in bathing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, too. You get three luxurious cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap for only 25 cents, wherever good soap is sold.



Cashmere Bouquet Soap

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Funnier than a cageful of monkeys: Paramount's "The Lady Eve," with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda



Tuneful songs, riotous ribbing: "Road to Zanzibar," with Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope

✓✓ The Lady Eve (Paramount)

It's About: *A man-hunter who gets caught in her own trap.*

BRIGHT as a silver dollar, gay as a Christmas tree and funnier than a cageful of monkeys is this latest Preston Sturges story. Both written and directed by him, it fairly oozes freshness and charm.

Now take the idea of casting earthy, country-boyish Henry Fonda as a millionaire's son given to dressing in the smartest men's fashions. Who but Sturges would think of that one? And maybe you think Henry, as the lad who is almost hooked by card sharker Barbara Stanwyck and her father, Charles Coburn, isn't terrific? Barbara herself is different and excitingly glamorous and—er delightfully naughty. The way she gets her man twice—is a scream.

Coburn is marvelous. Eugene Palette, William Demarest and Eric Blore are three brilliant assets to Mr. Sturges' fine banquet of nonsensical entertainment. Here's a motion picture that is really entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Yield to the temptation of Lady Eve.

The Best Pictures of the Month

The Strawberry Blonde
The Lady Eve
Back Street

Best Performances

Barbara Stanwyck in "The Lady Eve"
Henry Fonda in "The Lady Eve"
James Cagney in "The Strawberry Blonde"
Olivia de Havilland in "The Strawberry Blonde"
Charles Boyer in "Back Street"
Margaret Sullavan in "Back Street"
Charlie Grapewin in "Tobacco Road"
William Tracy in "Tobacco Road"
Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"
Kathryn Grayson in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"
Abbott and Costello in "Buck Privates"
Laraine Day in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"
Deanna Durbin in "Nice Girl?"
Robert Stack in "Nice Girl?"
Bob Hope in "Road to Zanzibar"

✓ Road to Zanzibar (Paramount)

It's About: *Two sideshow lads in Africa who tangle with two gals and some cannibals.*

THE story of this doesn't matter much because you have the ever-gay antics of Bob Hope and the easy charm of Bing Crosby. The ribbing between these two is the whole show.

Bing is forever dreaming up dangerous sideshow stunts for his pal Bob, better known as "Fearless." (Editorial note: No relation to our own "Fearless"—Adv.) The two get mixed up with a fake diamond mine and a couple of girls whose hard-luck story takes a complete absence of skepticism to believe—but they do.

Dorothy Lamour offers exactly what you expect, including a dip in the old swimmin' hole in the middle of Africa. Eric Blore does a good job as the nitwit diamond-mine owner and it's nice to see Una Merkel in a typical role.

Listening to Bing and Dorothy sing is fun, but Bob Hope's swell gags are the main attraction.

Your Reviewer Says: Go to Zanzibar
(Continued on page 105)

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 109



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● Envelops your body in an invisible web of flower-fresh fragrance. It's subtle to the senses, like an emotional adventure... It pampers your body with an adorable gentleness to your skin. Use Mavis Talcum daily... use it lavishly... to fragrantly accent your charm. White, Flesh, and BODITAN (Rachel) shades. 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢.

The Fragrance of Flowers
BY V. VIVAUDOU

TANGEE SAYS

"Now We are Three"



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The "Queen of Lipsticks" helps you "Be Yourself... Be Natural". Actually enhances in the stick. Tangee NATURAL changes as you apply it until your own lip-shade of flush rose is enhanced to its utmost.

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A vibrant, alluring shade... one of the most beautiful and alluring. A rich, velvety texture... rich, velvety texture... the texture of your lips.

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A bright and vivid shade... one of the most beautiful and alluring. A rich, velvety texture... rich, velvety texture... the texture of your lips.

TANGEE'S THREE SMOOTHLY ALLURING CREAM BASE LIPSTICKS keep your lips soft and lovely for hours... help end that dry "drawn" feeling. Together with their matching rouges and your own shade of Tangee's Face Powder they give you complete make-up harmony... a perfect blend of skin and lip coloring.

TANGEE
REALLY STAYS ON!



Fink

The Marriage Dilemma

OF JUDY GARLAND

A girl can count herself lucky if she's never had to meet the problems
Judy Garland is facing because of her romance with Dave Rose

BY CAL YORK

JUDY GARLAND is in love. Oh, certainly there isn't anything particularly startling or new in a nineteen-year-old girl's falling deeply in love; most of them do, in fact. Even young motion-picture stars as famous as Judy fall in love and marry the boy of their hearts. Deanna Durbin, Judy's age, will marry young Vaughn Paul just a day or two before Judy herself becomes nineteen.

But Judy's love is different. The

man of her heart, Dave Rose, is much older than the little girl who played *Dorothy* in "The Wizard of Oz" just a year or two ago. Dave was Martha Raye's former husband, a gentle and understanding person, talented in music and growing more and more successful in his radio work.

So, after all, it isn't quite the simple problem of a boy and a girl in love.

It's the case of a girl young in years, who has wisely remained just a youngster, and of a man, older, wiser, more experienced.

Furthermore, it's a problem that concerns more than just Judy and Dave, for it vitally touches Judy's studio, which has so carefully groomed her for stardom. So much misinformation seems to have been spread concerning this romance which the whole world is discussing that it seems



only fair to both Judy and Dave to reveal the true facts. Here for the first time is the full story of the dilemma that faces Judy Garland.

To begin with, Judy has known Dave Rose, a man in his early thirties, for years—so long, in fact, that even Judy herself fails to recall just when she hasn't known him. Dave is a musician, a man who has always been vitally and tremendously interested in music, although he never had any formal musical education.

"It just sort of came to me," he says with a smile.

Music just sort of came to Judy, too. She cannot read a note nor can she play a single instrument. Only recently has she displayed an interest in learning to play the piano "by note," as we say in the hinterlands. Her mother is now teaching her.

It was this mutual interest in music that first drew the pair together. After Dave's divorce, the casual friendship ripened into something deeper.

In order to understand Judy's attachment for a man advanced beyond her group of close kid friends—Jackie Cooper, Dan Dailey Jr. and Mickey Rooney—one has to understand Judy. And so few people do.

Judy Garland is a girl faithful to old friends, the ones she knew all through her childhood and adolescence. That she never forgets is illustrated by this little story. Judy attended grade school in Los Angeles, making the usual young school friends. She grew up, came to Hollywood, became a famous star. But only last month she went back to Bancroft Junior High School to visit the boys and girls who were with her several years before in grade school. We make this point to emphasize the fact that once a friend, always a friend to Judy. Dave Rose has before anything else been a friend to Judy; that is an indissoluble attachment as far as the girl with the warm eyes and the exciting voice is concerned.

(Cont'd on page 114)

Little freckled-face girl who grew up to be the white hope of a million-dollar studio: Judy Garland, of M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Girl"

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Wishful Thinking

THE 1941 definition of an optimist is a man who indulges in wishful thinking; it's a particularly appropriate accusation when you don't agree with the fellow's arguments.

As an optimist about Hollywood, motion pictures and their potentialities, I have cautiously labeled these thoughts in advance as wishes, which they most certainly are.

First, I think . . . that women in movie audiences will one day get over that air of injured annoyance when asked to take off their hats; will even learn to do so without being asked.

I think . . . that Hollywood will fulfill its destiny as an ambassador of good will to South America, having learned its lesson from "Down Argentine Way" in which the clowns were Argentinians and the bright boys, with the exception of Don Ameche, were Americans.

I think . . . that newsreels, instead of being routine and boringly similar to last year's product, will develop imagination and originality and will eliminate once and for all the motorcycle climbing the mountain, the daredevil auto driver turning the car upside down, and the swimmer in zero weather. In short, newsreels will profit by the brilliant example set by Quentin Reynolds' superb "London

Can Take It" and "Christmas Under Fire."

I think . . . that studios will stop touting new players before they have a chance to show what they can do. Some of the studios do a wonderful job of grooming their young hopefuls before showing them to the public. But others, understandably carried away by the exciting quality they believe a starlet may possess, have launched a barrage of high-powered publicity quite worthy of a Bernhardt. Sometimes the handicap imposed by this overstatement means years of struggle for the player, as it did with Anna Sten, who is only now beginning to win her spurs after Goldwyn's costly blast of publicity announcing "Nana." Sometimes it means that a starlet cannot find her stride, as the experience of Arleen Whelan to date has proved. Surely Pat Morison, after her bright start, could justify better parts than her studio has given her. Last, but not least, there is the current example of Gene Tierney, who can be an asset to her studio but who has not yet had a single acting opportunity despite the three top pictures in which she has appeared. So I think . . . that studios will give 'em the parts first and the buildup afterward.

I think . . . that stars will become

much smarter about their dealings with press and public. I mean those who are not so smart today in this regard—Ginger Rogers, for instance—will learn from the example of those who are—Bette Davis, for example.

Practically everybody who knows Ginger personally agrees with me that she is one of the really swell people in pictures and as deserving in her way of her Oscar as Bette was of hers. But those who get Ginger's attitude secondhand, that is via her bodyguards, feel differently and because Ginger doesn't know this fact I think . . . now that she does, all will be well.

I think . . . that the big studios will profit by the intriguing example of Herbert Yates, head of Republic Pictures, who never buys a story he doesn't film, never hires a man he doesn't use; hires producers who are also directors, and can make a picture for \$100,000 that will cost a major studio \$250,000 because of overhead so cleverly avoided by Yates.

When big studios adapt his methods to their problems, then I think . . . pictures will cost much less to make, theaters will be able to pay less for them, and the public will get in on half fare.

Let me remind you of the title of this editorial!

Ernest V. Heyn

What Hollywood Doesn't



M-G-M's "Billy The Kid" deals with the famous outlaw as played by Bob Taylor. Ripley addenda presents an amazing "Kid" trick. In "That Hamilton Woman!" Laurence Olivier plays Lord Nelson, on whose career Ripley puts an ironic blot



It has always been my contention that there is nothing stranger than fact and that of all the strange facts man is the strangest.

Hollywood has done well in revealing the dramatic qualities of the lives of some people. Some lives have been carried over into the screen and, except for a dash of dramatic license here and there, have stayed pretty close to the facts when introducing places and events. However, there are found in the number of films—especially of the Believe It Or Not type—which I don't think they knew when they made their pictures—or did they?

For example, you probably have seen—or will see soon—"That Hamilton Woman!" Alexander Korda's production of the love story of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, played by Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. The ironic fact about Nelson, this greatest of England's admirals, was that all his life he suffered from seasickness!

Another picture calling to mind some interesting history I'll guarantee you won't see in the film is "Road to Zanzibar," which stars Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope. The Sultan of Zanzibar

promised his country to Germany in exchange for a carousel (merry-go-round) for his harem. The carousel was sent but because it wasn't running and the calliope wouldn't play, he requested Germany to send a mechanic to repair it. The Kaiser promptly sent a very handsome lad guaranteed to have a lasting effect on the ladies as well as the machinery. For one of the Sultan's wives—no less than his favorite, Bebe Salima—fell desperately in love with the mechanic who was equally smitten. They eloped and the Sultan was so enraged that he sent for the German consul and

THE ORIGINATOR OF "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" MAKES A FASCINATING CHALLENGE

Know — OR DOES IT ?

by Robert Ripley



We welcome to the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror the celebrated Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley. Let's turn the tables on him and see what comes out of his own fact-finder:



He has visited more countries — 201 — than any other human being who ever lived—yet he can't speak a single foreign language!

He draws three-fourths of every cartoon upside down!

His first job was drawing designs on tombstones!

He has five automobiles and can't drive a car!

His greatest break was a broken arm—it forced him to give up his sports career.

He is the one person for whom the S. S. Leviathan was stopped at sea.

He still uses the front door of his boyhood home but he lives 3,000 miles from his birthplace!

Ripley research re Dorothy Lamour's new "Road to Zanzibar" might make Herr Hitler heartsick. Fox's "Western Union" (right) omits two interesting oddities

flatly refused to cede his country to Germany. Instead, he gave it to Great Britain. That is why Zanzibar, its islands and its strip of mainland on the east African coast, is today a part of the British Empire. Imagine what a base like that would have meant to Germany today, all lost because of a silly little merry-go-round! I have been in Zanzibar and have seen the carousel, which though never used since the elopement is still there.

While we're in east Africa on our picture tour, let's consider "Suez." That lavishly mounted picture never revealed the fact that the Suez Canal



HOLLYWOOD

was paid for with water, but it's true. The workmen received no wages—only water to drink. Forty thousand laborers died during its construction. The Canal is not owned by England but by the French Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime.

Not since the days of "The Covered Wagon" and "The Iron Horse" have the lowly Westerns enjoyed the glorification they are having today with such pictures as "Western Union," "Kit Carson," "Billy The Kid" and a host of others. And in no other era is there a richer store of strange statistics.

For instance, when Hollywood made all these sagas of the West, did it know that cowboys originated in the East? During the Revolutionary War there was a gang of Tories who preyed on the countryside of upstate New York and because they stole cows they were known as "cowboys."

And when they made "Kit Carson," did they know there was once a reward of one cent posted for the famous scout? Believe it or not, it's true. The sheriff, who was anything but anxious to catch his celebrated quarry, had to comply with the law and post a reward for Carson's capture, dead or alive. But the law

didn't say how much the reward had to be. So with tongue in cheek the sheriff offered the munificent sum of a penny. Needless to say, there were no takers.

Incidentally, the picture contained an interesting boner. Hollywood not only had a bugler blow "Taps," but called it by name, so there could be no doubt as to what was meant. Now, Fremont's expedition, around which the picture centered, took place in 1848, whereas "Taps" was first played over the grave of the man who wrote it, Robert Ellicombe, in July 1862! Since then "Taps" has been adopted by the entire American armed forces as well as the armies of England and France.

A NOTHER film, "Billy The Kid," deals with the famous outlaw of that name, played by Robert Taylor. The Kid had the unenviable distinction of having killed a man for every year of his life—twenty-one years old and twenty-one notches on his gun.

If you recall "The Plainsman," Cecil B. De Mille's colorful epic of Wild Bill Hickok, played by Gary Cooper, you'll remember the handsome figure of Buffalo Bill as portrayed by James Ellison. Well, believe it or not, Buf-

falo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life. How could he, since buffalo have never roamed the United States? They are denizens of South Africa. The animals he shot were bison.

Buffalo Bill was a vain fellow as far as his long hair was concerned. Odd—because it was a wig! Nevertheless, the old boy was quite a man. He once rode 320 miles in twenty-one hours, forty minutes, pony express, which is a lot of riding in any man's language.

The famous egg trick he used to do—having an assistant toss an egg into the air, which he promptly filled with buckshot—used to work like a charm, though with buckshot no one could have missed. In later years when his eyesight began to fail, he'd have the assistant toss up eggshells filled with gas which would explode in the air—and his fame as a dead shot rode on.

"Western Union," the Twentieth Century-Fox saga of the singing wires, might have included these two interesting items which don't appear on the celluloid. The longest telegram ever sent was the New Testament, which was telegraphed from New York to Chicago in 1882. Also, in 1864 the entire constitution of the State of (Continued on page 76)

What wasn't shown in Bette Davis' "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" is the quick thinking that saved Bess her auburn head

When you see Paramount's "I Wanted Wings," you'll think of the odd but incontrovertible truths about flying Ripley unearthed



What d'you mean—SWEET SIXTEEN?

There's just one Hollywood teenster who'd say such things about Rooney—and other people. Here she is!

BY
Susanna Foster

AS CONFIDED TO
JOHN R. FRANCHEY

THIS business of adults' pooh-poohing the problems of a teenster—I don't get it. When they go so far as to laugh at the "imaginary" woes of sweet sixteen, I resent it.

In the matter of romance, for instance.

Nothing gives a so-called grownup bigger laugh than young love. Especially if it involves an older man.

I see nothing comical or humorous about a sixteen-year-old (such as Susanna Foster?) getting a crush on a man five, ten, or even fifteen years older than she is. To begin with, the chances are better than even that this same sixteen-year-old would make a better wife than someone older. Why? For the simple reason that youth is just as earnest as it is impetuous. That, I think, is the dividing line between an adolescent and an adult. You become an adult when you've earned the ropes.

Of course, sweet sixteen, impetuous and earnest, has its drawbacks in its efforts to annex a man. It lacks an effective strategy. Sweet sixteen is blunt and open. A woman of twenty-six, on the other hand, operates differently. If, for instance, she develops a sudden crush on someone, does she sit around home and mope about it as we curbstone sirens do? And worry her friends to death with talk about this magnificent man who does not know she's alive?

Emphatically not!

What she does is to sit down and

plot her campaign. After that the poor lad can't win. He's whisked into a parsonage before the tailor has had time to give him a second fitting on his morning trousers.

Or should I say mourning trousers?

We sixteen-year-olds will have to learn to cope with this situation, I suppose. Either that or to hang on for ten years until we've mastered the other method.

Meanwhile, 1941 is still with us. And

so is the teen-age dating situation.

Personally, I am ready to turn over my holdings in this international custom to Alice in Wonderland or Heidi or Hansel's little sister, Gretel. I don't know how it is in Dallas, Texas, or Dubuque, Iowa, or in Denver, Colorado, but in Hollywood the situation . . . well . . . smells. Your Hollywood Romeo is one for the books. In subtlety, how like a bill collector! In modesty, how like a strip-tease



"The Hard-Balled Canary"—sixteen-year-old Susanna Foster, songstress star of the Paramount film, keen critic of the teen-age dance-drink-date situation

dancer! In crust, how like a girl who meets you once and wants to borrow your best silk stockings to wear to a dance that night!

This grim Galahad, Hollywood species, has a way all his own. Especially over the telephone.

"Hi, Stinky," he begins, in his best boulevard manner, "how's tricks?"

You tell him you'll survive, somehow. Then it's his turn again.

"What're ya doin' Saturday night?" he wants to know, with the air of a man handing the Red Cross a check for \$25,000 to help feed and clothe Greek refugees.

You fumble in your outraged noodle for an answer.

"I'm minding the house for mother," you come back at him, sounding as much like Shirley Temple as you can. The little gentleman hangs up in your ear.

Romance? Young love? Is that what they call that sort of thing?

With such splendid samples of young love in motion, you can readily see why teensters get crushes on older men. Adults do have a way of making everything seem spontaneous. Also smooth as silk.

LET'S take Clark Gable. Or rather, let's just borrow him a minute from Carole Lombard. Mr. G. most emphatically would have handled the situation differently. First off, of course, he would never have led off with a "Hi, Stinky." Instead, just as soon as he was positive it was you and not your grandmother, he'd come right out with it. Short and sweet. Like this: "Let's go for a drive." (Is there anything to this business of auto-suggestion?) Furthermore, he'd take it for granted that you were going. Only when he'd be shifting into high would you think to inquire where he might be headed for.

All right, so you get tired of staying home and listening to the radio. You relent and accept a date with one of these telephone troubadours. There is no use in going into detail as to how you spent a boring evening. The point is, you did. Anyhow, you're headed back (or so you think) and wishing you had stayed at home to listen to Bing Crosby or maybe Lanny Ross when your date suddenly begins to get chummy. He wants to know why you're sitting so far away and would you mind moving in closer a little. Come to think of it, he adds, you've been "cool as an iceberg" all evening. He says it with Cagney gestures.

Maybe I'm a geranium or, as the Hollywood romancers like to put it, "a poor sport," but necking is an institution I have never been able to work up any enthusiasm for. As practiced in Hollywood, necking is regarded as a matter of course by

your average swain, as undebatable as the fact that automobiles need gas to keep them running. And as practiced by the local boys, necking is as casual an item as the "hello" a producer bestows on an assistant director, which, I assure you, is casual indeed.

Of course, there is something to be said—not much, at that—for the male point of view. The idea is that he has very generously donated his time, his presence, his jalopy and, to be sure, the price of a couple of tickets to Grauman's Chinese Theater, with, maybe, a killer-diller barbecued sandwich, soft drink to match, at a drive-in place frequented by other debonair men-about-town (so he swears, proudly) such as Victor Mature, Lee Bowman, et cetera.

This dating business, especially for teensters, is quite a serious problem. How to cope with a situation where a young gentleman is eternally reminding you that he's footing the bill and where does he come in may seem like a hard nut to crack. But not really.

To begin with, I don't think a girl ought to go out with someone just to be going. I think she ought to like his company and enjoy being with him. Presumably, if he takes the trouble to call her up, that is how he feels about it.

What I'm about to suggest is that if a girl is going out with a boy to have a nice time, there is no reason under the sun why she shouldn't pay her way. To begin with, it's only right. Then, too, it gives you that grand feeling of strictly-no-obligation. On the purely selfish side, it's even apt to increase the number of daters. And also the possibility of finding someone really worth while. More than one swell kid reads a book because he knows he can't take a girl anywhere on \$1.50. But multiply this by two and you can have the time of your life. Try it. Only please use tact. Boys are sensitive creatures.

One or two of you who haven't fallen asleep might be wondering about the dating situation in what is known here by the wags as the "nursery crowd"—the younger studio set.

It would be my guess that Mickey Rooney is the dream prince of the seventeen-and-under class.

I must confess I don't know Master Rooney any too well, although we did go to school together for a year. However, even at long distance, Mickey, I'm sorry to say, leaves me cold. I think it's his type that I don't particularly admire. Mickey's the greatest entertainer in the world and as an actor I'm his biggest booster. Well, at least one of them. Heavens knows there are millions.

*NOTE: See picture opposite page.

The Rooney boy, I think, is a little snippy. No girl likes the namby-pamby type, but then no one would ever accuse him of being on the retiring side, either. Mickey affects being the great boulevardier these days. I can't keep up with his romances. In addition, he walks around as if he were saying, "I stumped the boys on 'Information Please.'" I think Mick's inclined to leave no stone unturned so that no one misses being impressed with his boundless knowledge. I'm afraid I shall have to go on being his loudest booster whenever he appears on the screen and let it go at that. Of course, there's the possibility that I'll grow up and learn to appreciate his rare personality.

Then there's Jackie Cooper. Jackie and I have exchanged glances when we meet in the studio commissary. I don't know why we're not great friends. Bonita Granville, who has first dibs on him, thinks he's a great lad. And coming from Bonita, that's something.

Glenn Ford, over at Columbia, is a young actor I'd like to know better. He's the boy who did a whole slew of B-pictures until he was borrowed from the studio to play "So Ends Our Night" with Margaret Sullavan and Fredric March.

William Holden, who is twenty-two, would be a good bet. The trouble is that Brenda Marshall seems to think so, too. Back on the home lot, there used to be a wonderful eligible, strictly my type, who went off and got married. Four possibilities and that's all. The situation isn't too encouraging.

While I'm on the subject of junior gadding-about, I'd like to touch on the subject of Demon Rum. In short, do or don't film prodigies drink?

Mostly, I'm not a very good authority on the subject. I've been in the Brown (Continued on page 102)

Frame for Fame

Presenting in our exclusive full-color series, Mickey Rooney, the keynote of the colorful teen-age gang, who's now making his sprightly presence felt in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"



Mickey Rooney





Last month Photoplay-Movie Mirror went to artist Paul Hesse, Doctor Mary Halton, showman Billy Rose and designer Irene and asked them to select the best figure in Hollywood. Betty Grable won the race, leading a field including the following stars—Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Ann Sheridan, Paulette Goddard, Carole Lombard, Susan Hayward, Loretta Young, Olivia de Havilland, Martha Scott

HOW I KEEP MY FIGURE

BY

Betty Grable

She was judged by four professional critics as the girl with the best figure in Hollywood. Now she gives you her own rules for the perfect figure—so amazingly simple that every woman can measure up to the Grable mark

THE first time I was ever asked, "What do you do to keep your figure?" I answered immediately, "Why, nothing. Nothing at all!" And I meant it. Certainly I had never "dieted," as many girls do. Certainly I had never done a "daily dozen" in my life. The whole idea of watching over and worrying about weight seemed pretty boring to me and if I considered it at all, it was to think, "Well, Betty, my girl, you are lucky you don't have to go through all that!" It was swell, I opined, to be able to eat what I liked without worrying about calories. It was swell to be able to get into a size twelve any time I felt the urge for some new clothes. Yes, I was very lucky!

But lately, I have come to the conclusion that my not having to pay any attention to weight is, perhaps, not wholly a matter of luck. I have decided, in fact, that this happy state of affairs is due, also, to certain habits acquired, thanks to my mother, a long time ago.

In the first place, Mother always wanted me to be a dancer and saw to it that I had dancing lessons from the time I was five years old. I loved it from the very beginning and I believe it is safe to say that I have danced anywhere from half an hour to several hours a day, at least four days of the week most of my life. And I suppose that is one very good reason why I have not had to "watch my weight." I don't think anyone could get very fat dancing as much as I have. Also, I am certain that dancing is a good thing to help develop symmetry. You exercise just about every muscle of the body and should just naturally find yourself proportioned as nature intended you to be.

And so, while I am on the subject, I heartily advise every girl, fat, thin or in between, to give dancing a good try. Tap dancing, ballroom dancing, acrobatic dancing—anything that appeals to the imagination. Even though you don't want to dance professionally, try it, anyway. You'll love the good healthy way you feel all the time and the way you can wear the clothes you were meant to wear. And I should like to advise you, too, to go in for it wholeheartedly. I

mean, while you're doing it, do it for all you are worth—when you are night-clubbing with your boy friend; when you're dancing to the radio at home. I don't mean you have to turn into a jitterbug. I simply mean to let yourself go and enjoy the music and the rhythm and motion. The more you kick and twirl and jig, the better you'll like it and the better you'll look, too. And, probably, the happier you'll be.

LET me tell you a story. It happened here in Hollywood. A certain girl I know met a producer at a party. He was discussing with some of the other guests a role in a picture he intended to make which required a rather difficult-to-find type of actress. He looked at my friend and said, "You'd be the type, if—"

He hesitated and she challenged him. "If—what?"

So he let her have it. "If you weren't thirty pounds overweight."

Well, of course she was. She had dramatic talent, but she loved to eat and hated to exercise. She hadn't worked for months because she was so fat. But now she told him, "I'll lose those thirty pounds in thirty days if you'll give me a chance at that role!"

He looked skeptical, but he promised.

A month later, she went to see him. He didn't recognize her at first, but when she'd persuaded him she was the same girl, he tested her for the role and she got it. She had lost the thirty pounds, all right—and easily. *She had simply taken a lesson in tap dancing every day.*

Of course, I realize that no girl, even though she exercises extensively, can keep her weight normal if she doesn't eat properly. That, too, is a habit which my mother helped me to form early. Yes, I have an excellent appetite. And—hold everything—my favorite foods are steak, mashed potatoes, fried chicken, good old southern biscuits and chocolate milk shakes. Moreover, I eat them whenever I want to. But the point is, I don't seem to want to more frequently than is good for my figure. That is my mother's training again. Even as a child, I was never allowed to eat between meals and I was never allowed

to "gorge" at meal time, as you've seen some children—and grownups, too—do. So, as a result, I have never developed an over-craving for food.

When I get up in the morning I drink one or two cups of coffee, with cream and sugar, and as much orange juice as I want—usually a large glassful. If I am working, I have this breakfast around seven o'clock so that by noon I am hungry and eat a fairly hearty lunch. In the summer, too, if it is a hot day, I have an ice-cold milk shake in the middle of the afternoon—not, however, if the weather is cool. Iced drinks don't tempt me then. At dinner time, I eat a lot of any one thing. I seldom take a second helping of anything and I think that alone helps keep one's weight down. I know a movie actress who is one of those persons who gains between pictures. When she is working, she is able to keep slender easily. She "burns it off," so to speak. But on vacation she'll gain anywhere from five to fifteen pounds. But she doesn't mind, because she has a sure way to get these pounds off when she wants to. She simply never eats a second helping of anything; never eats between meals; never eats a "snack" before bedtime. Losing weight is a little slower this way, but you might try it sometime. Always leave the table just a little hungry. You'll lose that slight hunger in half an hour and will just feel wonderful. Most people eat too much, I think.

Another diet I know of is an all-liquid diet. You can drink any liquid you want—milk, orange juice, tomato juice, clear soup, at any time you want it, but you must eat nothing solid. A man I know took off a pound a day, that way, for ten days, and could have kept on indefinitely, he insists, although his doctor wouldn't let him. Incidentally, dieting can, I guess, be very dangerous if you go at it too strenuously without a doctor's advice. That is why I think the idea of eating a balanced meal, but small helpings of everything, is such a good one. You are sure, that way, to get all the vitamins you are supposed to have. And, by the way, after you've gotten used to this smaller sized meal, you probably won't want (Continued on page 98)

Cesar Romero



Sardara Kinnery



The story of the great train robbery which took place at Pickfair. Loser was young Doug's new wife, Joan Crawford

A milky-way tale, of days when a feud and Pola Negri was the victim of a Gloria Swanson...er, joke

HOLLYWOOD'S

The author, top-bracket film columnist, takes a Lady Ha-Ha view of herself (left) as a leading glam-gal in the good old days



It happened at the corner of Sunset and Vine when Gloria Swanson returned home with a new Paris hat—and a Marquis

MADDEST MOMENTS

A salty, unvarnished report on some notorious Hollywood anecdotes, proving that though silence may sometimes be golden, talking's a lot more fun, provided it's done—

By Hedda Hopper

NOW, a subject like "Hollywood's Maddest Moments" takes in a lot of territory and, having lived here off and on for nearly twenty-five years, it's hard to know where to begin.

Let's start off by going back a bit, to the time when Sir Herbert Tree first arrived here. He, together with all the famous comedians on Broadway, like Weber and Fields, Sam Bernard, Raymond Hitchcock, De Wolf Hopper and many others, was signed to make pictures—and then they were finished off in one season. But Sir Herbert was the first man to arrive in town with a handle to his name. We've had so many since that even the natives don't notice them now any more than they would a June bug on a rosebush. Sir Herbert being the first, the studio had no precedent on how to address him, so they sent a bunch of cowboys down to meet his train. The latter didn't know either, but when he alighted, they pulled their ponies up on their back legs, waved their sombreros in the air and shouted, "Welcome, Sir Tree!" And he was never called anything else.

I'll never forget one evening when Sir Herbert and Lillian Russell and her

husband, Alexander P. Moore, were dining with us and Alex Moore told the story of how he became a newspaperman, including the incident he had used to start his career. It was right after the Johnstown Flood and he remembered the ride of Paul Revere. So, finding himself in Johnstown at the time, he planted a horse and rider on a ledge and wrote a story of how this brave man had ridden ahead of the bursting of the dam to warn the people of the coming flood. He sent the story in as a scoop and got \$500 for it, which amused him no end—because he said not even a Rocky Mountain goat could have beat the bursting of that dam.

But all Sir Herbert remembered was his hooking the story to Paul Revere. So you can imagine my surprise when he related the incident a few nights later and said, "You know, I met a most interesting chap the other night, named Alexander P. Moore, who absolutely shattered my belief in American history. Did you know there's no truth in that story of the ride of Paul Revere? It was all just a great big fake!"

Pickfair, our Buckingham Palace—oh, what memories are hidden there!

I remember the time when Joan Crawford, having been recently married to young Doug (Mary and Doug Senior weren't any too pleased about it), received her first invitation to Pickfair—because Lady Mountbatten, who was Mary's house guest, wanted to meet her. Joan was very nervous and, wanting to make a good impression, had a beautiful white satin gown specially made, with a long train. She had never worn a train before and when she got inside Pickfair, she accidentally stepped in the path of the butler, who planted his feet right on the train and tore it off her back. She fled from the party in tears.

I'll never forget the homecoming of Gloria Swanson after she married Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. She had just made, with great whoop-la and thousands of words of publicity, "Madame Sans Gene" in Paris. Well, Gloria at that time was the undisputed queen of Hollywood. She was met at the station with a brass band, which accompanied her all the way from the train to the studio, which was then at the corner of Sunset and Vine. They built a platform in the middle of the street, on which was (Continued on page 72)



Ingrid Bergman

HOW Alice Faye LIVES

An invitation to the Faye home, not as a formal guest, but as an intimate member of the everyday household



Paradox that is typically Faye: The San Fernando ranch house is furnished in silk-and-satin atmosphere, filled with luxury art work

BY

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE peacocks had been delivered that morning. Alice stood admiring them, her maid Zella beside her. The birds lifted their tails in glory. They arched their necks. They strutted . . . strutted . . . strutted.

Alice stepped back. The hills were blue and far away. The cypress made a green wall in the distance; insects droned in the rose garden. It was, peacocks and all, like a picture she once had seen in a book of fairy tales.

"What you thinking about, Miss Alice?" Zella asked.

"I was thinking," Alice said, "how that peacock run is for all the world like *Ciro's* lobby after a big premiere!"

A peacock gave a shrill cry, by way of a sound effect.

A few weeks earlier Alice and Tony Martin had thanked each other for

many memories and said good-by. Arrangements for their divorce were to follow. Alice wasn't in a mood to invite anyone to look into her heart, not even the faithful Zella. Any approach to sentiment would have been dangerous.

Far below on Ventura Boulevard which runs, like a busy treadmill, between Los Angeles and San Francisco, the cars went by. They didn't stop—that day. But two days later they came to a sudden halt below the hill to watch flames dancing above against the sky and to speculate whether it was true, as one idler said, that it was Alice Faye's house that was burning.

Five o'clock that afternoon Ruth Waterbury of Photoplay was called to the telephone. Alice was on the wire. "Ruth," she said, "where would

you rather have dinner tonight, Victor Hugo's or the Beverly Derby?"

"But Alice," Ruth half-protested, "I thought we were having dinner at your house. I wanted to see it. . . ."

"That's why I'm calling," Alice explained. "My house is on fire. And it doesn't look as if there was going to be much left!"

One day a few weeks after the disaster, Leo Carrillo mentioned to Alice that he had bought six beautiful peacocks. "Get rid of them!" she said, with horror. "Get rid of them, Leo! They're birds of ill omen!"

He was the only person to see how she really felt about the house.

When men and women are sorely and successively hurt—as Alice was when her new house burned at the very time she faced the failure of her



Distinctive feature of the living room: The blonde-wood grand piano draped with a costly Spanish shawl. Right: The dining room, Swedish modern, papered in gay magnolia design

marriage—they're frightened and a little loath to talk. It's almost as if the fates plotted against them. And later, when their trouble passes, they're different in some way usually.

Alice is very different now. . . .

Up to the time when her house burned Alice didn't find it too easy to be a movie star. The work itself, the unbelievable money she earned and many of the associations she made she enjoyed. But shyness had plagued her as far back as she could remember. As a child, if she went to a restaurant and saw people looking at her, she hadn't been able to swallow. Always she'd had to have the chair that faced the wall. As a star, it was torture for her to meet all the people she was obliged to meet, to know in advance that she must meet them; to be interviewed; to have news cameras trained on her wherever she turned.

To make matters worse, Alice was a rebel. She never had taken her proper place in the film peerage. It wasn't the truly cosmopolitan producers and directors and stars who frightened her off; it was those who pretended to be what they weren't. Affectation infuriated her. So, lest anyone could think she meant to appear anything but what she was, she was almost belligerent about having come from New York's Tenth Avenue which atones for its lack of aristocracy by its vitality; about having left school at fourteen and home at fifteen; about never having stepped foot on

an ocean liner until a year or two ago when she and Tony Martin sailed for Honolulu. It's also our theory that Alice put off buying symphony records for her dozen and more phonographs and joining the Book of the Month Club and taking tennis lessons and buying a riding horse long, long after she had an honest instinct for these things, just because she wouldn't risk being grouped with the pretenders she despised so thoroughly.

Now she cares far less about other people, what they think of her, what they do with themselves. She realizes she wasted a lot of time and energy and heartache on things that really don't matter. To put it briefly, she grew up!

"What the deuce," says the new Alice. "I work! I make my way; I don't want anything of anybody. So what!"

ALICE first saw her San Fernando property when it belonged to Flo and Jack Haley. At this time she and Tony had accepted the fact that he couldn't stay in Hollywood and be Mr. Alice Faye when he could earn five thousand dollars a week by going out with a band. But they hadn't yet accepted the fact that, their love being the human kind that admits jealousy, they couldn't survive living apart.

With Flo Haley, Alice walked among the orange and peach and almond trees. She saw the grapes turning purple on the vines and the



melons ripening on the ground. She saw the Valley and the hills. And she rushed back to town and to Bill, her brother and financial adviser, and asked him, *please*, to go out and look at the Haley ranch right away because it was for sale and she couldn't believe any place on earth could be so beautiful as it seemed to her and she thought maybe she was dreaming.

Bill went out at once. A few weeks later, the title to her dream now in her name, Alice stamped on the earth and called aloud, "It belongs to me! To

Schoolgirl's dream come true is the pink and blue bedroom (center of page) with its white carpet and a bed specially built so Alice can sleep slantwise. Luxury motif: The dressing room (left) with mirrored walls, indirect lighting and a fairy-tale dressing table. Luxury motif again: The living room (below) with peachbloom carpet, curved aquamarine sofas flanking the fireplace, dubonnet curtains

Department of higher recreation is the playroom, with grass-cloth walls, a bamboo bar and bright red leather chairs

ne!" And she was vehement. Because in her heart she still couldn't believe it was true.

In the beginning Alice hadn't liked California. "Every man to his taste!" he had said. "Anyone who wants to see the sun go down behind these hills can have it. I'll take Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue with the sun coming up. . . ."

Gradually, however, she learned to love the fertile land and to find charm in the houses that cling, like eyries, to the steep (Continued on page 82)

ROUND UP *of*



He started working for a dollar a month: Stirling Hayden, blond-haired giant of Paramount's "Virginia"



She made a bet with her father and ended up in Hollywood: Gene Tierney of Fox's "Tobacco Road"

Strictly confidential data about these
five entries in the stampede to stardom — sailor, socialite, scene stealer,
smart boy and a sensation from Mars

BY SARA HAMILTON

Driftwood and Blondie:

When a boy of twenty-four has sailed the seven seas from shore line to shore line, seen every place, worked at everything, there's really no place left for him to go but Hollywood.

That's what Stirling Hayden figured. So, with no experience whatsoever he grabbed off second lead to Fred MacMurray in "Virginia." Stirling is now seeing plenty of things he never saw in his eight years of sea-going travels right here in movietown. He still can't believe it.

Born in Montclair, New Jersey, of an English father and Dutch mother,

Stirling was sent to the exclusive Wassookeag School at Dexter, Maine, which the young man describes as an institution of twenty-four students with twenty-eight automobiles. But the death of his father, who was advertising manager of the *New York Evening Journal*, cut short his education and the lad, then fifteen, took a job on the schooner *Puritan* for the princely salary of one dollar a month, sailing from New London, Connecticut, to Balboa, California. Once in California, Stirling and a pal tried to get home via freight trains but were thrown off at Yuma. They had to come back to California then and

work for bus fare. The only time they caged this six-foot-four-and-a-half, brown-eyed, tousled, blond-headed giant was the following summer when he sold men's furnishings in the bargain basement of a department store in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

That once was enough, for when the icy winds blew in from the sea, Stirling blew out with a Gloucester fishing crew.

Next he went into business for himself and bought a little sloop, the *Vagrant*, for \$500, with fifteen dollars down and the balance at ten dollars a week. Then he proceeded to

Pace Setters

His best girl friend
is Ann Rutherford:
Rand Brooks of
"Double Date"



Her hands were in the movies before she was: Dorothy Comingore of Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane"

No one ever recognizes him off-screen: Walter Brennan of Warners' "Meet John Doe"

take out fishing parties until business dropped to nothing per. A chance to take the forty-foot schooner *Blue Lagoon* from Boston to Florida came next, with Stirling washing dishes for food in "The Pirates' Den Cafe" in Florida, owned by the same Don Dickerman who now manages "The Pirate's Den" in Hollywood, owned, among other stars, by Fred MacMurray, Stirling's co-partner in "Virginia."

Eleven round trips as fireman on the *Florida* between the coast and Cuba followed and then, glory be, kid Stirling was made a skipper on the schooner *China* trading between West Indian ports. Along about that time

people in various ports and places, noting the manly handsomeness of this boy, began saying, "Kid, you should be in movies."

Even a location crew down at Pitcairn Island for "Mutiny on the Bounty" suggested it. He laughed his big hearty laugh that reveals the strong white teeth in his sunbeaten face and went on sailing. When a Boston reporter actually suggested it in print, however, Stirling began to take a beating from his sea comrades. They'd yell on any and every occasion, "Yoo-hoo, Stirling, you should be in the movies!"

To get away from it all, he signed

on a boat as mate and sailed the world around, making 125 ports of call. It was when his very own boat, the *Aldebaran*, bought with his savings, was wrecked off the coast of North Carolina that he began to wonder if maybe there wasn't something to this movie business.

In New York a friend, Larry O'Toole, an artist who had sailed with Hayden, wrote innumerable letters to friends in Hollywood. They ignored them in droves. Finally Stirling sent on his picture to Paramount; Director Edward Griffith liked it; arranged to meet him when they went East for (Continued on page 99)



Ruth (Ida Lupino), the only girl on the ghost ship captained by Wolf (Edward G. Robinson)

Fiction Version by NORTON RUSSELL

THE ferry picked its way gingerly through the thick night fog on San Francisco Bay. In the main cabin there were only a few passengers. One, a girl, was huddled in the far corner of a bench, her face turned toward the window beside her. Suddenly she shrank back in terror, looked wildly around the cabin. A man on the bench across was looking at her curiously. He was well-dressed, middle-aged, with a kind face. Perhaps—

She slipped over beside him. "Please," she whispered, "when those two men come in—pretend you know me—that I'm with you. Please!"

He drew a little away, bewildered and annoyed, but she gave him no chance to refuse. "What's your name?" she asked urgently, and instinctively he answered, "Humphrey van Weyden."

There was no time for anything more; two men had entered the cabin and were walking toward them. "This woman," the older one said to van

Weyden. "Is she with you?"

"Why—" van Weyden hesitated. "I fail to see why I should answer," he said at last.

For explanation, the man reached into his pocket and took out a badge. The other one remarked, "Before you say anything, sir, I must remind you that it's a criminal offense to aid an escaped convict."

"A . . . convict?"

The second detective offered him a handbill. "Escaped from Lyndale Reformatory for Women," it said. "Ruth Webster." And underneath there was a photograph of the girl beside him—a lovely oval face, lips that seemed always about to tremble, dark-lashed gray eyes that were haunted with the terror of pursuit.

Van Weyden dropped the handbill. "I'm sorry," he said to the girl. "There is nothing I can do."

The detective's hand dropped to Ruth's arm. With panic-strength she twisted free and ran toward the half-open doors to the deck. Outside, she

darted and swerved like an animal seeking cover. One detective followed her, the other ran in the opposite direction and when she reached the end of the deck she saw him turning a corner ahead of her. She stood on the deck an instant, trembling, watching the two men close in upon her; then she ran to the rail, climbed upon it . . .

The bow of a larger vessel loomed up, high and immense, out of the fog. The ferry's whistle screamed shrill warning. Then there was a crash and the rail was torn from her fingers. She fell into water which numbed her and twisted her—helpless as she was, with her coat and dress clinging to her body, impeding her frantic movements. She felt herself being sucked down into a darkness that roared in her ears.

They were still pursuing her, through long cold corridors where the fog curled madly and congealed into hands that strained after her, seizing her ankles, tearing at her clothes.

The SEA WOLF

A vivid sea drama, based on the famous Jack London novel, of a girl, branded as a lawless fugitive, and the man who gave her the courage to be a woman again



THE CAST

Wolf Larsen . . . Edward G. Robinson
 Ruth Webster Ida Lupino
 George Leach John Garfield
 Dr. Louie Gene Lockhart
 Van Weyden Alexander Knox
 Johnson Stanley Ridges

A Warner Brothers Picture.
 Directed by Michael Curtiz.
 Screen play by Robert Ros-
 sen. From the novel by Jack
 London.

George (John Garfield),
 the only man in the crew
 whose eyes were not afraid

Lights flashed before her eyes and disappeared, voices called and faded away. She could not run, she could not move—she was standing before the gray, gloomy entrance to the Reformatory and she screamed, “No! You can’t take me back to jail! I won’t go! I won’t—”

After uncounted years of terror, he awoke.

She could see nothing but a man’s face, close to hers. It was round, soft, ruddily white. A stubble of beard grew on it; its eyes were bloodshot and it breathed a stale aroma of whiskey. She pressed her head back against a rough pillow in horror almost as great as that she had dreamed.

But the man smiled. “Well, young lady,” he said. “Feeling better? I’m Dr. Louie Prescott—ship’s doctor, you know.”

He stood up and she saw that she was in a tiny ship’s cabin, rocking to the motion of the waves. She could not speak, she was still too weak for

that, but she listened to the doctor’s cheerful talk as he fed her hot soup.

“We picked you up out of Frisco Bay five days ago,” he said. “You and a fellow named van Weyden. He’s all right, but you were almost drowned. If I hadn’t been here to make a blood transfusion—” He winked jovially, as if the alternative would have been the most humorous thing in the world. “One of the sailors, George Leach, gave you his blood.”

His voice faded as, made drowsy by the food, she lapsed once more into sleep.

It was two more days before she was well enough to go on deck. During that time she saw no one but the doctor, who told her she was aboard the *Ghost*, a sailing vessel on a sealing expedition. Cautiously, she listened to his words and watched his manner and decided at last that he did not know she was a fugitive from justice. In that ignorance would lie her salvation—she could persuade the captain to put her ashore at the first

port of call and there she would change her name, start over again. . . .

She wanted to leave this ship as soon as possible. There was an atmosphere of terror about it that she could feel even here in her cabin. Was it the doctor’s sudden evasiveness when she asked him why the *Ghost* had put straight out to sea without stopping to land her and van Weyden? Or was it merely the closeness of the cabin itself—its grimy walls and incessant rocking?

THIS feeling of dread was intensified the minute she went on deck. Men were there, and they glanced up at her furtively from their tasks. At sight of them she was thankful to have the doctor at her side. Every face she saw was debased, brutal—and, somehow, frightened as well.

They passed a dark doorway from which came smells of cooking and she saw van Weyden standing there. But her heart thudded in shocked bewilderment. He (Continued on page 86)



Night and Day



Making hay while the sun—or the moon—shines: Rita Hayworth (left) of Warners' "Affectionately Yours"; and Peggy Moran of Universal's "Double Date"

5 Minute Fortune

This is a case where clothes make—or break the woman; where the clothes question gives you a ready answer in the form of a fortune. All you have to do is follow the directions below and you'll find yourself eventually with a thumbnail index on your ego

Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



LET'S pretend . . . You're bound for a best-bib-and-tucker luncheon, a "reunion with a best friend" sort of thing. You're going to buy a new outfit that will take the wind out of the other girl's new straw sailor and you have the four outfits described below to choose from. Check off your choice.

1. A crocheted dress—definitely a new fashion proposal—in a dark shade.
2. A blue serge dress, smartest '41 revival
3. A tailored suit in the newest shade to sweep America—green.
4. A look-after-me outfit composed of a harem skirt (the Greek influence) with a bolero jacket over it

Let's pretend again . . . You've had an enthusiastic encore on a first date and you want to wear the same successful dress *but* with a different touch of some sort—a low-price pick-me-up with a high-pressure effect. We give you four fashion favorites; check the number you'd select.

1. A Chili Sauce Red leather purse.
2. A stole trimmed with new-fashioned mink tails.
3. Buttons and cuffs links that make a sparkling pair
4. Brilliant earrings that match a graceful sash.

Let's pretend for the last time . . . You're taking a walk on Easter morning, which is another way of saying you're joining the Easter parade. First requisite to put you at the head of the line-up is, of course, the Easter bonnet. Buy yours from this group; check off your choice.

1. A rolled-star bonnet trimmed with grosgrain to be worn off the face.
2. A huge felt with a sweeping brim seductively dipped in front and trimmed with a veil.
3. A black horsehair featherweight trimmed with pink rosebuds.
4. A smart felt bowler that is a direct take-off on a soldier's tin hat.

NOW take the three numbers you have chosen from the three groups and total them. Then draw your card from the hand you've dealt yourself below:

If your total is 3:

You're a sentimental sister who cries at the movies but never gets a red nose . . . a romantic idealist who wants to give till it is effective; a girl who doesn't know what a smart comeback is but still manages to cash in on the protective side of the man-and-maid business.

If your total is 4, 5, 6:

You're a go-somewhere girl, a social-minded person with lots of friends (female, too). You're vital, eager, interested; or cool, calm and collected when occasion calls for it. You're always ready to do things at the drop of the proverbial hat.

If your total is 7, 8, 9:

You're an "in the pink" person, a bright girl with a flair for attracting lots of men but keeping just one. Vitally interested in everything, you probably like to talk and people like to flatter you by listening. You're keen, inclined to be analytical, but still the center of party attention.

If your total is 10, 11, 12:

You're a moonlight madonna who does her best work by the clinging-vine method. You're soft, but not too subtle; sweet with just a bit of spice; a saint-and-sinner combination that will get you any place you want to go.

Magic Modes

FOR MAY

For subtle sorcery on a May evening—this hostess gown designed by Irene, worn by Merle Oberon in Ernst Lubitsch's "That Uncertain Feeling." Classic in design, it has a long coat of white suede crepe worn over a cloth-of-gold skirt fastened at the waistline with chunky gold embroidery. The million-dollar motif is carried out by a matching bracelet and pin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TOM EVANS





To hypnotize the watchers of the Easter parade: A mulberry wool suit by Irene that rates a fashion star by reason of a large eyelet-embroidered collar run through with grosgrain ribbon that ties sprucely in front. The hat is a trick little halo-brim model that knows its way around; the gloves, bag and shoes are of a matching mulberry shade



To cast a spell on the male line-up: Another Irene suit, this time in classically simple grey wool unadorned except for the pin the clever Mrs. Korda clasps high up toward the neckline. Its short fitted jacket and extremely slim skirt are Hollywood fashion news; its crescent pockets are a smart device in the "tailored femininity" division

A bit of mystic business under a May moon—a dress of white marquisette, very slim of line, with an overskirt stiffened with horsehair, very short in front and dropping to the floor in back. Irene makes the bodice a limelight fashion by building it sheerly over black lace. In dinner-date idiom, this is a dress that is most definitely "dernier cri"



Enchantment of the future: The sophisticated naïveté of Irene's white faille housecoat that is encrusted with starched white lace to form a yoke line and a hem trim. The unusual square neck is a pretty frame for a pretty face; the jewelry is a bit of black art destined to offset the trim tailoring of the childlike bow tie



Roz the Reckless



The Russell today
and (below) in her
N. Y. yesterdays



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ROSALIND RUSSELL

Warning: Keep your sense of humor handy when you read this. Reason: It's about the queen of Hollywood Columbines

BY HOWARD SHARPE

"HEY!" the young man said, irritably. "You're not listening."

Rosalind made shushing motions with both hands. It mattered not to her that this was a special luncheon with a special young man who, three weeks ago, had begged her to marry him. She moved over now and whispered to him. "Shubert and Chamberlain Brown, the agent, are in the next booth. Anyway, I've heard the joke you were telling. This's more important—" she swiveled around even farther in her seat and made a cup of her hand behind her right ear. For some moments she sat, intensely eavesdropping. Then, suddenly, she sprang into action.

She scrambled sideways out of her booth. She picked nickels out of her purse on the run and, having found four by the time she reached the phone, made her connection with information within seven seconds. "Edward Casey, Forest Hills," she commanded. A moment later she said, "Thanks," and then swung the dial furiously.

Her voice changed, then. It grew seductive, meaningful. "Mr. Casey," she trilled, "this is Rosalind Russell. How would you like to meet me at the Astor? At six?"

There was silence from the other end. But Mr. Casey, it seemed, was a blade who didn't mind taking a chance. "Okay, Toots," he said. "I'm coming in anyway. Do I know you?"

"I'll be the girl in the hat," Roz told him. She hung up and for a moment

stood still, grinning to herself.

She had done it again—as she had always done it, all through her childhood in Waterbury, Connecticut, where she had been the ringleader in the group the neighbors were wont to call "them Russell brats"; all through her schooldays when she had dressed herself in her mother's high heels and made eyes at all the eligible adolescents; all through the days at Marymount College where she had proceeded to run everything from gymnasium to the auditorium stage. Especially the auditorium stage, for that was where Rosalind, daughter of lawyer James and Clara Russell, had shone. She was an actress by inclination, by nature—and now, at last, with her Marymount career behind her, she had, through a perfectly audacious telephone call to a strange producer, a chance to be an actress by profession.

She moved slowly back toward the booth and toward the young man who waited there.

"Darling," she said, "I've got to break our date for tonight. I've got a chance at a job."

"Now?" the boy said. "Don't be silly. You spent weeks wangling that Caribbean cruise out of your family. You said you'd hunt for work when you got back."

"This job doesn't start till June. Brown and Shubert just said so. But

I want to sign the contract now."

"But who...?"

"Man named Casey is opening a company with Shubert backing. That's what I overheard a few minutes ago. I got Casey's number from information."

The young man's eyes suddenly grew suspicious. "He know you well?" he asked, elaborately casual.

"Never met him."

For several minutes the boy said nothing. Then he put up one hand to what seemed to be an aching head. "Rosalind," he said, "start again, and this time try to make some sense..."

SHE caught the boat seven days later, by that skin of her teeth with which she catches all boats, or trains, or planes, and with a contract safely folded in her purse. This astonishing document agreed to pay her, starting in June, \$150 a week to work as an actress in Mr. Edward Casey's Lake Placid tent show. Furthermore, she was to be the leading woman.

It had been a pipe. The red hat with the scarlet bird she had worn to the Astor at six had been one of her more conservative numbers, but Casey had come directly to her. "Young lady," he said, "You're on fire."

In the course of the next few hours, which cost Casey the aforementioned job and about thirty dollars for dinner at the Plaza, he asked her a few direct questions. Had she had any experience? Roz rattled off a round list of stock (Continued on page 78)

Rungs on the proverbial ladder: As the "other woman" in "China Seas" with Gable, C. Aubrey Smith, Jean Harlow

As the neurotic, selfish wife of John Boles in "Craig's Wife," a performance rated "brilliantly sensitive"

As the fast-talking, hard-biting newspaper gal in "His Girl Friday" with Cary Grant—a sure-fire Russell role





Ida Lupino: "I don't believe every man wants to marry the woman he loves!"



George Brent: "Any clever woman can lead a man around by the hand"

Should a girl

When you read these stars' answers to the good old

EVEN if Marjorie Hillis did write a brave little book called "Live Alone and Like It," most girls, like Marjorie herself, don't like it. They may be career-minded and perfectly content with their jobs, but there is still a spot in their hearts reserved for a man—the man. Just how they are going to meet him and just how they are going to capture him after they meet him probably never occurs to them until they do meet him. Then it becomes a vital and all-absorbing question—a question that sends them scurrying to friends, mothers, the library and the magazine stand.

There's plenty of advice on the subject. In fact, there is too much advice. You begin to wonder just why you have to pretend indifference, take a trip, play hard to get, learn to cook, buy a lot of new clothes and generally throw your whole life into a state of confusion, just to hear some man say, "Will you marry me?"

It doesn't make sense. When you wanted a job you just went out and asked for one. Why can't you do the same thing with a man? Why can't you just walk right up to him and say, "I love you. Let's get married?"

Well, can you? That's what we asked these four Hollywood stars and

here's what they said. . . .

Ida Lupino is very firm in her views on the subject. Modern in every other way, she is decidedly old-fashioned on the subject of love, courtship and marriage. The marriage of Ida and Louis Hayward is looked upon as the most modern in all Hollywood, but Ida says, "That's because it's so old-fashioned it looks new! People aren't used to seeing a wife's getting her ears knocked down when she deserves it, so they think it's funny. I think it's wonderful! When I get out of line I like to have Louis put me in my place—makes me respect him." She laughs when she says it, but you just



Ann Sothorn: "Tell a man you'd make a perfectly impossible wife and he'll try to prove you're wrong"

Robert Young: "Women have a natural talent for proposing"



EVER PROPOSE ?

Adam-and-Eve question, a lot of things may change for you

know she means it. No doubt Louis knows it too.

"Women," Ida says, with an airy wave of a slim white hand, "are the inferior sex. What is woman, anyway? Just a man's rib and as such it is her privilege to expand only when he breathes. At all other times she should be modest and retiring and wait for the man to take the initiative. Proposing is a man's right. Why should a woman be so bold as to usurp man's rights?"

As far as Ida is concerned there are no extenuating circumstances to the hard-and-fast rule. If the man doesn't get around to proposing

BY HARMONY HAYNES

to the lady in question then . . .

"Then she should just sit and wait—what else does she have to do, anyway? He'll propose in time. My husband kept me waiting for four years, but he finally proposed." She laughs heartily at memory of the proposal and explains, "He didn't even say he loved me. He just said that I had the most completely untidy mind he had ever known and he wanted to set it to rights, but when you've waited four years for a proposal, you don't quibble over the reason for it."

IDA doesn't think that four years is too long to wait for the man you love. In fact, she doesn't think even forty years is too long.

"Suppose it does take him years to propose. Suppose he doesn't ever propose, as long as he keeps calling you still haven't lost him and you can still hope. I did. I don't mean that I was ecstatically happy all that time, but I was pretty busy. When I wasn't wondering why he didn't propose I was wondering what I could do to make him propose . . . now, I don't mean that I resorted to schemes and trickery, but I studied him, his likes, his dislikes, (Continued on page 84)

"MAN- POISON"



ILLUSTRATION BY
MARSHALL FRANT

— that was what he had called her the first time he had spoken to her alone; that was what he believed her to be. Neither one of them reckoned with the powers that could drive them into this strange and unconventional relationship

"I'VE seen a lot of dames in my time . . ." Mike Harrigan had said, ". . . you're man-poison!"

Ever since that moment on the airfield at Yuma, when Mike Harrigan had spoken those cruel words to Annabelle Clark, they had always been in her consciousness or on the fringe of it.

So much had happened since Mike's admonition: "What do you want with him, anyway? The kid has a great chance at your father's studio—so you step in and complicate things for him."

Annabelle had told George Hurley what his friend had said, but that hadn't stopped them. That evening they returned to Hollywood from their elopement to find Holton Clark waiting for them. Holton had spoiled his daughter in the way that wealthy American fathers have learned so well how to do. Now he made it clear that young Hurley's promising career at Clark Studios was finished. But the next day he made a deal with his daughter. He would send her husband to Guatemala to play the lead in Mike Harrigan's picture, but she must promise she wouldn't follow George, to "let the fever die down," as he dramatically put it. In exchange, George Hurley's contract with Clark Studios would be renewed when he returned from location. She had agreed because she knew how much his career meant to her husband.

So it came about that George Hurley went to Guatemala and there—died of malaria!

It was Helga Bentley, the famous columnist and friend of Holton Clark, who broke the dreadful news to Annabelle. For days she was inconsolable, but when she heard that the expedition was arriving at San Pedro she drove down, hoping to learn from Mike Harrigan the details of what had happened.

The pain of that meeting was almost more than Annabelle Clark could bear and for the first time Mike Harrigan felt some sympathy for her. How much more he would have felt if she had told him that she was bearing George's child! Then, when she dropped him at the Clark Studios and Holton came to meet them in the driveway, her father tried vainly to conciliate her. Poor Holton. For the

first time in his life he had doubts about something he had done.

She drove along the Pacific trying to clear her mind in the fresh morning air.

Near Venice she met an odd old man, a traveler who told her his philosophy of life. "Get rid of what doesn't matter to you. That's the way to be happy," he said.

That was what she had done, sent her car back to her father, given away all but the simplest of her clothes. Then one day, in Los Angeles, where she had found a cheap room in a hotel and was searching for a job, Helga saw her, and so her father found her.

Holton Clark had told Mike that he would manage somehow to make Annabelle take money. His way was to tell her that it was insurance which he had taken out on George's life. Annabelle accepted it—but headed for Fresno, near which George's father and mother lived on their almond ranch.

AND so the strange meeting had come about. Annabelle gave Mrs. Hurley the five thousand dollars and told her that some of it would be used when the child arrived. It was providential that Mike Harrigan had come to visit the Hurleys and so he was witness to the moment when Frank Hurley, embittered by the death of his son, had said, "Why doesn't she go away and leave us alone?"

Annabelle hurried from the house. Then Mrs. Hurley told them the truth about the money and Annabelle's secret.

Mike had followed her, his mind in a turmoil.

When he caught up with her she saw in his eyes something primeval and earthy—not hunger, but overwhelming compassion. A moment later she had fainted and Mike thought, with desperation, that she was dead. "Annabelle," he whispered, "Oh, Annabelle!"

He saw her eyelids flicker and although there was no recognition in her glazed look he knew with relief that she would be all right. Gently he lifted her and carried her into his car.

She stirred, (Continued on page 93)

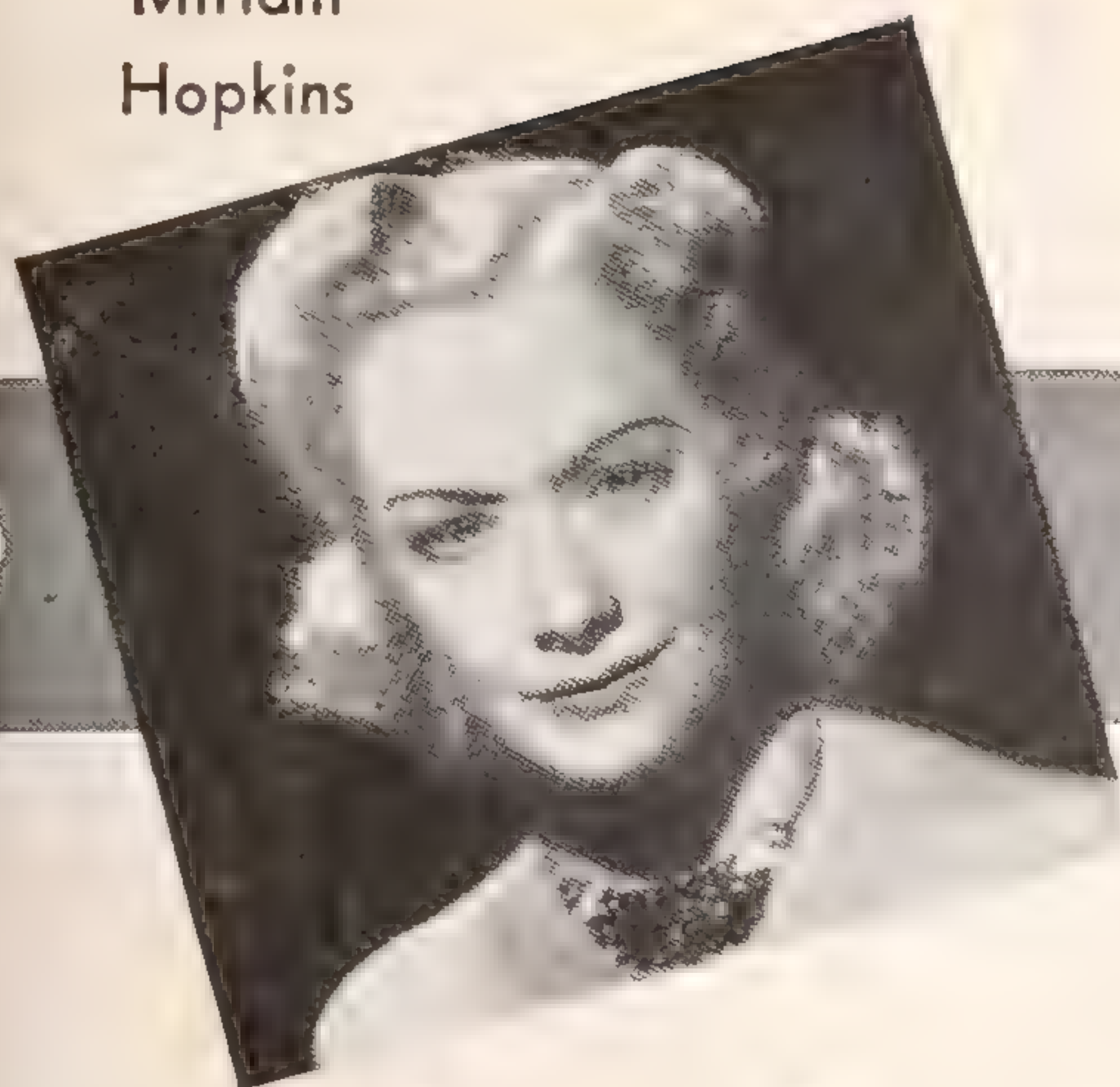
as a terrible tempta-
to wake him—to ex-
why she was steal-
out into the night

BY FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS



It happens even in the best Hollywood families—a young girl grows up. Deanna Durbin as she appears in Universal's newest "Nice Girl?"

Miriam
Hopkins



Luise
Rainer



Shirley
Ross



The Truth About TEMPERAMENT

Now boldly brought out into the
open—a disclosure of evidence
Hollywood has hidden for years

BY "FEARLESS"

THIS is the time of the Hollywood year when the name of Luise Rainer turns up again in movie-land conversations. For, whenever Hollywood is discussing the newest Academy awards, the strange history of the girl who won the coveted Oscar two seasons in succession and now does not have a movie job is talked about anew.

People who do not entirely understand Hollywood cry fie upon it for neglecting Luise Rainer and her undoubtedly great talents. But inside Hollywood explains by saying: it was temperament.

Foreign-born stars seem to come more naturally by temperament than do native Americans. Eccentricity of dress and action is more in their tradition than in ours, but Rainer had them all topped. When she was combined in "The Good Earth" with Paul Muni, who has his own quota of temperament, even a studio as strong, powerful and accustomed to stellar didoes as Metro groaned for months after the picture's finish. When you got the combination of Muni, gloomy, high-browish and insisting upon a perfection that demanded possibly twenty takes to a scene, and Rainer,

alternating for no visible reason between tears, laughter and temperamental delay of scenes, you got a set of supercolossal headaches, for all concerned. On "The Good Earth" things were so bad that Sidney Franklin, then a director (and the director specifically of "The Good Earth"), now a powerful producer, said bitterly, "I hope never to have to sit through the finished version of this film. I don't want to be reminded of the misery I went through in getting it finally ended."

So while there is never any forgetting Rainer's work in that picture or her telephone scene in "The Great Ziegfeld," the word sped around Hollywood about her and when her contract with Metro ran out, no other studio signed her.

Not that all temperament is gone from Hollywood. Not by a hatful.

There are two very temperamental belles still around Hollywood, Ginger Rogers and Jean Arthur. There was one very temperamental man, Fred Astaire. But the Misses Rogers and Arthur have unique talents and definite box-office pulling power so they are perhaps forgiven their occasional temperamental explosions.

After Fred Astaire split up with Ginger Rogers he was for some time "between pictures." In fact, the only film he has made in the past year is the independently produced "Second Chorus." Freddie was a good boy on that one, only squabbling a bit with Director Hank Potter and once mentioning that he hoped he would never make another picture with Potter again.

Potter, in turn, said nothing, but on-the-set observers gathered the impression that he vice-versa-ed on the Astaire sentiments.

The Hollywood cold shoulder, the "box-office poison" tag and a couple of seasons on the New York stage taught Katharine Hepburn her lesson. Being extremely intelligent, too, when she returned (*Continued on page 104*)

Consider the Men

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of your party. Here's how to make them do it—as discovered by six Hollywood hostesses

BY DICK PINE

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK DOBIAS

BUT do the men like it? That, says Ann Rutherford (who is a smart little tyke, no matter how you look at her), is what's important about parties. The way she reasons it out seems, to a mere male, to make sense. "If the men have a good time, then the girls who come with them will be pleased—because any girl likes to have the man who spends an evening with her enjoy himself. So if you're giving a mixed party, aim it at the men! A hen party, of course, is a different matter."

What's more, Ann thinks that parties are important to you, the hostess, the party-giver. "You express yourself when you entertain," she says sagely. "You learn things about poise and how to handle people and situations. You learn lots of things that are useful in your job and in running your life. Besides, it's such fun!" This seems to be pretty sound psychology. Furthermore, it works for Ann because what she calls her "Sunday backdoor parties" are by way of being really important events among Hollywood's younger set, with the young blades and belles cutting quite fancy capers in the effort to wangle invitations.

If the truth will out, Ann learned all this the hard way. Her first real Hollywood party was almost a flop. Maybe she had read too much about parties in the picture colony; perhaps they seemed too important to her. Anyhow, she says, "I'd been in pictures for ages before I dared give a party. Somehow I thought it would have to be one of two things. Either a formal, sit-down dinner with perfect service—or an elaborate buffet with caterers and a tent on the lawn and an orchestra playing somewhere. Finally, after hesitating a long time, I compromised on an evening party. People came in dinner clothes and I had some entertainment and at mid-





One of the most successful parties ever given in Hollywood: Mary Astor's Chinese dinner, where everyone laughed a lot and loved it

night we served supper. But somehow there was something wrong and I knew it. That party just wasn't. And I had tried so hard!

"Well, a few weeks later . . ." (Ann likes to tell about this) . . . "I bought a croquet set and installed it in my back yard. I'd met some awfully nice people on a picture and I began inviting them to come over and play. Sunday is the only day for things like that, of course, when you're working, so that was the day I told them to come. It occurred to me that it would be fun if I had some sausages and eggs and waffles and things and we could all cook. It didn't occur to me that I should be giving a party.

"Everybody came and played croquet and helped cook and even helped

to straighten up a bit afterward and then we went to the beach and it was all very hoop-la. When someone said, 'Do invite me to another backdoor party soon!' I knew I had something. I like to know *why* things happen, if they're important, so I tried to figure out why this had been fun and my formal party hadn't.

"In the first place, everyone took part somehow. No one had to do anything. But everyone wanted to . . . especially the men. There's something about the sight and smell of food cooking, I guess, that does something to them. Especially coffee. Haven't you ever noticed that when men get poetic about going camping it's always cooking over a campfire that they talk about?

"Then, they could play games or not, just as they chose. They could eat properly at the little card tables or they could sprawl on the grass and get ants in the maple syrup if they wanted to. Of course, this is California and we can do these outdoor things all the year round. But I don't see why any girl anywhere—even in a small apartment in winter time—shouldn't have a few people on Sunday, just as we do. If you work all week, Sunday is a lazy day. And it's so nice to be with nice people while you're being lazy!

"I've discovered something else that's necessary. It's awfully important to have fun yourself at your own party—because if you aren't enjoying having people, how can they possibly enjoy being there? That was what was wrong with my first one. I was so anxious to have it go nicely that I didn't have time to have fun myself!"

A NN certainly has something there. It's difficult to know how some women have the knack of making a party go—making it jell—and other women can't quite achieve it. Intelligent women study their guests and act accordingly. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond give some of Hollywood's most successful parties and yet Jeanette will tell you that she had to make some personal sacrifices of taste and inclination before she quite learned how. In its way it's a sad little story.

When Jeanette was married she acquired all the things that most brides dream of and can't have. A perfect dinner service for formal entertaining. Beautiful linens, silver, china, crystal; exquisite gadgets for flowers and candles and place cards—everything to delight a fastidious woman's heart. After she and Gene were settled at last in their own house, she acquired perfectly trained servants to handle all this elegance and proceeded—as for gosh' sake, who wouldn't—to have a party. She had several in swift succession. Small, perfect jewels of parties. Then she stopped having them.

"People didn't like them!" she mourns. "They didn't have fun. I think some of the women enjoyed them—the nonprofessional women who didn't have to rush from sets or offices to get ready to come. But the men didn't like them and I'm sure the working women didn't care much for them, either. Life in Hollywood—and in most other places—is too highly paced, too jerky, too frantic for anyone to be content to sit down suddenly and enjoy anything which is too perfectly timed and staged. It seems artificial. People like to relax without form and formality.

"I said to (Continued on page 90)



Man at bat: Robert Taylor of the M-G-M film, "Billy The Kid"

You may want to pin a badge on Bob Taylor after reading about this episode. We did!

THIS is the story of a man who played ball, not on a baseball diamond but in the Hollywood game of life. He had good luck attached to him—and bad luck, too—and he knew what it meant to strike out and hear the roar of derision from the crowd.

For Robert Taylor has been on the spot. He knew it, too, better than anyone else. He went around keeping his head down and acting generally like a substantial citizen, but all the time he wanted to crawl into a deep, dark corner and hide. Two years ago Bob had had four bad pictures in a row. And four times in a

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

row the press fired a deadly rat-a-tat-tat of criticism at him.

"When you've had a couple of bad pictures you get complexes," Bob says. "And when you've had more than a couple you get more complexes. I was afraid the public was off me. I was sure if a good part did come up and I was suggested for it the director in charge would dodge me somehow."

Bob grinned. "If there'd been anyone I could have blamed for those bum pictures it might have helped. But there wasn't a soul. 'Stand Up

and Fight,' I didn't like. And I didn't like 'Lady of the Tropics.' But I thought 'Lucky Night' and 'Remember?' were going to be all right.

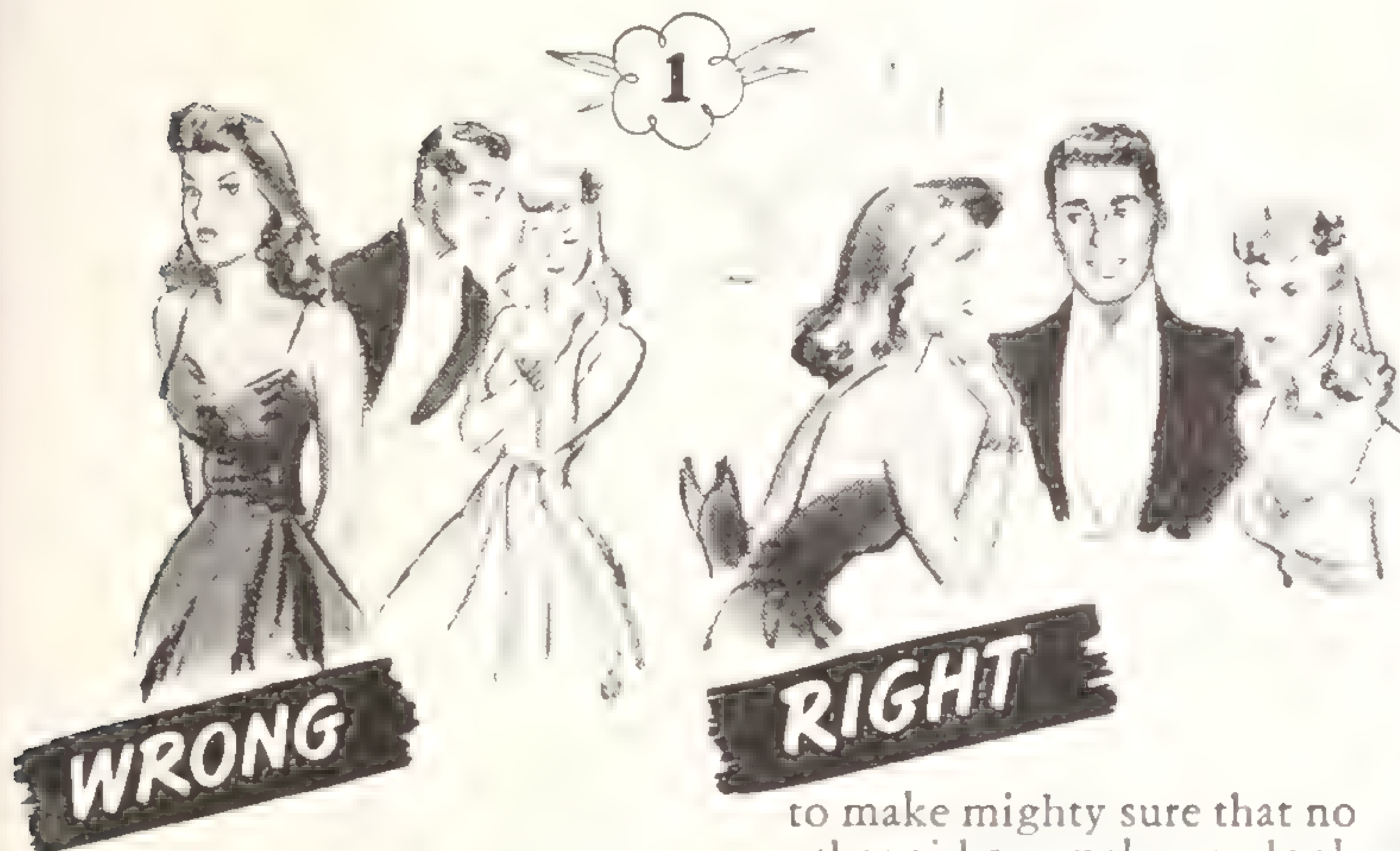
"It was a tough year for Barbara, too. Because I take my troubles home, even when I swear to myself that I won't. I let people see—Barbara, at any rate—when I'm restless and nervous and depressed. Barbara kids when she's worried. She kids until she falls on her face. And I mean falls on her face! I've picked her up a couple of times!"

We asked Bob why stars go into pictures they don't believe in, why, for instance, (Continued on page 74)

Putting him in a Mood for *Matrimony*

A LESSON IN How to Become Some Man's Dream Girl—for KEEPS

Your romance is in the crucial stage where you *may* simmer down to just another telephone number in his little black address book—or you *can* give him such an acute case of Dream-Girl Fever that he spends his lunch hours pricing solitaires! It's up to you, lass! If your technique's Right, you win. If it's Wrong—well, make it Right—



to get huffy or possessive when he smiles at another female. You have to give a man *some* rope, or what's he going to hang himself with?



to make mighty sure that no other girl can make you look faded! That's where your complexion casts the deciding vote. When he looks at you, let him see a complexion that radiates the loving care you give it with Pond's every night. The Other Woman menace will vanish into limbo.



to take him at his word when he phones for a last-minute date and says, "Don't fuss—come just as you are!" He may *think* he means it, but when he sees your face buried under a layer of smudge and stale make-up, the disillusion will be terrific!



to improve the golden moments between his call and his arrival by whisking through a Pond's glamour treatment. 1. Slather Pond's Cold Cream over your face. Pat like mad with your fingertips. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream to dispose of the last smitch of dirt and old make-up. 2. Over your immaculate skin, spread a thick white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Remove after 1 full minute. Then wield the powder puff and you'll glitter with glamour!



to hold him at a coy arm's length so long that he gets discouraged. Love can't thrive indefinitely on a starvation diet!



a little close-range eye-making and such. Extremely effective unless a close-up of your face reveals clogged pores and a network of squint lines. Help keep pores, "dry" lines and blackheads from blighting romance by thoroughly cleansing and softening your skin with Pond's Cold Cream—*every night!*



Fatal, in fact! To fumble nervously in your handbag for a powder compact when the poor fellow is desperately working himself to proposal pitch. He may never reach that point again!



to encourage him by looking sweet and *knowing* it! No distracting worry of bleary make-up or glistening nose will give you the fidgets, if you have used that amazing 1-minute mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before your date. The mask smooths away little roughnesses—gives your skin a glorious "mat" finish that you can *trust* to hold powder right through the crisis!



being just terribly brave and noble when he half-heartedly courts you for 7 years without mentioning churches and ministers.



Close the deal while it's hot! Get going *now* on a sweep-him-off-his-feet complexion! Here's a dotted line to sign on—it isn't a wedding license, but one may well follow!

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CVE, Clinton, Conn
I'd love to try the same Pond's complexion care followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and other leading society beauties. Please send me Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tissues and Skin Freshener. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name
Address



This offer good in U. S. only.

Hollywood's Maddest Moments

(Continued from page 41)

another band, and had streamers all the way across Vine Street which read "Welcome home, Gloria." Dozens of little flower girls with garbage pails (because they were larger and held more than buckets!) filled with cut flowers were there and as Gloria came through the studio gates, the childish voices chanted "Welcome home, Gloria"—and pelted her with rosebuds.

It was soon after that the catfight started. You see, Pola Negri was then at the studio. She was growing in favor also and someone thought it would be a smart idea to whip up a feud between the two. Pola hated cats, Gloria loved them. So, in the morning, Gloria would have her maid, chauffeur and secretary place huge pans of milk all around the studio. When Pola arrived, she would order all the cats removed from the lot—which was done. At night Gloria's friends were out in all the back alleys, bagging more stray cats. And when Pola arrived in the morning, the place would be alive with them. Well, that was too much even for a growing concern like Famous Players-Lasky and it was decided that one of these gals must make her future pictures in New York City. Gloria chose to go. It was soon after that that she turned down a contract which would have paid her \$17,500 a week—in order to make her own productions, which was the turning point in her life.

One little incident I almost forgot. There was a big ball given for Gloria, which Wally Beery, her ex-husband, crashed. As she passed, he whispered to her, "It's quite different from the old days when you used to burn the biscuits, baby—and I had to eat 'em!"

JEAN HARLOW created a sensation when, as maid of honor, she stole the spotlight from the bride, Carmelita Geraghty, when she married writer Carey Wilson. It was a garden wedding, held in the home of agent Phil Berg, against

the background of a huge fan made entirely of flowers. It was a lovely setting and the ceremony went off according to Hoyle. But when it was finished, the photographers moved in. It was then that Jean Harlow shouted, "Get a load of pictures of me, boys! You're going to need them—because I'm announcing my divorce in the morning." And she did—from cameraman Hal Rosson.

Then there was that bright Sunday in 1934 which brought one of the most tragic developments our town has ever known. Its repercussions aren't ended yet. The good-looking Russ Columbo said good-bye to his family and stepped out of the door of their home in Hollywood Hills. He was en route to Sunday mass. Later he intended to visit his sightless and ailing mother, who was in a Santa Monica hospital.

A few hours later, the Columbo telephone told off the message of his death to the members of his family. Russ, en route to the hospital, had passed the office of a man who collected pistols and old muskets and had stopped to chat with him. They were sitting across a glass-topped desk and exchanging views on a particular weapon, when a loud explosion barked a deafening crescendo of catastrophe. Unknown to either Columbo or his friend, Lansing Brown, the pistol had contained a bullet. He died the same evening. The following day he was to have signed a long-term contract to star in musicals for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

But the sequel is this. His mother, who waited hopefully for him that day, is still waiting for him in a Hollywood bungalow. For the family, fearing fatal results if she knew the truth, have kept the news from her and she believes that Russ still lives and is winning international success and fame in foreign lands.

All of Columbo's friends keep this secret buried when they're visiting her.

They read mythical letters to her, while she beams in her own sightless world and proudly tells of the things she's heard from him. The family writes letters regularly each week. They have done that ever since September 2, 1934.

WHEN Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur first came to work at Metro, they hired their secretaries to wear evening clothes while they were at work, because they thought they looked prettier that way. On one of MacArthur's trips east, he took a company typewriter with him. Unfortunately, he left it behind him on the train. When the company brought the matter up, MacArthur said, "Well, it said 'Return to M-G-M,' and I knew you'd get it back!"

Then there was the first visit here of Moss Hart, whose successful play "Once in a Lifetime" was about to open. It was produced by Sid Grauman, whom everybody loves. So, even though Hollywood wasn't crazy about the play, every important producer and star was there opening night, laughing and applauding with gusto, not because they wanted to (There hasn't been a play written about Hollywood since that has touched the satire of that one!) but because they didn't want to let Sid Grauman down.

But to get back to Moss's arrival—Grauman, who's a showman of the P. T. Barnum type, thought up a swell stunt which would help sell tickets for the play. Moss was met at the train with an armored truck, such as they use to carry gold from one bank to another. (I beg your pardon!—such as they used, before our gold was buried in Fort Knox, Kentucky.) Sid told Moss Hollywood was so incensed at him that for his own protection he had brought the truck, because somebody might take a pot shot at him on his way to the hotel. But Moss, having written gags all his life, recognized one when he saw it. He refused to get inside the blooming thing, wouldn't even be photographed with it—which spoiled all the fun.

Ruth Roland's wedding to Ben Bard was a honey. Ruth was one of our richest women, but Ben wasn't blessed with too much of this world's goods. She had been married once or twice before, but never had had a full regalia. She donned one for this wedding, including a veil. She wanted the orchestra to play something lively and perhaps they did from a sense of humor or fright—because after the ceremony they played "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

That was the first party I ever crashed. Six of us went together and spent half a day borrowing invitations (which no one asked to see). And on my arrival there, I drew Buddy Rogers as an usher, who said to me, "Tell me what to do Hedda. You see, this is my first offense." For refreshments, Ruth served a piece of sponge cake and a drink of grapejuice.

Of course, there are hundreds of Goldwynisms, but I think one of the funniest is about the time Sam went to see the newborn baby of a friend of his, and asked what he was going to name him. His friend said, "Charlie." "Charlie!!!" roared Sam. "Why, every Tom, Dick, and Harry is called Charlie!"

Well, I could go on into the night about the insults, mistaken identities, stranger-than-fiction coincidences, gags—but I figure you've had enough for one sitting and fear if I went on you might say, like Charlie McCarthy, "One more, and I'll mow you down!"



Scotch trick played Irish fashion: Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh quibble over a coin at the Brown Derby, stage a toss-up with O'Brien coming out on the winning—and grinning—end

“With the Magic of all things new!” says *Lady Esther*

“A BRAND-NEW SKIN is arriving to thrill you with its Loveliness!”

You are going to get a Brand-New Skin—a New-Born Skin, a fresher, younger skin! For, right under your skin as you see it today, another skin is slowly taking form.

WILL it have the magic beauty of all things new? Will it emerge younger-looking, fresher-looking—with an opalescent clarity?

Yes, says Lady Esther, it can bring you a promise of new loveliness if—if—if—only you will take the proper care!

For, right now, as your New-Born Skin is unfolding, your older skin, your present skin is flaking away in tiny invisible particles.

The minute flakes can be the villains that rob you of your good looks—they can hide your beauty—they can give you the effect of tiny rough spots.

“My Four-Purpose Face Cream,” says Lady Esther, “gently permeates those tiny dry flakes of older skin—it loosens them, surrounds them, as it were, so that you can wipe them away, ever so gently, ever so lightly.”

Lady Esther’s 4-Purpose Cream helps your New-Born Skin to emerge in beauty—because it helps you remove those tiny invisible flakes, the surface impurities, and the grime and the dust. It helps Nature to refine your pores, to reveal your New-Born Skin as a thing soft and smooth and lovely.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream!

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he favors feeding the skin from without? Ask him what he thinks of astringents—skin foods—heavy powder bases—tissue creams!

I am almost sure, says Lady Esther,



that he will tell you that any cream that entered the pore mouths would tend to enlarge them. But ask his opinion on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. It is almost certain that he’ll put the seal of approval on every word Lady Esther says.

So, try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Or better still, buy a 55 cent jar for yourself. *Use no other cream for one whole month. Use it at least twice daily. Leave it on as long as you can, while you sleep, while you do your household tasks!*

And note, too, how much better your powder goes on with Lady Esther 4-Pur-

pose Cream. Use it particularly before you powder and you will end, for all time, the need of a powder base! For with Lady Esther Cream your powder will go on evenly—giving your skin a silken smoothness, adorning it, flattering it. For Lady Esther’s 4-Purpose Face Cream helps you to keep your *accent on youth*.

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Lady Esther
FACE CREAM

You Have to "Play Ball"

(Continued from page 70)

he'd gone into "Lady of the Tropics."

"We all get on our high horses and refuse to make pictures once in a while," he said. "And sometimes those pictures we refuse to make turn out to be successful. Then do our faces get red! You really can't tell about a picture. It's a cinch no producer dumps thousands—even hundreds of thousands—into something he doesn't think is any good."

"I must say, however, that I never thought 'Lady of the Tropics' had a chance. And if I'd refused, point-blank, to make it, I'd probably have gotten away with it. It just happened I didn't think I had the right to do that."

"Why?" we asked. "Why, Bob?"

"Look!" he said. "This studio was grooming Hedy Lamarr for stardom. They needed a romantic lead to play opposite her and when they decided I was the guy they wanted for the

fully and asked, with warm respect, "Anything else, Mr. Taylor, sir?"

It all added up to what people mean when they say "Movie stars! The lucky So-and-so's!" Just as if this were all there was to it. Just as if top-flight success in pictures weren't as hard-earned as top-flight success in anything else.

THE telephone rang. It was Barbara.

She and Bob were invited to a bar-becue party and she was calling to ask if he wanted to go. She wasn't on production. He was. So he was the one to be considered. Bob agreed it would be fun. He looked like a kid—his grin was so broad—when he hung up the receiver.

"That probably seems a trifling matter," he said, "but it's not—to me! For a long time I didn't want to go anywhere or do anything. Any time my chin was off my chest (Nobody ever

been reversed. Then Bob had been the Big Shot.

"Frankly," Bob says, "I expected it to be pretty difficult. It would have been if Vivien hadn't come through like a champion. She understood, I think. She was easy and friendly. Between scenes she got me to play Chinese Checkers and Battleships. And afternoons when Larry Olivier came over she gave us tea in her dressing room."

"Consequently, when I went on the set I wasn't stiff and self-conscious. And I could consider the character I was playing calmly."

"In our scenes together Vivien didn't have to try to help, of course. She'd have been a help there even if she hadn't wanted to be. She's one of those sure workers, like Garbo. She knows what she's doing every minute. So when you're working with her you know what you're doing, too."

We don't doubt Vivien knew Bob was on the spot and tried, earnestly, to help him. For which she unquestionably deserves a very large, very bright gold star.

However, Bob had sowed the seed for the kindness he received at Vivien's hands years before . . . when they made "A Yank at Oxford" and she was unimportant and Bob did her all the favors it was in his power to do at that time.

What was it Bob said? . . . "I happen to believe you have to play ball. . . ."



Assorted talent at a charity broadcast: Humphrey Bogart, radio's Fibber McGee and Molly, James Cagney and Bob Hope turn into a fast-talking quintet for a March of Dimes plea

job I remembered how the bosses around here had seen to it I got the breaks I needed when I was new. I remembered how they'd put me in "Small Town Girl" with Janet Gaynor and "Gorgeous Hussy" with Joan Crawford. I figured it was my turn, that's all!

Don't get me wrong on this! I wasn't Sir Galahad, pretty and noble, when I didn't let out any squawks. I happen to believe you have to play ball; that you wind up in plenty of trouble when you insist on having everything your way all the time!"

We were in Bob's air-cooled, pine-paneled dressing room. On the walls were photographs of his prize-winning dogs and horses, their blue ribbons hanging beside them. There was English tobacco in a fine humidor and all kinds of cigarettes in leather boxes. Books on horses and dogs and several new novels stood on his desk. A waiter brought chicken salad and rye toast and tea from the commissary. He laid the table care-

saw his chin on his chest. We investigated.) I was putting on an act. Now life has an edge to it again! Thank God for "Waterloo Bridge" and Vivien Leigh! They broke my jinx; they led me to "Escape" and "Billy The Kid." They got me off that spot!

"And speaking of how you can't tell about pictures," Bob went on, "'Waterloo Bridge' was one I might very well have turned down. The Captain, at first, looked to be only a stooge part."

"I wish I could say I saw the possibilities of my role right off. But I didn't! I went into 'W.B.' because I figured with Vivien in it—big and hot after "Gone With the Wind"—it would do smashing business. And with a box-office success behind me I thought there was a better chance of my next role's being good."

It took mental courage for Bob to play with Vivien Leigh. Men have their pride. When he and Vivien had played together before, when they'd made "A Yank at Oxford" in England, their position had

WHEN you're a movie star and you run into four bad pictures in a row and your fortune, your career and your personal pride hang in the balance you're very definitely on the spot. You don't survive to go on to greater glory than you ever knew before—as Bob promises to do—unless you have a darn good sense of humor and a darn sound thinking apparatus.

Everything Bob says indicates a sound thinking apparatus. And we have an anecdote to indicate his sense of humor.

We used to include Bob in a prejudice we have for handsome men. At times we sought to amuse our friends at his expense. And some of our friends—who knew Bob better than we did and were aware he could laugh at a joke on himself—told him ALL!

"Bring her to lunch one day," Bob told our friends. "We'll have fun! I'll have a mirror in my pocket. I'll take it out . . . brush back my hair with a sweep of my hand . . . frown, and smooth down my eyebrows. . . ."

That luncheon never took place—fortunately for us. For when we told Bob we were the writer he'd planned to tear he gave a loud guffaw and followed with a private performance of "A Coceited Young Man at the Luncheon Table." And we were glad no one else was around. He was so completely without rancor and he showed such spirit that we were uncomfortable at the unfairness we had shown in his direction.

In Hollywood they're saying that "Waterloo Bridge" broke the Robert Taylor jinx; they're saying, too, that that isn't a guy who has more ahead of him than Taylor, what with "Flight Command" riding along triumphantly in back of him and "Billy The Kid" putting him right into the line-up of stars that studios—and the public—fight to have in pictures.

But we think it was Bob himself who turned the trick. What do you think?

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What Hollywood Doesn't Know—or Does It?

(Continued from page 32)

Nevada was sent to Washington by wire at a cost of several thousands of dollars, so that Nevada would become a state in time to vote for Lincoln.

Another oddity the same studio might have incorporated in "The Return of Frank James," its sequel to the Jesse James picture, was that the James brothers buried \$2,000,000 in cash before Jesse was killed and Frank gave himself up and went to prison. After he was acquitted, he tried for years to find his buried fortune but never succeeded due to the fact that the countryside had completely changed with the coming of home builders in the meantime and the landmarks on which he depended had vanished.

There's a new picture called "Navy Blues" which you'll soon be seeing. When they planned it out here in Hollywood, did they happen to know why all the navies of the world are dressed in navy blue and white? The explanation is that on a certain day in 1744, when the question of a new navy uniform was submitted to King George II of England for his determination, the King met Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford, in the park. So much was he taken with her riding costume of blue and white that he ordered the two colors to be adopted by the British Navy. Since the navies of all the other countries imitated the British, the riding colors of the Duchess are now obligatory in the navies of the entire world.

Is it to fool the enemy—or did it just happen—that the Boston Navy Yard is in Charlestown, New York Navy Yard is in Brooklyn, Norfolk Navy Yard is in Portsmouth, Portsmouth Navy Yard is on Kittery Island, Philadelphia Navy Yard is on League Island, San Francisco Navy Yard is on Mare Island and Honolulu Navy Yard is in Pearl Harbor?

Speaking of navies brings to mind the great queen under whose canny reign the English Navy sprang to world domination, Queen Elizabeth. We saw the fascinating story of the circumstances surrounding the defeat of the Spanish Armada unfold in "The Sea Hawk" and also Elizabeth's masterful handling of the problems of state in the Bette Davis starrer, "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." What Hollywood didn't show us was the quick thinking that saved Bess her famous auburn head.

Before she ascended the throne Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower of London at the order of her sister Mary Tudor, "Bloody Mary," who then sent a death warrant to have Elizabeth executed. But in the warrant Mary, who was a notoriously bad speller, had misspelled the name Tudor. She spelled it "Tewdor." Elizabeth, who had already been led forth to be beheaded, called the attention of the warder to her misspelled name and calmly informed him that the death warrant was therefore not valid. The warder, who was a simple soul, sent the warrant back for correction to Mary. But by the time it reached her, "Bloody Mary" was providentially dead—and Elizabeth, instead of losing her head, had a crown placed upon it as Queen!

In the picture, "The Widow of Devil's Island," which Bette Davis is to make next, will Hollywood take advantage of some of the amazing misconceptions the world has always entertained about the ill-famed penal colony? For instance, Devil's Island, one of the three islands belonging to French

Guiana, off the north coast of South America, instead of being a hell-hole of human misery, is a comparatively pleasant place. It has only six or seven political prisoners who are housed in individual two-room cottages and have complete freedom to wander about in the daytime. Their food is the same as that allotted to the soldiers and their life in the dense groves of palm trees overgrowing their place of exile presents no particular hardship, except that of deadly monotony. It is the other two islands, St. Joseph and Ile Royale, which live up to the terrible reputation of French Guiana, known as the Dry Guillotine.

When Hollywood made "The Women" with its devastating study of various types of wives, there was one it overlooked—a woman named Madame Regnier. She was the wife of a Royal District Attorney of Versailles, France. After being reprimanded by her husband with the words, "Be silent—you talk nonsense," she never spoke another word for thirty years! In the face of surprises and sudden scares, some of which were calculated to throw her off guard, she remained resolutely mute. Even when she was asked to consent to the marriage of her daughter she gave it merely by a nod of the head. No plea ever induced her to change her mind. She died with her lips sealed.

"Foreign Correspondent," one of the Academy Award candidates for 1940, was a swift-moving melodrama of the present war. But when the producers made it, did they know about the first war correspondent? He was George Wilkins Kendall and he reported the Mexican War 1846-47 from the battlefield exclusively for the New Orleans *Picayune*. By means of a special pony express, he was able to scoop all other papers and the War Department as well.

There's a pleasant little picture coming along called "Thirty Days Hath September," featuring Eddie Albert and the new Warner Brothers find, Joan Leslie. I



Little girl with a long drink: Marie Wilson, brown-eyed, blonde-haired playgirl of "Virginia"

wonder if the studio stopped to think of the significance behind that title. They'd have to go back to the time of Augustus Caesar. Augustus was a jealous man. After he had disposed of his two triumvirate pals and had established himself as emperor, there was just one fly in the ointment. The month of July, which his illustrious great-uncle and predecessor, Julius Caesar, had named after himself, had thirty-one days, whereas the month of August, which Augustus had chosen to commemorate his own name, contained only thirty. So he lopped off a day from September, which originally had thirty-one, and added it to his own month. Thus "Thirty days hath September. . . ."

When Paramount made "The Life of Victor Herbert," did they realize that this most popular of American composers wrote an operetta a month for six months? Herbert could write two complete works at one time and would score parts for each instrument before completing the melody itself.

AVIATION pictures are due to pour hot and heavy across the boards "I Wanted Wings," "Flight Command" and "50,000 Fliers" being but a few. When you see them, think of these odd but incontrovertible truths about flying:

Man has learned more about flying in twenty years than birds have since they've worn feathers. Man, not the bird, rules the air.

No bird can fly so fast as Eastern Air Lines pilot Andrew McDonough who, in Buffalo, N. Y., went up in an Arracobra to 25,000 feet and dived it at 620 miles an hour. No bird can ascend so high as did Lieut. Apolo Soucek, U. S. N., when he soared 43,166 feet over Washington, D. C. The bird doesn't exist that can rival the round-the-world flight of Howard Hughes who, accompanied by four technical assistants, circled the globe, a trip of 14,824 miles, in 3 days, 19 hours, 8 minutes and 10 seconds. And the Hunter Brothers' 553-hour endurance flight over Chicago far surpasses any possible flight of the strongest bird.

Gary Cooper's next film is "Sergeant York." I have met the real Sergeant York and he has appeared on my radio program. Now there is a living Believe It Or Not and incidentally a grand person. He is, as you know—or don't you?—the man who General Foch said achieved "the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe."

Oddly enough, when he was drafted he was an elder of the Church of Christ in Christian Union whose tenets forbade fighting or killing. Nevertheless, he refused to seek exemption as a conscientious objector, but hoped to be assigned to a post where he would not have to use a gun. When he reported to Camp Gordon, however, he was put into the infantry and set to drilling.

On October 8, 1918, in the Argonne, Sergeant York was sent out with a company of sixteen men to silence some enemy machine guns. He became separated from his company during the heavy fighting. . . . I'm not going to give you the details; you'll be seeing the picture. Instead, I'll give you the score: He captured thirty-five machine guns and 132 German soldiers, including a major and three lieutenants, did this elder of the Church of Christ who was opposed to fighting—believe it or not!

So you see what I mean about facts!

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within the goldfish bowl. But the legend was strong enough by then. After a while she discovered that people accepted the truth as rumor, that they smiled and said, "Roz? In love with So-and-So? Don't be silly. That columnist just needed a filler."

And so she relaxed, and was well content.

His name, for the purpose of this story, was Robert. It wasn't a particularly romantic name, but the circumstances of their meeting were utterly romantic—and so, it turned out, was he. She was riding soberly along a Bel Air bridle path, thinking. Before the speculation resolved itself she heard the clop-clop of hooves behind her, coming at such a pace that she knew she must draw aside and allow the rider to pass.

She drew aside, but he did not pass.

Later, he blamed it on his horse. "Did you see the darned thing stop and muzzle up to your mare? They said at the stable the two of them have been taking on like that for a year or more. Try as I would, and me without a spur—"

"Yeh," Roz said. "You tried. If ever I saw a horse reined in, held back by sheer strong-arm tactics—"

SO it was like that, to begin with, and it went on for almost a year, and it had a new kind of pattern for the middle Russell, the Charmed Fourth. The story is a short novel, but you can tell it in phrases—phrases picturing laughter at midnight, moments on terraces high above the deceptive night-face of Hollywood when the lights glitter, long evenings spent in conversation before replenished fires, troubled moments discussing over the telephone various items in columns relating untrue activities, embroidered impossible plans for a future both seemed to know could never come.

They knew they could stage a touching good-bye, in a moonlit garden with mutual protestations of eternal friendship and an understanding that no regrets were necessary, that one day, if things turned out to be different, they must Remember, and Send The Ring. . . .

But they were smarter than that. "Give me a call, sometime," Roz said, and he answered, "Sure. Remember me in your will." And there wasn't any fuss about it. They did it that way, advisedly.

In 1938 she was bored and restless, and when the studio told her it had in mind that she should go to England to make a picture, she broadjumped at the chance. Rumors of war were in the air, as justified as possible, and she had never been abroad. There were things to see, before they were blown to pieces. To her sister, Mary Jane, she sent a wire. It said, in effect, that here was a good time to Do Europe, and anyway that Roz would have more fun if the Duchess got in on it too, and anyway MJ had said in her last letter that anything for some excitement, and anyway, and anyway—

So MJ promised to pawn the nearest mink coat and make it somehow. And she did, and the result is this story, unbelievable but true.

THEY had done Rome. They had done England, in a hired limousine. They had, of course, done Paris and the South of France. But all that was unpredictably romantic in Roz kept giving little nudging yelps about a place called Budapest—the two cities which shared a river, where romance still lived and beautiful women and gallant, uniformed soldiers strolled and danced and made love in the moonlight.

Wherefore they went to Budapest, and had an adventure there. She was keeping a diary at the time; the following excerpt

is in rather shaky script:

"Sept. 5 . . . This is getting serious. Saw the Consul and he said we'd better get out immediately or there might be trouble. Only two trains a week for Germany and Paris, and those used for troops—we've got to catch the S.S. *Nieuw Amsterdam*, and see Budapest first. We'll do both, by heaven!

"Sept. 6 . . . 7 A.M. on troop train bound for border and, I hope, Paris. Already it's been the most terrifying day of my life. I'll begin at beginning. We kept our promise and saw Budapest, all of it—got back to hotel at dawn. Inquired about trains. Told no soap, all taken up by troops. Went to room for coffee and deep thought. Soon bellboy knocked—told us mysteriously that a train was leaving in half hour, and he could get us on it. I said we had to have money to pay hotel bill. He gave me 200 pengo, and asked for our passports. I should have known then—

"But I turned them over. None of our friends knew we were in Hungary or what was happening. Horrible lost feeling. Station was a bedlam—at least twenty thousand people pushing, fighting, screaming, trying to get accommodations. Finally bellhop appeared in civilian clothes. "Hurry, follow me," he directed. We followed like a couple of frightened lambs, into a dingy compartment. He pulled down blinds, locked door and stood there in silence while train pulled out. I demanded our tickets and passports. He gave us the tickets. Then: "Write out a cheque," he said, "for the money I gave you, for the tickets and for 25 English pounds extra. Or no passports." It was a hundred and twenty-five bucks, but I wrote the cheque. He threw the passports at us, opened the compartment door, leaped from the moving train, and disappeared into the countryside.

"Sept. 7 . . . The border."

FOR the first time, when she got back to the United States, she saw Hollywood as home. Not home the way her family had created and maintained it, with security and pleasant relaxation, but the home she'd chosen for herself—tough, generous if it had to be, exciting, somehow magnificent.

Now, having seen how it was abroad, she had her perspective. From it, what she had seemed pretty good. Here was the little Beverly Hills house she loved—the tiny cottage with its radio-phonograph system, and its playroom and its silk-floss beds and its gay little pool and the security she could make for it.

Furthermore, there was her career, going great guns, with the assignment to her of the role opposite Clark Gable in M-G-M's "The Uniform." And there was, among others, the good-looking and charming Freddie Brisson, whom she had met at a party a year and a half ago and in whom she found a spirited and amusing companion. He was her type of man—unsentimental, exuberant about life, and seemingly tireless. She knew that once again the rumors of marriage would pop up, but this time it didn't matter. That sort of thing mattered only when you were in love.

The story of Roz the Reckless is an unfinished story. That sounds more dramatic than she would like it to sound, since she's a detached, intelligent woman with a fine sneer for the musical-comedy phrase. Nevertheless, it's an inevitable thing to say. Just as inevitable as this: You must watch the Russell gal.

While you do, keep your sense of humor handy, and don't bother to be surprised. Anything can happen. The one thing I'm sure of is that anything—and everything—will.

Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School

(Continued from page 61)

territory you'll bump someone unless you stay in the stream.

4. If you haven't learned to whirl properly, don't try it. You'll get dizzy.

5. Remember the mood of the dance is dreamy and romantic. Don't spoil it by chattering or roaring with laughter.

6. Remember above all to accent the first beat of the three and make the accent with your left foot.

7. When you step forward with your left foot, bring your opposite, or right shoulder forward. When you step backward with either foot, always bring the opposite shoulder slightly backward. That's a rule for any dance step.

YOU can walk through almost any other dance without especial grace and almost get by; but you can't when you're waltzing. You have to hear that rhythm with your ears, feel it in your body.

There are three beats to each measure of waltz music. It goes ONE, two, three . . . ONE, two, three.

And it never changes during the length of the tune.

The Basic Waltz Step

This step is composed of three simple steps. (See Diagram A on page 60.)

1. Begin with your left foot and step directly forward.

2. Step forward with your right foot, following the path shown in the diagram at this point.

3. Draw your left foot up to right, and then raise your right foot from the floor.

4. Step directly forward with the right.

5. Step forward with left in the way indicated in the diagram.

6. Draw your right foot up to the left and raise your left foot from the floor.

Each time your foot takes a step, place your weight on it.

Now practice this step to waltz rhythm or tempo.

The Backward Waltz Step

The backward waltz steps are just the opposite of the forward waltz steps. (See Diagram B on page 60.)

1. Step backward with the left foot.

2. Step to right side and back slightly on right foot.

3. Draw the left foot up to right, weight on left.

4. Step directly backward with right foot.

5. Step with left foot to left side and slightly back.

6. Draw right foot up to left, weight on right.

Practice the backward waltz steps around the room. Start with the left foot backward. At first go very slowly and try to do the six steps without a mistake.

The Box Step

When doing the turns you do not have time to think of your steps; you must think of your direction, and the steps must be done almost mechanically. Therefore it is essential to master this Box Step which acts as the basis for the turn to the left. (See Diagram C on page 61.)

1. Step directly forward with left foot.

2. Side-step to the right and forward



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on right foot.

3. Close left up to right and raise right foot from floor.

This completes one waltz step.

4. Step straight back with right foot.

5. Left foot to the lower lefthand corner.

6. Close right foot up to left foot, raise left foot from the floor.

(You then end up just where you started.)

Repeat the six counts of the above movement until you can do it easily and rapidly.

The Left Turn

The left turn is simply the Box Step used in turning. (See Diagram D on page 61.)

1. Step forward on left foot, turning one quarter to left. (A complete turn means you have turned entirely around and are facing the same direction as when you started. A half turn means

you are facing the opposite direction from where you started.)

2. Bring right foot up to right side (feet apart).

3. Close left up to right and raise right foot from the floor.

This completes a quarter turn to left.

4. Right foot back, turning one quarter to left.

5. Left foot to the side of right (feet apart), weight on left.

6. Close right up to left foot and raise left foot from floor.

Repeat.

The left waltz turn of six counts makes only a half turn.

To do a complete turn, simply dance the left waltz turn twice in succession.

In other words, do the six steps, then do the same six steps over again, without stopping.

The right waltz turn is exactly the same as the left turn except that you turn to the right a quarter on the *first* of every three steps.

How Alice Faye Lives

(Continued from page 45)

hillsides. But she never did admire the quaint touches with which these houses are furnished. Bent-back rockers, samplers stitched by painstaking women long dead, gingham curtains and shoemaker benches for tables simply aren't to her liking. All her life she's loved the richness of velvet and the smoothness of silk.

Nevertheless, the first time Alice furnished her house it wasn't completely luxurious. Unwilling to have people think she didn't know what was fitting and proper in a ranch house she compromised. But here recently when her house was rebuilt following the fire and she had to furnish it all over again it was a different story. Grown up now and no longer concerned with what people might think or say, she arranged for everything to be as luxurious as she always had wanted it to be.

In the living room her new independence bears for its rich fruit a deeply piled carpet of peachbloom, curved aquamarine sofas flanking the fireplace, du-bonnet curtains formally draped, a radio-victrola in blonde wood, a bird in a gilded cage and a rare Spanish shawl thrown over the grand piano.

Mrs. Faye says, "Even when Alice was small her wish for luxury was strong. She used to tell me, 'The man I marry must have a tuxedo!' And I used to tease, 'Look out you don't marry a waiter!'"

THE ranch dining room is papered with a gay magnolia design and furnished with Swedish modern pieces. It isn't large; it doesn't need to be. When Alice gives big parties she rents the Tropics or some other fashionable cafe. She confines her dinners at home to six or eight and it's these parties she enjoys most.

Above all other food Alice loves chicken fricassée, spaghetti, corn on the cob and peanut brittle. And a meat loaf that her mother makes of three kinds of meat, cheese and macaroni.

"That," says Alvin, her cook, referring to this meat loaf, "is the one thing I don't seem able to fix right. And I expect it's just as well. Because the pleasure Miss Alice's sweet mama gets from coming over here on Thursdays when I'm off and making it for her is something to see!"

The ranch boasts three master bedrooms — Alice's room and two guest rooms. One guest room is a froufrou of organdy and chintz. The other, masculine and modern, is beige and brown

It was no problem for Alice to decide how her room was to be. She began the design for it years ago when she was a schoolgirl and saved her allowance to buy a blue sateen spread for her brass bed.

"Was I proud of that spread!" she says. "Even when I was leaving home to tour with the Chester Hale Girls it was my first consideration. When I was packing, I folded it back carefully so my suitcase wouldn't dent it or soil it."

"That was the day my mother told me *everything!* 'If a man makes advances to you,' she said 'he doesn't want to play cards!' She scared me. Sometimes I think she scared me too much. Anyway, for years my heart raced if a man so much as looked at me!"

"I bounced around for about five years altogether. Out of the thirty-five dollars a week I made at first I sent twenty dollars home. I didn't have it easy. But I saw plenty of girls who had it much worse. That's why I laugh when I hear some star who didn't come up the hard way talking about 'trouping.'"

A picture of Marilyn Miller looked down from the wall that day Alice packed. She had cut it from a magazine. Marilyn was her All. It was Marilyn and "Look For The Silver Lining" and all the other happy songs she sang and danced to that convinced Alice she didn't want to be a schoolteacher. Nevertheless, that particular day, determined and eager as she was to get out and search for similar fame, she couldn't see Marilyn's picture for her tears.

She was to sleep in hot, dusty day coaches. She was to sleep on unforgivable mattresses in unforgivable hotels. She was to cry herself to sleep with homesickness. And finally she was to come to Hollywood and stardom and the ranch house she has furnished with all the luxury of the Petit Trianon.

Her bedroom is blue with accents of pink. The windows that look towards the mountains are draped in blue satin. A white carpet reflects the glow of the fire that burns in the big fireplace if the weather is even a trifle cool.

"I love to go to bed, read for an hour or two and fall asleep with a fire burning," Alice says. "The heroine of a book I read once did that and it's even more wonderful than I dreamed."

Adjoining Alice's bedroom is a dressing room where luxury again is the motif

It has mirrored walls and indirect neon lighting. Gigantic bottles of her favorite scents dominate the crystal dressing table. Behind the mirrored walls are closets where the clothes she loves so well hang on perfumed hangers.

"Clothes," says Alice, "are the greatest thing I've gotten out of being a star. I always loved beautiful clothes and never thought I'd have them. The day I bought my mink coat is as important in my book as the Fourth of July. It was during August and we were having a hot spell, but I wore my coat to the studio nevertheless.

"I need clothes. I'm not beautiful. I have good skin and eyes, I think. But that's all. And that's not enough to compensate for an Irish pug nose in a town that's packed, jammed with beautiful girls."

WHEN Alice shops the salespeople must think she's a twin. When she gets slacks, shorts, sweaters, or pajamas for herself she invariably buys duplicates for Eleanor Hansen Faye, Bill's wife, or Helene Smith, her stand-in—her closest friends.

Helene says, "You can't stop Alice giving you things. That watch Zella wears on her uniform was a present from Alice for a service anyone else would have taken for granted. The last time I went to New York with her she bought me a pair of silver foxes—just like hers—so I wouldn't feel out of things. She's always sending flowers to people. Once she sent Don Ameche with whom she's playing now in "That Night in Rio"—and with whom she wages a perpetual gag war—a pair of boxing gloves filled with forget-me-nots."

In the garage at the ranch there's a limousine in which Alice rides and a station wagon that's used for marketing and general errands. The limousine was given to Alice by Universal several years ago when she made a picture for them, as a mark of appreciation.

"Let it be everything a chorus girl dreams about," she said when she was asked what kind of car would please her most. "A limousine by all means! With a radio and silver mountings! And all the other de luxe trimmings!"

Alice always says she's going to drive herself, but she still rides behind Chester who is the brother of Zella who is the ruler of the roost.

She's a mixture of clean, hard-boiled sophistication and sentimental, superstitious naïveté. Talking of the ranch she says: "I can't believe the house and everything in it and all those fruit-bearing acres and the swimming pool [Jane Withers swims there every day. Those two would be pals!] and the view of the mountains and the Valley can be mine. When I hear myself complaining about something—in spite of this—I get scared. And I shut up! We're likely to be punished for ingratitude like that. And we should be!"

Beyond the swimming pool, where you stand to get the best view of the Lombard-Gable ranch half a mile away, the lawn now grows fresh and green. This is where the peacock run used to be. "Birds of ill omen," Alice called them. But there's a question about that. For if, in keeping with superstition, the peacocks are to be blamed for the burning of Alice's house, then, indirectly, they must be given some credit for the happy change in her personality too. And this, as those who have seen the new Alice in her new home agree, is a matter of great good fortune.

"It takes a lot of living to grow up," says Alice.

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Should a Girl Ever Propose?

(Continued from page 63)

his ideas and his ideals, and then I tried to conform to them. I didn't try to change him—why should I? I fell in love with him just as he was and I didn't want him any other way.

But if he hadn't proposed, I would never have asked him to marry me. I would have kept right on sitting and waiting; as long as I loved him, I was happier waiting than I would have been marrying someone else.

"Every woman, I believe, wants to marry the man she loves, but I don't believe that every man wants to marry the woman he loves and proposing will only care him away for good. Marriage, to a man, means responsibility. To a woman it should mean servitude. If a man isn't ready for responsibility, he isn't likely to propose, but that doesn't mean that the woman has no part in his life. He still comes to her for comfort, understanding and moral support. Should she ask for more than that? No, if she loves him he should sit and wait until he does the asking!"

GEORGE BRENT, like Ida Lupino, is British and, also like her, he is a bit on the old-fashioned side in his views on courtship and marriage. However, he doesn't consider women the inferior sex.

There is no such thing as an inferior or superior sex. Women have proved that they can meet life as bravely and as capably as men. Men know that, but they still like to feel that women are tender little creatures who must be guided and protected. Any clever woman—and I never met one who wasn't clever

—can lead a man around by the hand and he'll love it, but if she starts leading him around by the nose, he won't like it.

"When you come right down to it there isn't any logical reason why a girl should not propose. But there is a psychological one. If a girl should propose, in the eyes of the man she would immediately be stamped as aggressive and men do not like aggressive women. Even if he was in love with her and wanted to marry her, he'd begin to wonder just how much proposing she would be doing after they were married.

"Of course, when you come right down to facts, most girls do propose, but they do it in such a clever, subtle way that the man is entirely unconscious of it. He thinks he did it—that is, if he thinks at all. I do not believe that most men think when they are in love—they merely feel.

"If you study men, you realize that they adjust their lives so that they run along in a pretty smooth pattern. The clever girl won't upset that pattern; she will become a part of it—such a definite part that the man can't get along without her. Once she has woven herself into that pattern, the man is pretty apt to propose.

"But just as men are also creatures of habit, they are also creatures of impulse. They see something and their senses tell them they must have it—right then.

"That, I think, explains why so many elopements occur and why they do not always work out well. The man is not in love. He is infatuated. If the girl fits in with his routine life and does not cause

him any worry or inconvenience, he considers the marriage a success and is very happy. But if she doesn't fall into his pattern of life, they are both apt to end up with a broken contract.

"Girls who accept sudden proposals should remember this. There's no use lecturing the men on the subject—they'll never change."

ANN SOTHERN is the ideal American girl. She was born in North Dakota, reared in Minnesota.

"Girls definitely should not do the proposing," she says, "because proposing is asking and men are just obstinate enough to take a perverse attitude. Men always like to show women. Tell a man you can't drive a car and he'll say, 'Oh, of course, you can!' and then sit there with the patience of a saint while you risk your neck and his.

"It's the same with marriage. Tell him that you'd make a perfectly impossible wife and he'll try to prove you're wrong even if he has to tie himself up for life to do it. If you tell him that you don't want to get married, that you love your freedom and your work, he'll try to prove that you're just a sweet little homebody, kidding yourself into thinking you're sophisticated and blasé.

"It has been often said that a clever woman can marry any man she likes. I firmly believe that, but I think she has a much better chance of reaching her goal if she starts off in the opposite direction. No use ever letting a man know what you want because even if he loved you enough to want you to have what you

want, he'd want to talk you into accepting it.

"I do not say that women who do propose, openly, that is, are never accepted—they are—but it seems to me men value only the things they work hard to get. They might figure that if it wasn't hard to get the girl in the first place, it wouldn't be hard to hold her and, all schemes to the contrary, a woman never holds a man—a man always holds her. It is only by forcing him to hold her that she can hope to hold him.

"As for woman's sitting waiting quietly for a man to propose! That might have been all right in the days when women took everything sitting down, but not today when they stand right up and demand equal rights. A man would only propose to a waiting woman because he was tired of chasing adventure—well, she might as well be the adventure and let him get tired chasing her!"

THE background of Robert Young is not so different from that of Ann Sothorn. He was born in Chicago, reared in Los Angeles and careered in Hollywood. Contrary to custom, he married his childhood sweetheart at the beginning of his career and they have lived happily ever after. Just who does the proposing doesn't make much difference to Bob, "just so long as they get to the altar without being dragged there.

"Seems to me," Bob goes on, "that women always have done the proposing and I can't see any reason why they shouldn't continue to do so. If it were left up to men, it might not get done and if it were done, it would be bungled. Women have a natural talent for it, they make it a moment long to be remembered and I'm for it. They are even so unselfish about it that they let the man take all the credit.

Women know what a man needs and when he needs it and that's more than a man knows.

"When I went home and told my mother I was going to get married, she wasn't a bit surprised. She just asked, 'When?' and I told her, as most people in pictures would be forced to do, 'as soon as convenient.' As an afterthought, I said, 'It's Betty.' She said, 'Oh, I knew that.' I didn't see how she could know because I'd only known it a few hours myself. I hadn't been seeing Betty regularly for a long time—not for several years. I'd been dating girls at the studio—Virginia Bruce, Gertrude Michael. Then how could she know it was Betty? I asked her. She smiled and said, 'Why I've known it for years. I've always known that when you did finally settle to one girl it would be Betty.'

"I went up to my own room to try to figure that one out. I'd first met Betty when we were in high school. I did not like her. She represented everything in girls I did not like—red hair, freckles, giggles. She skipped along the street when she should have walked sedately. She whispered and wrote notes and drew pictures when she should have been studying. I was very serious in those days. I was going to school to *learn* and I thought that anyone who went there to play should be expelled.

"Betty picked on me because I was taking life too seriously and I picked on her because she was taking it too lightly—and who said opposites don't attract? I wanted to change her and she wanted to change me. We wound up by being the best of friends and depending upon each other for advice, for sympathy, for moral support. After high school, I went to the Pasadena Community Players and Betty went to U. C. L. A. I was studying

acting and she was studying voice. We complimented each other with telegrams when we made personal appearances but outside of that we didn't seem to belong to the same world. When something was bothering me, however, I still called on Betty and she returned the grace when something was bothering her, so I wasn't a bit surprised when she called me one day and asked to see me.

"It was a man—he wanted to marry her—*right away*. Betty wasn't sure she wanted to marry now and what did I think? For the first time in my life I couldn't tell Betty what I thought. I had to sit there and pretend to be handing out good logical advice, but all the time I was thinking: Betty is my best friend and I'm about to lose her just because I've been too selfish to realize that she is also a beautiful, desirable young girl. I can't lose Betty—I need Betty . . . I want Betty. . . .

"Well, maybe the guy didn't get an even break in the discussion, but I got Betty. I got her when I had no intention of getting her—when I didn't even know that I wanted her. So how did my mother know? Did she and Betty cook up the deal between them? Mother firmly denied it and to this day Betty just laughs when I ask her about it.

"Now I don't say they did and I don't say they didn't, but they both knew what I needed when I needed it and saw to it that I got it. I always like to think it was my own idea but—was it? And what difference does it make just so long as it was a good idea? Probably most married men can look back to the time they proposed and realize that they didn't have so much to do with it at all. They merely played straight in a well-plotted drama—but it's all right because no matter who takes the bows, the play's the thing!"



Constance Moore and Brian Donlevy, Paramount player, appearing in Paramount's current hit "I Wanted Wings"

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The Sea Wolf

(Continued from page 49)

was not the van Weyden she had met on the ferry. This was a man who had grown years older in the space of a week, who was dirty and tired, dressed in rough pants and shirt, a filthy apron.

Then the doctor had led her on and was introducing her to Captain Wolf Larsen, master of the *Ghost*.

He seemed at first overpoweringly large, but then she saw that this was only because of his terrific strength. He was stocky, muscular; a square head was set upon hunched shoulders. Little pig eyes twinkled at her with sardonic humor, as if at some private joke. Yet he spoke with grave courtesy:

"I am glad to see you feeling so much better, Miss Webster."

Then he doesn't know! she thought exultantly. He doesn't know I'm a convict or he wouldn't be so polite! She tried to adopt a grand manner to match his "Thank you for everything. I must have caused you a great deal of inconvenience."

"On the contrary, ma'am," he said, bowing, "I did no more than my Christian duty."

THE doctor touched her arm. "And this is George Leach—the sailor who gave his blood to save your life."

She turned—and caught her breath sharply. The man was young, younger than any other member of the crew, and he was not like the others. His face was a mask of bruises, but he did not cringe, he stood straight and unafraid. His eyes, deep and direct, did not hint of unclean thoughts. His mouth was neither slack nor cruel.

"I'm very grateful," she said. But there was scorn in his young face, almost hatred. She did not want him to hate her; she wanted him to know she understood he did not belong here; she wanted his help and friendship. She added, stupidly, the first thing she could think of: "When I land I'll see that you're well rewarded."

"Say 'Thank you' to the lady," Larsen ordered, with something very like a snarl.

George Leach's lips barely moved. "Thank you—lady."

"The people you left behind in Frisco," Captain Larsen said, "your—family. They've probably given you up for dead. They'll be glad to see you when we get back."

"You're going back there without touching any other port?"

"Yes, Miss Webster. We make our catch and go home."

Home! To the hands of the waiting police! Weakly she clutched the doctor's arm, murmured something about feeling dizzy and he began to lead her back toward her cabin.

"See that Miss Webster is quite comfortable, doctor," she heard Larsen call after them, just as they reached the doorway where van Weyden stood. "I want her to feel at home . . . So put some bars on her window."

It seemed to her, a second later, that the ship was dissolving in laughter. They'd known, then—all of them, all the time!

Furiously, she turned on van Weyden, not giving herself time to notice that he alone was not laughing. "You told them, didn't you?" she screamed. "Couldn't keep your mouth shut!" Her hand met his face in a stinging slap.

Sadly, he said, "You talked about your past when you were delirious. I heard you. So did Captain Larsen."

It was true, of course. She knew that

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now. But she could not waste time in apologies. She turned to Larsen. "Skipper, won't you have a heart? There must be boats passing on the way to China. Put me aboard one of them, won't you?"

"Louie," he told the doctor roughly, "take her below."

"No, no!" she screamed. "Give me a break, won't you, Skipper? You won't be sorry. Please! Please!" She fell to her knees, groveling before him.

George Leach stepped out of the circle of men. Standing above her, he said angrily, "Don't beg! You hear me! Don't beg!"

"Beg?" she said. "I'd crawl on my knees over every inch of this deck . . . I'd do anything—anything—not to have to go back! You don't know what it's like to be in jail!"

"I know," he said, his face withdrawn and tight-lipped. "I know." Fury seemed to rise in him again; he took a step toward Larsen. "It ain't enough you knock her down—you gotta kick her too," he muttered, then bent down to help Ruth to her feet.

"Leave me alone," she sobbed, and struggled up by herself. Larsen shrugged and began to walk away. Ruth tottered a few steps, stumbled and lay on the deck, crying weakly. For a moment George stood beside her, pitying her; then, in a gust of rage, he reached for a marlin spike and flung it with all his might at Larsen's back.

Someone shouted, "Watch out!" and Larsen ducked just before the spike buried its point in the mast behind him.

He walked slowly back to Leach. "According to the laws of the sea," he said, "I could hang you for that. But I won't. You're going to save me the trouble. By the time this voyage is over—you'll hang yourself."

With terrible deliberation he gathered the stuff of Leach's coat in one hand. The other, clenched into a fist, smashed into Leach's face. When Leach fell, he dragged him upright for more blows.

It was inhuman. Shuddering, Ruth covered her eyes. She hardly knew when the doctor helped her back to her cabin. For a long time she lay on her bunk, crying until she fell into a sodden doze.

TOWARD dusk van Weyden came to her with a tray of food. "I'm—sorry for what I said," she told him. "I should of known you wouldn't tell."

"It doesn't matter," he said heavily. "Here—eat this."

"I can't," she moaned. Kneeling on the bunk, she gazed up at him. "Mr. van Weyden—what is he? Does he like to make people suffer?"

Van Weyden's voice was weary. "Larsen? He's mad. He isn't just cruel—he has a brilliant brain, crippled by hatred. He hates the world. He hates his own brother, who's captain of another sealer, the *Macedonia*. And he's an egomaniac. It amuses him to show his power—by keeping you and me on board instead of returning us to land, by forcing me to work in the galley, by playing that cruel joke on you this afternoon—"

"And by beating that boy—" She shivered, remembering again the hammer-like blows, thudding against the flesh, Leach's young face, stoically enduring.

"Yes." Van Weyden turned to the door. "I've got to go now and serve his dinner in his cabin."

Terror of being left alone filled her. She asked, "Where's the doctor? Ask him to come and see me."

Van Weyden halted, but did not turn. "The doctor?" he said tightly. "Why, he's—" He paused and added, "I think

he's busy. If I see him I'll tell him."

But it was not the doctor who knocked on her door an hour later and slipped quickly inside when she opened it. It was George Leach. His face was even more swollen and bruised than it had been before. Hurriedly he whispered, "Don't be scared. I—I had to see you. I—"

He stopped, at a loss for words, and stood with his back against the door, leaning forward a little as if he wished to cross the space between them, but could not.

"I had to see you," he repeated.

In the dim light from the oil lamp she saw the fine hairs glisten darkly on his bare forearms and the muscles ripple as he clenched his fists. She knew he was laboring under some excitement he could not express. And because she had the feeling that they were both trapped, because she remembered his grim admission on deck that he too knew what it was to be in prison, she went to him and touched with her fingers the marks on his face. "I'm so sorry," she said.

HE jerked away. "It doesn't matter," he said gruffly. "He'll never get a chance to do it again." Hatred settled like a cloud on his mouth, in his eyes.

"What are you going to do?" she whispered.

He looked down at her—a long, measuring scrutiny. "It's all set for tonight," he said at last. "I've got a few of the men with me. Johnson, the first mate, particularly. We're going to—get rid of Larsen and take over the ship. The men will follow us, once Larsen's gone. They all hate him, but they're afraid of him."

"But suppose something happens? Suppose you can't—Suppose he catches you?" A vision rose before her of another such beating as she had seen that morning; she felt the blows on her own body, and cringed. "You'll be hurt—he'll kill you!"

"He'll kill me anyhow. I wouldn't knuckle under to him, so he hates me. He'll kill me, just like he killed the doctor—"

"The doctor—?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to tell you. It was this afternoon. One of Larsen's jokes. He loved to tease the doctor—humiliate him in front of the crew because he was old and drank too much. This afternoon he drove him too far . . . he committed suicide by jumping to the deck from the top of the mainmast."

"Oh . . . oh!" The knowledge brought even closer the shadows of terror that whirled about her. That poor little, fat, pompous, harmless man was dead. A superstitious fear struck her. He was dead because he had helped her, had been kind to her. She brought harm to everyone she touched—van Weyden, the doctor, and now—

"Don't talk to me!" she cried breathlessly. "I'm a jinx. If you hadn't tried to help me this afternoon you wouldn't have been beaten up."

He only smiled—a rare, sweet smile of sympathy for a childish outburst. It lighted up his battered face, made it suddenly youthful and robbed it of its grimness.

"I'll be back," he whispered, and was gone.

The attempt to kill Wolf Larsen that night failed. In a dark corner of the deck he was ambushed, struck over the head and thrown overboard. But his vitality was so great that he did not lose consciousness; he seized a length of rope that trailed overside and painfully, slowly, pulled himself up it, hand over hand. And in the morning he was on deck, a



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livid scar on his forehead, watching the men with twinkling, malevolent eyes for the first shadow of expression on their faces that would help him fix the guilt for the attack upon him. Toward noon he went to his cabin, where he remained until darkness fell, when van Weyden brought him food.

Ruth, huddled in the cabin she had not left all day, started at a faint scratching on her door. It was George Leach. "Come on," he whispered. "We're getting out of here—in the longboat. It's our only chance."

She allowed herself to be led up on the deck. Two men were waiting by the longboat—van Weyden and an older man. "This is Johnson, the first mate," George explained in a whisper. "He's going along."

Ruth, catching sight of a dark figure on the bridge, gasped with fright. "The captain! He's watching us!"

Van Weyden laid his hand on her arm. "He can't see at this distance," he said slowly. "He's—going blind. No one on the ship knows except me and I found out only by accident when I took his supper to him tonight. That blow on the head."

"Ready," Johnson breathed. "Get into the boat."

SOMETHING cracked in Ruth's brain. "I'm not going! You go on without me—I'm a jinx, I tell you! You'll never make it with me on board!"

Sobbing, she tugged against their restraining hands. Abruptly, George set his lips. His clenched fist came up and struck her jaw. As she slumped, he gathered up her slight body and swung it into the boat. "Ready," he said tersely.

The boat went overside with them in it, its cables creaking slightly, yet the dark figure on the bridge did not move.

But at dawn, when their small sail had carried them about six miles, they saw a note tied to one of the water kegs. "Pleasant journey!" it read. And it was signed "Wolf Larsen."

The kegs were filled with sea water.

The mainland, Johnson told them, was fifteen hundred miles away. The only water they had was two gallons in a small keg they had brought aboard themselves. Two gallons, for four people.

To Ruth's numbed brain, it was proof of what she had known. If she had not come aboard, if she had stayed on the *Ghost*, this could not have happened. Beyond reason she knew that.

They passed the water around in small portions and sipped it as if it were rare wine.

All day Ruth waited for darkness, knowing what she must do when it came. For without her, they could make land.

The wind freshened as the stars came out and waves swelled and nodded. They had a life of their own, those waves—an eager, demanding life. Once they had you in their hungry embrace, they would not let you go.

She feigned sleep, curled up against one of the thwarts. George and van Weyden were at the other end of the boat, where Johnson stood his watch at the tiller. After a time they too seemed to sleep and the sail hid her from Johnson. She pulled herself upright. A few feet away a wave broke, sending a shower of spray into her face. It should be so easy to slip over—she had only to relax her grip on the side of the boat. A convulsive spasm shook her... her hands left their hold as the tiny craft rose on the crest of a wave. When it fell again, the lurch would send her over...

Rough arms seized her, flung her bod-

ily to the floor. George was standing there, his face pale with anger and fright. "I ought to tie you to the mast with a rope," he said in a choked voice.

Ruth lay on the damp boards. She was dead, she thought. He might hold her back from the waves, but he could not bring her back to life. She *must* be dead—for his sake!

"Will you promise you won't try anything like that again?" George demanded. "No."

"Ruth! Ruth!" he cried in agony. Behind him she could see van Weyden, his face sad.

"Listen," she said. "You three can make it—"

"Either we all make it—or none of us do!"

"But the rest of you've got something to look forward to," she argued hopelessly. "Not me. Suppose we do get to land. All right. Singapore, or Hong Kong. Nobody'll spot me. I won't have to go back to jail. But how do you think I'll get along?" Her voice rose to a shrill, heartbroken cry. "How do you think I'll live?"

George dropped to his knees beside her. He did not touch her, but his face was so close that she could feel his warm breath. "No," he said. "That's not the way it'll be. When we get to land . . . I'll make a living for you. You'll stay with me. We'll be married."

"Married?" Her widened eyes looked disbelievingly into his, then turned to van Weyden. "Make him stop talking like that," she pleaded. "He's only saying it to make me feel better. But don't let him lie to me."

"I don't think," van Weyden said slowly, "he's lying, Ruth."

"You must be crazy," she said to George.

"Yeah—that's right," he answered. "I'm crazy—with loving you."

A terrible need to believe him was in her heart. But she must be sure. "Don't you know what I've been?" she insisted. "The kind of life I've had?"

Now his hands were upon her shoulders, pulling her toward him. "Do you know what I've been?" he asked. "What I've done? But we'll start all over again, I'm telling you, just you and me . . . a new life."

Believing him at last, she surrendered to his embrace, lifting her face to his kiss. Van Weyden turned away.

FROM his place at the tiller, Johnson had watched and listened. He knew, better than the others, how right Ruth had been in believing that three might reach land while four could not; and much later, when he was the only one awake, he gave them the gift of his life. He lashed the tiller in place and slipped quietly overboard.

For a while his sacrifice seemed in vain, for a deathly, foggy calm settled down over the sea and their little boat drifted idly on an oily swell. Van Weyden and Leach both pulled at the oars, but each knew there was no hope of traveling fifteen hundred miles in this way. Three days later they had only a bare pint of water left.

But suddenly, almost upon them, the prow of a ship cut through the mist. They felt a momentary relief so sharp it was almost pain before they saw the vessel's name—*Ghost*.

For the first time, it actually lived up to that name. It lay in the water, listing badly to one side, its mainmast gone, its sail flapping like empty shrouds, its lines trailing overside in the water. Not a living soul could be seen on the deck.

Leaving van Weyden and Ruth in the longboat, George clambered up the side

to secure food and water. They heard his steps, firm on the planking, followed by silence.

For what seemed like hours they waited and then they followed him, tiptoeing over the deck. Ruth called, but her voice echoed back upon her ears. They peered into the dark galley, only to find it empty. Then they heard a muffled knocking on the heavy steel doors, soundly padlocked, of the storeroom. George's voice came as if from far away.

"Larsen sneaked up behind me and pushed me in here! Get off the ship before he gets you too!" he called. "He's not only blind—he's crazy!"

Ruth flung herself upon the door, beating on it with her fists until it rang. Behind it was the only brief vision of happiness that life had ever given to her.

"We'll get you out," van Weyden called.

"You can't. Larsen's got the key and if you go near him he'll tear you in pieces. Those hands of his . . ." George's voice was urgent. "Go on—get off the ship! Get off, van Weyden, and take her with you!"

"Not without you," Ruth said, and now she was suddenly calm. "The only part of my life that's ever meant anything to me is since I've known you."

"Ruth—maybe—" van Weyden said gently, trying to pull her away. But she shook him off.

"No . . . no, there's no maybe about it, without him. There's no life for me, unless he's with me." She slid to the floor, crouched there against the doors.

VAN WEYDEN licked his stiff lips. "Stay here," he said. "I'll get the key."

He found Larsen in his cabin, alone—sitting in the chair by his desk, staring straight in front of him, smiling, a pistol in his hand.

"Ah, van Weyden," he said. "You see, I know who you are. That should prove to you that I am not quite blind. I can still see you, dimly—as a shadow. Well enough to put a bullet through your head if you come any closer."

"I want the key to the storeroom," van Weyden said flatly and Larsen chuckled.

"Don't delude yourself that I am in your power," he suggested. "As a matter of fact, you are in mine. I might keep you here, you know, until the ship sinks."

"How did this happen?" van Weyden asked, hoping to lead Larsen's mad brain into other channels.

"My dear brother, Mr. van Weyden. We met at last—he in his beautiful steamship, I in my old sailing vessel. We fought out the hatred we have had for each other for many years. And he won."

"Everyone has left the ship except you?"

"Yes . . . This is the finish. I sink with my ship, Mr. van Weyden—in sight of land!"

"What!"

Shaking with silent laughter, Larsen said, "Yes, land. We're lying within two miles of an island. How tragic for you and your friends that you didn't know it before you came aboard! But you can go, van Weyden—you and the girl."

"How about Leach?"

Larsen's mouth twisted and set in a stubborn line. "He goes down with me. He tried to kill me."

"And this is your revenge?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe that's the real reason," van Weyden said slowly. "The truth is—you're afraid."

Larsen stiffened in his chair. "Afraid?" he said harshly. "That's a lie!"

"Afraid to be alone. Alone, you'll have to admit to yourself that there's nothing



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heroic about your death—that it's small and petty and cheap and that the only motivation behind it is fear. You're afraid to go on living—because now you're blind and helpless, you can't bully other people any more."

Larsen rose, screaming, "I don't want to hear any more of this—"

"You're afraid to face your own pitiful, dismal finish—afraid not to—"

"I told you I didn't want to hear any more!" Larsen shouted and fired, three times. The bullets thudded into van Weyden's body. He swayed and fell to the floor. But as he looked up he saw Larsen pass his hand over his eyes, then grope for the door and he knew that this time the captain was totally blind.

"So now you can't even see shadows," he said mockingly. "You missed me, Captain Larsen."

"No! No! I couldn't—"

"But you did." Van Weyden clenched his jaw, forcing life to stay in his body. "I could escape now, Larsen. But I'll make a bargain with you. I'll stay here—go down with you—if you'll give me the key to the storeroom."

Larsen hesitated, a pathetic look of incredulity on his face. Behind van Weyden, in the doorway, stood Ruth, summoned by the shots. Van Weyden's upraised hand cautioned her to be quiet.

"You're trying to trick me," Larsen mumbled. "I know—there's a catch. Nobody does anything like that for anybody unless they get something out of it. What're you getting out of it? That's what I want to know." His voice rose

querulously. "It's a trick!"

"It's—no trick," van Weyden said. "It's a bargain. Hold out the key in your hand, Larsen. I won't even touch it, to prove to you I won't try to get away. Ruth is here—she can take it."

Suspicious, bewildered, Larsen at last obeyed. Stepping lightly across the threshold, Ruth lifted the key from his fingers.

"Go let George out," van Weyden instructed her.

"But you—" she whispered.

"I'm staying here," he said strongly. "With Larsen. I want to. Good-by."

For a moment after she had gone there was silence in the cabin. Then Larsen spoke. "Van Weyden? . . . Van Weyden? . . . Where are you? . . . Van Weyden!"

His feet shuffling, he started across the cabin, and stopped when he touched the quiet body of van Weyden, stretched out on the floor. When he bent down, his exploring hands told him the man was dead.

"So it was a trick!" he muttered in exultation. "I did hit you! And there was a catch! I knew it!"

As he stood up, shaking his fist in angry defiance at the heavens, the ship tilted sharply.

Ruth and George saw it go down. They were in their boat, a hundred yards or so away. The fog was rising and beyond the *Ghost*, as it slid quietly into the sea, the dim outlines of an island came into view—an island where they could begin a new life together.

Consider the Men

(Continued from page 69)

Gene, at last, 'Gracious! When we invite people here, we don't do it just to give ourselves a good time! That's as bad as the horrid little girl everyone knew in his childhood who wouldn't let you play in her yard unless you played her games. A party is for the guests' pleasure. Let's do it their way.' So we equipped a playroom and an outdoor terrace with little stoves and grills where people could cook their own wieners and fry their own steaks and pour their own coffee. I bought big wooden bowls to hold salads and pottery casseroles for spaghetti. There are card tables for the bridge fiends and canvas chairs for the people who just want to loll. If I'm having a really big party, which I don't very often, I try to plan one game which won't take long but in which everyone can participate if he wants to. Something silly like charades or drawing numbers for prizes—anything to get them to mingle and circulate and get acquainted with one another. But that's only for big parties. The small ones take care of themselves."

The important thing about Jeanette's "philosophy of parties" is her discovery that it is wise to study what your guests want—and then give it to them. Sometimes Jeanette has that beautiful table set in that beautiful dining room—and she and Gene have a formal dinner there together. Once in a while they share this rite with another privileged couple. But they don't give their parties there any more.

MARY ASTOR claims to have discovered something about men and parties that astounded her. Men love to dress up. "They'll tell you they hate costume parties," she says. "They'll complain for days if they know they have to go to one. But actually there is nothing that assures a party of success more than

asking people to come in costume. Preferably funny costumes. Don't worry about the girls. They'll find ways to make themselves look cute or pretty, no matter what the idea of the party is. Men like the funny ones—and costumes that aren't any trouble. Be careful about that! No man wants to spend half a day at a costumer's being fitted for a Sir Walter Raleigh number."

Well, Mary ought to know. She gave one of Hollywood's most successful parties not long ago when she announced to her prospective guests, "It's to be a Chinese party. So come in pajamas!" Her guests took her at her word and you never saw such an amazing array of costumes in your life. Some of the girls wore rich brocades and satins—naturally, this being Hollywood. But most of the people appeared in strange concoctions of crepe paper, old sheets or just plain sleeping pajamas. In the coat rooms Mary had placed paper Chinese hats and had provided make-up boxes for painting slant eyes and triangular eyebrows. In her living room every stick of furniture had been removed and her guests found nothing to sit upon except piles of soft cushions—and very nice, too.

"It was the easiest party I ever had," Mary says. "And I had expected it to be difficult. I had to have such a mixed crowd—some important executives and some rather difficult writers and some actors. Everyone began to laugh as soon as he caught sight of someone else. The most dignified one—the guest who had worried me most—turned up in a cotton kimono because he had got mixed up and thought it was a Japanese party and he insisted that he was *Pooh-bah* from 'The Mikado' whether the party was Japanese or not. The food was sent in from the nearest Chinese restaurant and people tried to eat with chopsticks and

by the time they had finished that effort, everyone was so weak with laughter that it didn't matter whether anyone knew anyone else or not. They all loved each other! Oh, it was a grand success. If I ever have to get a difficult group together again, I'm going to insist that they wear funny clothes.

"I've an idea for my next one, too. I'm going to ask everyone to come as 'something he is glad he is *not*.' That will require a bit of ingenuity, you see. It needn't be any trouble for anyone. Someone can wrap a bandage around his head and proclaim that he's glad he isn't a man with a fractured skull. And someone else can wear an apron and carry a dish mop and be glad that he isn't a dish-washer. You see? It won't be any trouble for anyone. It will be funny . . . and then the ice will be broken. You see, no one can stand on dignity or be difficult if he's wearing funny clothes. Especially men. The costumes give them ideas and you find your shyest male guests contributing notions for games."

BUT perhaps you like the formal pattern for parties, now and then. Flowers and candlelight and bare shoulders and men in dinner jackets. Well, men like it, too, if the hostess can handle it easily and graciously, without obvious and undue anxiety. Here's what one young Hollywood man-about-town told us about parties at the Rathbones'. "Basil and Ouida have the knack of giving small, perfect dinners without appearing to be conscious of it, somehow. You have a feeling that everything has been planned and attended to hours before you are shown into the drawing room for cocktails. So all you—or your hosts—have to do is to sit down peacefully and enjoy the pretty girls in their nice frocks and feel rather pleasant yourself in your dinner clothes."

It all seems to boil down to finding out what your guests want to do and then making it easy for them to do it. Ida Lupino has strong ideas on the subject.

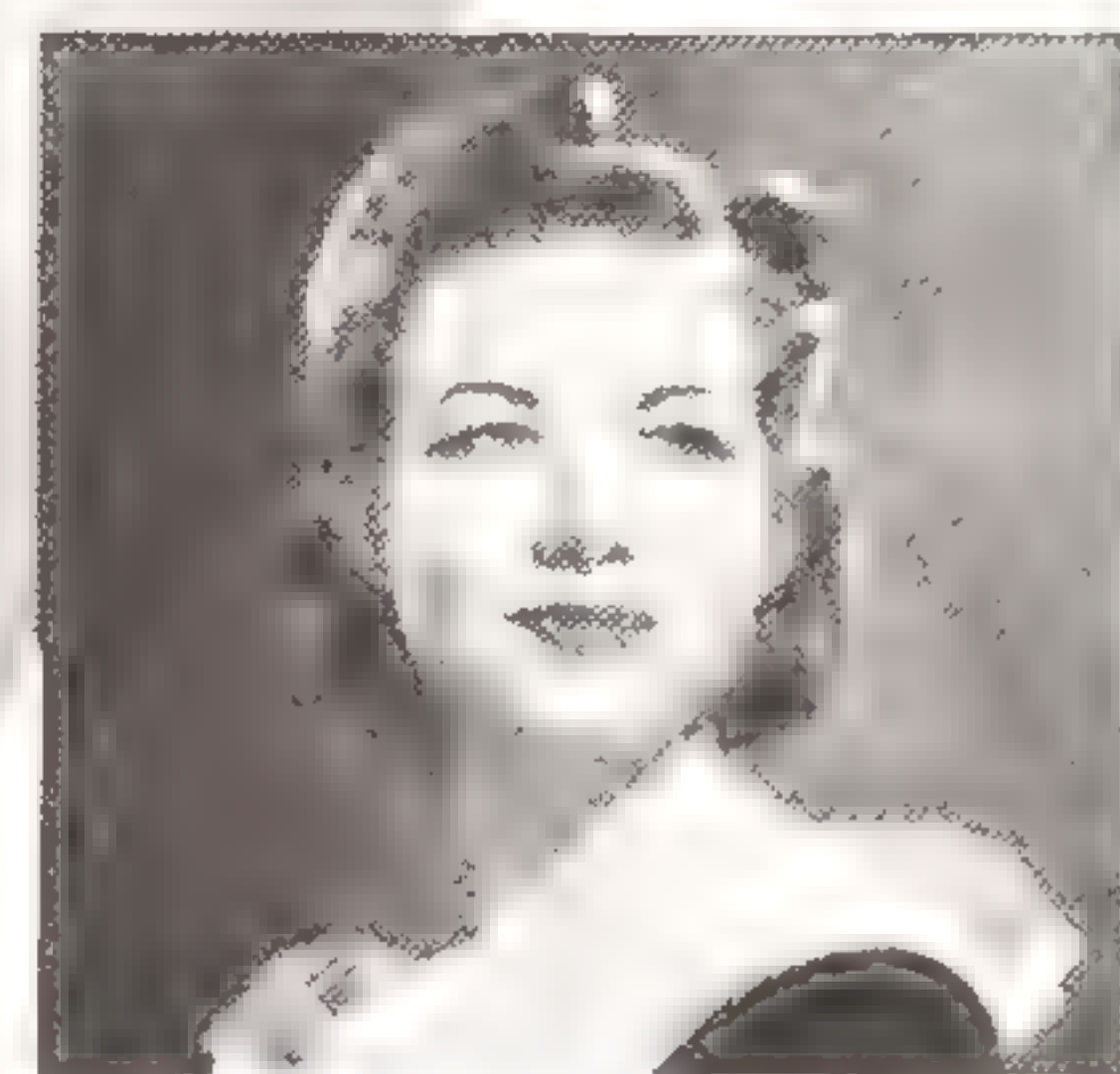
"Don't make guests work too hard," she admonishes. "Some people like games and some don't and if the ones who don't are forced through politeness to toil and moil and feel silly over guessing games or charades or a treasure hunt, then the evening turns into a dire sort of chore—hours of difficult and depressing labor. Personally I detest most games and I was never more indignant than I was the time a hostess forced me to prowl all over Brentwood Heights because a part of my 'job' was to bring back one of Cesar Romero's *autographed shoes*! But there was a man—one of our really glamorous leading men—at that party who suffered even more than I did. He'd had a strenuous day on the set and his idea of a heavenly evening had been to sit down and talk his head off over a highball or two. Instead of which he had to make a long tour on a senseless errand. 'It's enough,' he wailed, 'to make a man hate all women forever!'

"Parties at our house," she went on, "are usually rather large, open-house come-and-go-when-you-please affairs. I try not to let people know I am 'doing' anything at all about them. I tell them to look around, find what they want and do as they please.

"I have a card table or two in an alcove for the people who can't live without bridge and easy chairs in the bar for the talkers-and-drinkers. There is food on the table in the dining room, replenished now and then, so they can eat when they want to.

"But so many of the men who come to our house like to raid the kitchen and

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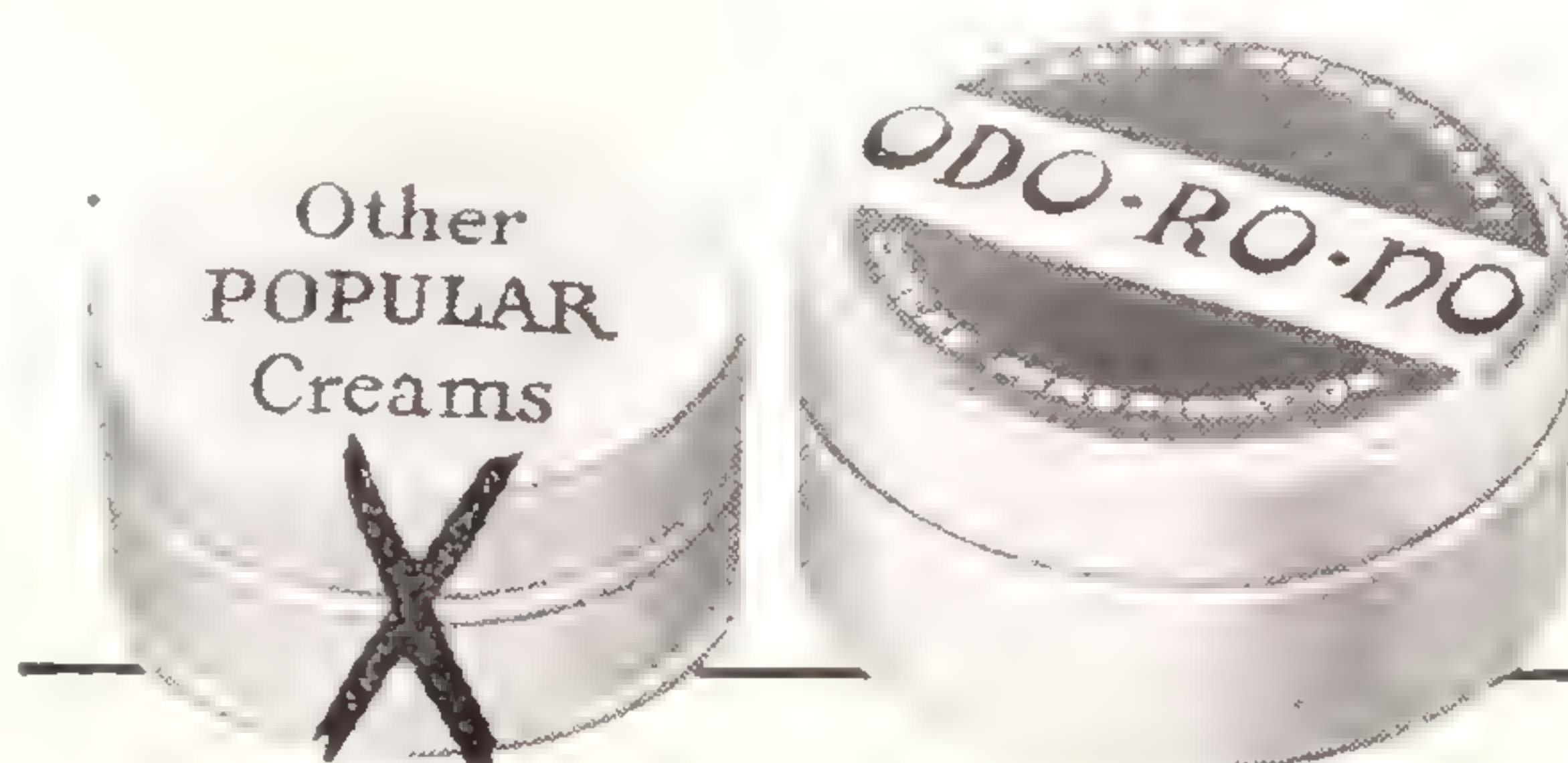
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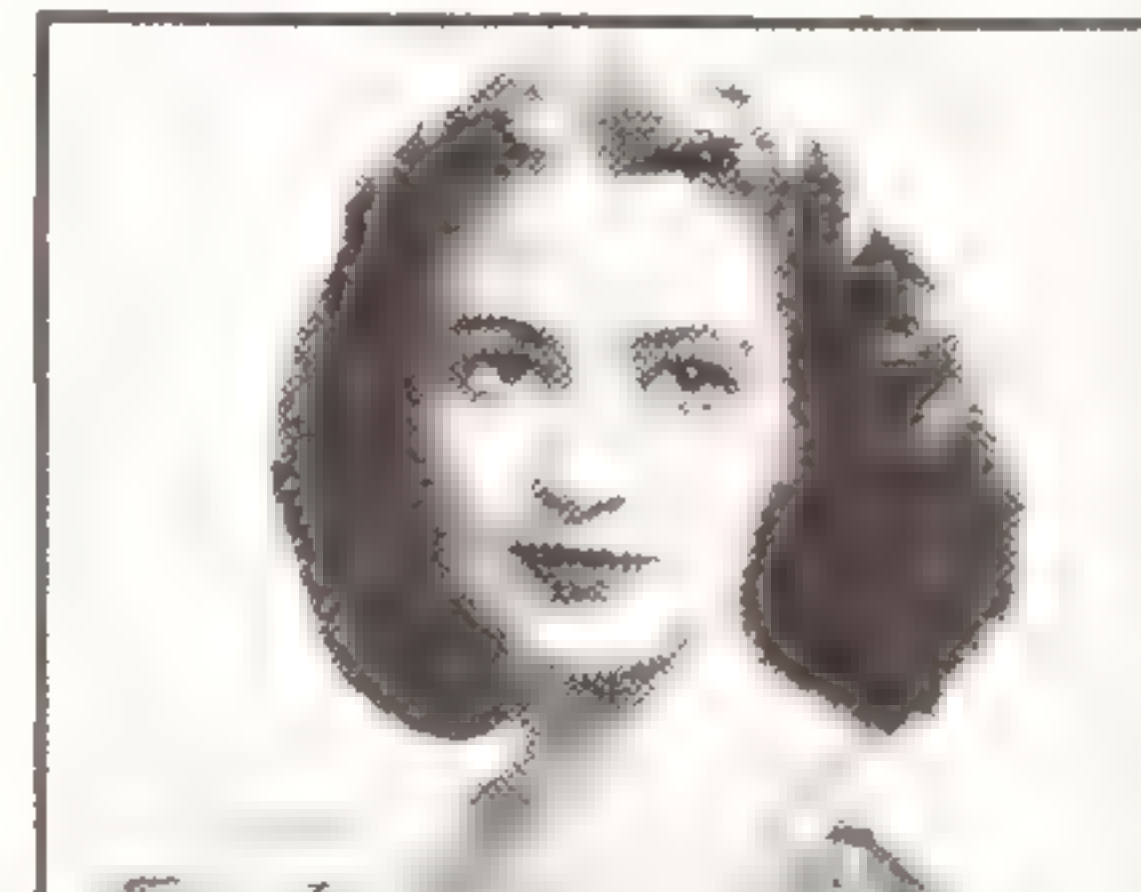


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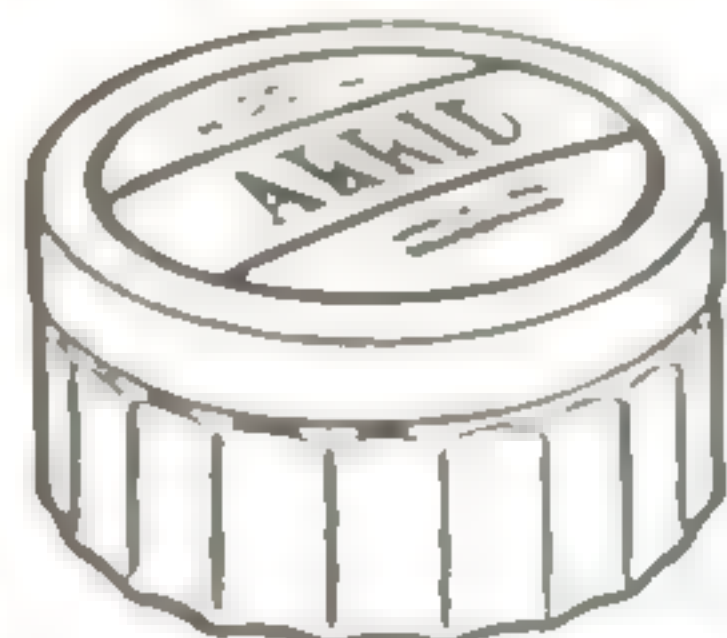


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the ice box that I take it for granted and have plates and silver in the kitchen for them. I always have platters of cold meat and dishes of pickles and things in plain view in the ice box. As a matter of fact, that idea wasn't completely original with me, although I've gracefully accepted compliments on it for a long time.

"I once knew a girl who worked in an office all week. When she got up on Sunday she used to put nicely seasoned baked beans or spaghetti into a double boiler on the stove in her little apartment. In the ice box she had a platter of cold meats and cheese, dishes of jelly and pickled peaches. Rye bread in the bread box. She had more callers—men callers—than any girl I ever knew. She used to say it was 'cupboard love' they had for her. But it wasn't. She was gay and cheerful and they liked to be with her. Everyone felt at home and felt welcome. She also said it was 'lazy entertaining.' Everyone always washed his own plate and silver. When the last guest was gone she had nothing to do except brush up the crumbs . . . and perhaps put the bean pot to soak.

"She married one of her numerous suitors eventually, of course. A wealthy one. But they still have their Sunday help-yourself parties!"

VARIETY comes into all this, too. Consider sage Mrs. Pat O'Brien who has really had experience with masculine parties! She says that when they first installed their barbecue pit Pat and his cronies (Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Chester Morris and goodness knows who-all) thought they simply weren't spending a Sunday evening unless they scorched their faces over steaks and sprained their ingenuity over salad dressings.

"But came a time," says Mrs. O'B, "when I discovered that the boys thought it was awfully nice, 'just for a change,' to sit them down quietly on the terrace or in the living room and have plates of food and cups of coffee brought to them without their having to do anything

about it. I discovered that they had great fun fixing their own food—running the party—until the novelty wore off. Then they liked a vacation and liked to take their ease. Enthusiasm would rise again and they would want to cook. Participation, you'll find, is fun as long as it's novel. I'd advise any hostess not to overdo it. No man really likes to work at domestic things after it begins to seem like work!"

A useful little tip, that one!

Well, these are some theories from some eminently successful hostesses. Hostesses who could, if they liked, spend a great deal of money on their entertaining—but who don't. Hostesses who admit frankly that they cater to men when they plan a party. Ask the men who go to these parties what they like and why they like it and they'll find it difficult to tell you. They only know whether or not they have a good time. Here, however, are some remarks by some of them.

Bob Taylor: "I don't like games. I like to listen to people talk, if the talk is easy and friendly and intelligent. I like the kind of food that comes in slabs! I mean, I can't stand the fluffy stuff some women serve, covered with whipped cream and disguised to look like something it isn't."

Clark Gable can't stand parties where people "talk shop." Aside from that he doesn't much care what they do, so long as he doesn't have to dress up for it. Melvyn Douglas wants to talk—and talk and talk.

You see, when you get down to it, the men aren't very much help in solving this problem about what kind of party they like! Clever hostesses, by watching and learning, find out. And those are the hostesses whose parties are rated "tops." It isn't merely that "she has a knack for parties." She studies her guests and plans accordingly. And you see it doesn't seem to matter whether she has a lot of money to spend on her entertaining or not—if she uses her head. The clever woman asks herself, as did Ann Rutherford . . .

"But—do the men like it?"



Consider the lady who considers the men: Mary Astor, wife of Manuel del Campo; mother of a freckled-faced little girl and a dark-eyed little boy; close second for acting honors with Bette Davis in "The Great Lie"

"Man-Poison"

(Continued from page 65)

straightened out her light coat.

"I'm okay," she said.

Throwing her bag into the compartment behind them, he came around into the driver's seat.

For some moments he drove in silence, keeping the speed down, as if that would make it easier for her. He glanced at her out of the corners of his eyes, saw that she was trying to pull herself together, and then focused his eyes on the road.

It seemed an eternity later when she spoke. There was a slow deliberate quality in her voice which chilled him.

"Would you mind dropping me at Fresno?" she said.

He didn't answer, but she could tell by his knit brow that he was shaping thoughts and trying to find words to convey them.

Abruptly he pulled the car to the side of the road, leaned forward and turned off the motor.

He twisted himself around in his seat toward her, pulled his leg up under him in a boyish, almost awkward gesture.

"I can't talk very well when I drive," he said. "I want to tell you something that isn't very easy to say."

Annabelle could so easily be cruel to him now. But in her there was no cruelty toward him. Nor was there any kindness; only a willingness to listen, a sense of surprise at his unexpected humility.

She raised her eyes to him. He could not guess what she was thinking, but he saw there patience, at least.

"I just want you to know," he said. "I had you figured out all wrong. I'm sorry."

She knew that now she should say something, but the words would not come. Faith in people, she thought, offered at the wrong time or too late, is valueless. Why should she comfort him? So she waited for him to go on.

"I know none of this means anything to you," he said, "and I don't blame you. But I want you to know that I can take it as well as give it. Believe me," he smiled a shade wistfully, "I'm taking it now."

"I don't see what it has to do with you," she said sincerely.

"All right," he said, "let's skip it. The main thing is, what's going to happen now? You've got to let me help you, Annabelle."

"Thanks," she said, "but I don't need any."

"I know you don't. I've learned a lot of things about you today. I wish you'd let me help anyway."

"I'm all right," Annabelle said, and because the tears were starting in her eyes, she turned away from him.

Only a few weeks ago she would have welcomed his complete humiliation. In her imagination she had visualized how she might scorn him if a change in his attitude were to come about. Now that it had happened, she felt less revengeful than womanly. She knew what it was costing him, and so there was no triumph in it at all.

He began to talk rapidly, unfolding the plan that had shaped in his mind: "I have a lodge at Tehachapi, and we'll drive down there right now. It won't take more than a few hours, and it's the perfect place in the world for you to be

till—till it happens. Tomorrow, I'll drive down to L. A. and bring back my aunt and her husband. They're really grand—you'll love them."

It was out of the question, Annabelle knew, the last thing in the world that she could agree to. And yet, as he went on, explaining all the reasons why she should do it and why it would help her keep up her health and strength, she knew in her heart that in the end she would agree.

And in the end she did.

ANNABELLE could hardly believe that they were only a hundred and fifty miles or so away from Los Angeles. This lodge of Mike Harrigan's hadn't the remotest connection with Hollywood and now she began to understand why he was so different from the usual run of Hollywood young men. The lodge explained in a measure his detachment. Except for the ageless Chinese man who tended the place, here was complete solitude any time the "promising young director" decided he needed it.

They had been silent most of the drive beyond Bakersfield. But before that, stopping for tea at El Tejon, she had been relieved when Mike had talked without restraint about Hollywood, its curiosities and the problems anyone faced who wished to live and work there. He was half-humorous, half-serious about it all, and he seemed to forget for the moment the restraint that had grown between them since their first meeting at the Yuma airport and in forgetting he lost much of his grimness. It was a new side of him and Annabelle watched him

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—by an airline hostess

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Hand-some picture of the girl who's one of Hollywood's most daring dressers: Lana Turner with man-of-the-moment Tony Martin



with wonder at the thought that this was the man who had taken shape in her mind the past weeks as something of an ogre.

Happy was the name that Mike Harrigan had given his Oriental caretaker, principally because his face was always grim, his manner always forbidding. Annabelle liked him the moment he opened the massive door for them, as they arrived at nightfall. His immediate resentment of a guest, particularly a female guest, amused her. His manner, if she had not understood it, would have offended her, but she soon saw that there was devotion such as servants rarely show to their masters. As she watched the old Chinaman make them comfortable and begin the preparations of this unexpected dinner, she knew that he was one of those rare creatures who live exclusively to serve and find no happiness in anything else.

Because he had not expected them, he served the meal which he had planned for himself—a meal for which there were always ample supplies: beef, water chestnuts and bean sprouts. This strange kind of food was new to Annabelle, but after the difficult day she was ravenous and she thought she had never tasted anything more delicious.

"Hope you like," Happy said as he poured her tea out of a steaming pot.

"I like very much," she said, gratefully.

Happy grunted incredulously and filled his master's cup.

"Tomorrow," Mike said, "stock up plenty, Happy. I'm driving down to L. A. to bring Mrs. Simpson and Mr. Simpson, if he can come. They'll be here with Mrs. Hurley for quite a while."

"Yes, sir," said Happy, as he banged the kitchen door behind him.

LONELY LODGE, as Mike jokingly called it, delighted Annabelle: the huge fireplace, the rustic furniture, the simple blue curtains on the small windows, the atmosphere of complete masculinity, despite the spotlessness with which Happy proudly endowed the place. The warm dinner calmed and steadied her and suddenly a feeling of ineffable peace crept over her. It would be good

to stay here and rest, and recover from the torment that lately had been her lot.

Mike Harrigan sat quietly drawing on his pipe. He watched her from across the table, still silent, as if words might break the spell of this calm moment.

Then, into their silence, came a loud, strident interruption.

The roar of a car's motor startled them into attention. Then it stopped, and the sound of laughter and chattering voices took its place.

"Who the devil is that?" Mike Harrigan said, almost to himself, as he rose from his chair. There was loud knocking on the door. For a moment he looked toward Annabelle, shaking his head with displeasure, then went to the great door and opened it a few inches.

"DARLING!" Annabelle heard the feminine voice carol into the room. She recognized it at once. "What a frightful time to break in on you, Michael darling, but we've just been up at Sequoia, though heaven knows why, and Archibald insisted that we stop by and see you." Helga Bentley strode into the room, with her usual bland assurance, followed by three young men and a young stock actress who was known to be the friend of one of them. Annabelle knew this crowd so well. She despised them quite thoroughly. She would never forget that they had been present at Helga's the day that news was brought of George's death and all of them, to a man, if any of those syncophants could be dignified by that name, had managed to avoid her after the first insincere expressions of conventional pity. Of all the people who could be coming to Lonely Lodge at this moment, there was none who would be less welcome to Annabelle.

"Why, Annabelle," Helga Bentley shrieked, "I just can't believe it! How absolutely wonderful to find you here. Michael, Michael, have you been trying to keep secrets from your Aunt Helga? Now you know, Helga finds out everything eventually! Look, kiddies—it's Annabelle Hurley!"

Michael's face was livid. He knew that it would be futile to remonstrate. He explained the truth simply and without embarrassment. But he was not deal-

ing with rational people. Their glances were too transparent and Helga Bentley's words were too heavy with implications to give Annabelle any hope that Mike could make them believe. "Now, now, Michael," she said, "you don't have to make explanations to this old bag. I've been around." That was the end of it.

When they had left, Mike and Annabelle faced each other grimly. "Nice people," was all Mike said. And in Annabelle's mind one simple little phrase played a silly, hopeless tune: It was "Man-poison." For indeed that was what she had again proved to be. By the time Helga Bentley finished with this "romance rumor" Mike's name would be mud in Hollywood—particularly at the Clark Studios. How could they disprove the simple item that would inevitably appear in Helga Bentley's column? It was hopeless. By the appearance of these brittle pseudo-sophisticates of Hollywood, an aura had been put on this innocent kindness of Mike Harrigan's that spoiled it completely, turned it into a shocking boomerang and filled Annabelle with a feeling of hopelessness that she could not bear.

"YOU must be tired," Mike said, as though he really believed a night's rest would somehow wipe away all this. But he was looking away.

"Guess I am," Annabelle lied and stretched out toward the fire, to prove her lie, to make sure that there would be no suspicion in Mike's mind of what she knew she must do.

For there was only one thing to do. She could not argue with Mike Harrigan, for she knew he would never listen to reason. She must wait until he and Happy were asleep, and then she must creep out of this enchanting haven and

find her way again on the path which she had only lately found courage to seek—the path where people dare to walk alone.

After Happy had gone up to his bedroom, they sat in the low-ceilinged main room of the lodge watching the flames in the gigantic fireplace. Moonlight shone through the great window, casting an unearthly light on the native stones on the hearth. Mike pulled at his pipe, looked over at her, squinting a little, then suddenly smiled with such sweetness and understanding that she was filled with a warm glow of unexpected happiness.

Then he started to talk, at first about inconsequential things—Hollywood and its curious people and places, his home town in Ohio with its contrasting simplicity and naïveté, his early days of trying to gain a foothold in life, and then, at last, his friendship for George and the ill-fated trip to Guatemala.

It was good for them to talk about it. And it gave him a chance to say, "I wish I had understood you better then." And she could say, again, "It's all right. It's really all right."

He leaned forward and for a moment touched her hand. "Look," he said intently, "I'm going to make it all up to you. I want these to be the happiest months of your life and neither Helga Bentley nor any of those people is going to stop me."

"It's a lovely place," Annabelle said evasively. "I don't see how anybody could help being happy here."

His eyes did not leave hers for many moments. Then he said at last, "I'm glad . . . I'm so glad that's the way you feel about it."

Annabelle could not bear the intensity of that look. She was deeply moved

by the complete change in their relationship. She felt that there was no need for words between them, and yet there was something she had to say to him, so that later, when she had left Lonely Lodge, he could remember that she had said it.

"Mike," she began—it was the first time she had called him that, and Mike was keenly aware of it—"no matter what happens . . . I mean, even if things don't work out just as you want them to . . . I do want you to know that I'm terribly grateful to you for—for everything."

"Thanks for saying that, Annabelle," he said simply. But again there was a look of intense feeling in his eyes that she could not face.

WHEN she looked away, he rose and went to the great oak cupboard at the other end of the room.

"Can I give you something to drink?" he said, pouring himself a highball.

Annabelle refused. He returned to the divan and sat sipping his drink, again finding refuge in talking about superficialities.

Soon he relaxed into comfortable drowsiness and Annabelle's heart began to pound with the knowledge that soon she must find a way to leave Mike Harrigan and Lonely Lodge behind her.

She went to the room where Happy had taken her when they first arrived. She put her things back into her suitcase. When she came out of the room again she saw that Mike was asleep on the divan. Carefully, she pulled the Navajo blanket over him and returned to the bedroom. When she crept through the main room carrying her bag, he did not stir and for a long moment she stood there looking at him. It was a terrible temptation to wake him—to explain why she was stealing out into the night—and

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to assure him that he was in no way responsible for her decision to go. But then, of course, he would try to persuade her to stay.

The great mountain peak that loomed over the lodge frightened her—her instinct told her to return to the warm friendliness of the fire inside—but she took a deep breath and stepped into the night.

As Annabelle started down the mountain road that led from the lodge, she was grateful for the bright light of the moon, but looked uneasily over her shoulder at the dark scudding clouds that the night wind was blowing across the range. She recalled the corkscrew turns which Mike had navigated so adroitly on the way up, and she knew that without the moon she could not possibly find her way now. So she hurried, occasionally changing the bag from hand to hand so that it would not weary her too much.

HER impression had been that the village at the foot of the mountain was not very far. Now, as she walked along, panic assailed her, for she realized that the speed of the car had deceived her and that the distance was far greater than she had imagined.

Her fear only wearied her more, and for a time she considered starting back. No, she decided then, she must not compromise with her conviction. If she returned to the lodge, Mike would surely make it difficult for her to leave and she was determined that Helga Bentley would have no basis in fact for any scurrilous stories.

She passed a tiny chalet but saw that it was deserted. Perhaps, she thought, when she neared the village she might find refuge in one of the little houses on the outskirts.

With such thoughts she encouraged herself, but in her heart there was a growing doubt, a sense of impending disaster she could not shake off.

The suitcase seemed to be growing heavier by the minute. At last she could not bear her weariness another moment and so, with a little sob, she put down the suitcase and sat down, trembling as if with a chill.

Terror overcame her. The edges of a cloud had covered the moon, but it still tried valiantly to shine through. Then it was hidden except for a dull glow and now it was impossible for her to see beyond her hand! When she could no longer see the edges of the road she was more keenly aware than ever of what lay beyond. Dense underbrush—heaven knew what wild animals lurked there; Mike had spoken blandly of coyotes and mountain cats. Now the thought of them made her blood run cold.

She tried to separate the mysterious sounds—was that an animal scurrying through the thicket or was it just a frightened bird, surprised by the unexpected darkness? She stifled a scream for suddenly she heard a weird cry. Bravely she told herself that it was a hoot owl, but to her anguished ears the sound was almost human.

A terrific compulsion overwhelmed her. She must keep moving and escape from this nightmare. Suppressing her impulse to turn back, she groped for her suitcase, found it and began creeping down the road, her eyes straining into the darkness. Oh, if only she had brought a flashlight, she thought, how much suffering it would have spared her!

Suddenly a little animal scurried across the road behind her and her frenzied scream frightened the creature as much as it did her. Annabelle began to run.

Her suitcase got in the way and she stumbled over it, sprawling on the ground. When she pulled herself up she realized that somehow she had gone off the road and that her legs had been viciously scratched by the brambles of the underbrush. Frantically she tried to find the road, but her sense of direction betrayed her completely. She was lost, hopelessly, desperately lost.

She was sobbing now. Her voice sounded to her like someone else's as she heard herself call out, "Mike! Oh! Mike! Help me! Please help me!"

She began to grope her way desperately in what she hoped was the direction of the road. There was now no thought of the suitcase which had vanished in the brush. Stumbling through trees and over rocks, she sensed that she was in a sort of ravine and that the terrain was changing. By this time she had fallen so often that her limbs had become numbed to pain. And then when she thought she could bear no more, the worst happened. She took a step into the darkness—there was only space—and she found herself falling down . . . down . . . Then she remembered no more.

When she awoke the sun had already begun to rise. The pain in her back and legs was excruciating. Dimly aware that she had landed on a rocky ledge and that she was no longer able to move, she realized poignantly the hopelessness of her predicament and wondered how long it would take her to die.

Annabelle could look up at the mountainside above her and gauge how far she must have fallen. She was shocked at the clarity of her mind now that the confusion of her first awakening had dissolved. Little by little, she began to test her arms and legs. She could not ascertain if any of them was broken, but the pain in them were so great that she found it desperately difficult to move.

At last she pulled herself toward the edge of her resting place and saw with horror that there was a steep drop of several hundred feet below her. And she



Covering a cover man: Artist Paul Hesse who does Photoplay-Movie Mirror covers, snapped in the Sun Valley Lodge ski room with one of his favorite models, Elyse Knox

saw, too, that this ledge on which she had landed was terrifyingly precarious and that small pieces of dirt and stone occasionally were sloughed off and dropped into the ravine below. She tried her voice and at first could scarcely talk above a whisper, but then the will to escape from this new nightmare gave her strength to shout. A bird flew across the sky; far in the distance she heard the whistle of a train; but around her there was nothing but the stirring of the morning wind in the overhanging trees and the occasional cry of a bird on the other side of the ravine.

When she had just about given up hope that anyone would find her, she heard a cry—a distant “Hulloa!”—and the will to live leaped again in her. Could this be a rescue party?

But minutes passed before the call came again, and she thanked God that now it sounded nearer.

STRAINING to the utmost, she managed to shout loud enough so that she could conceivably be heard. There was a long silence and then she heard an answering shout. She raised herself on her elbow, cupped her hand to her lips and shouted again.

Nearer and nearer came the answering cry and at last she could hear the movement of someone coming down the slope overhead. Then she recognized Mike's voice, and she looked up and saw that he had emerged from the woods fifty feet or so above her. He peered down into the ravine and when he at last caught sight of her he gasped at the realization of how far she must have fallen.

“Annabelle!” he shouted. “Are you all right?”

She made a last effort to raise herself. “Mike—Mike!”

He was starting down the steep, rocky decline, letting himself down with the agility of an Alpine climber. Then she remembered the pieces of dirt and stone that were falling from the precarious ledge upon which she lay. If it could scarcely hold her weight, what would happen when Mike reached her? She looked again at the distance beneath her to the gully below and realized that the fall would be the end of both of them.

“Mike! Stop! Go back!” she screamed.

But Mike Harrigan continued the dangerous descent.

The conclusion of “Man-Poison” appears in next month's PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. Read the unexpected developments which bring this Hollywood novel to an exciting close.

NOTICE TO DEANNA DURBIN FANS:

We're beating the gun by giving you a full color portrait by the great Hollywood photographer, Paul Hesse, of the girl who will be the world's most famous bride in 1941—

ON THE JUNE COVER OF PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

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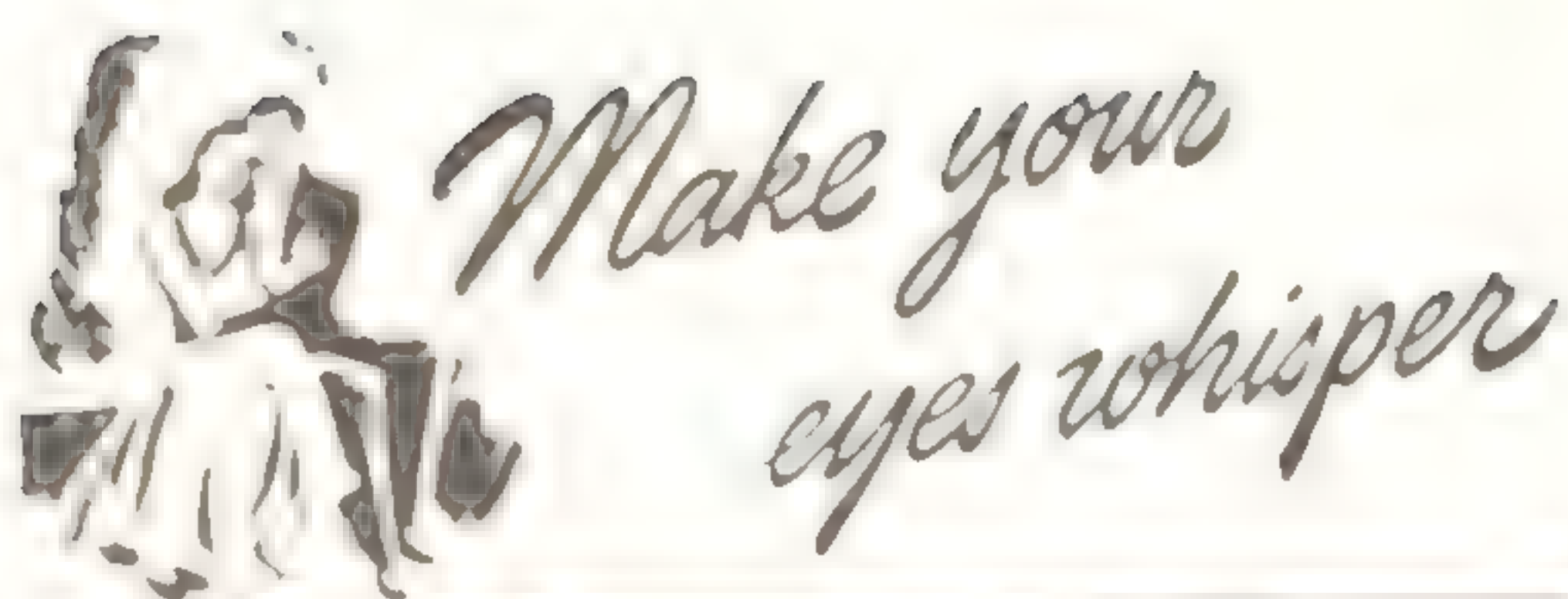
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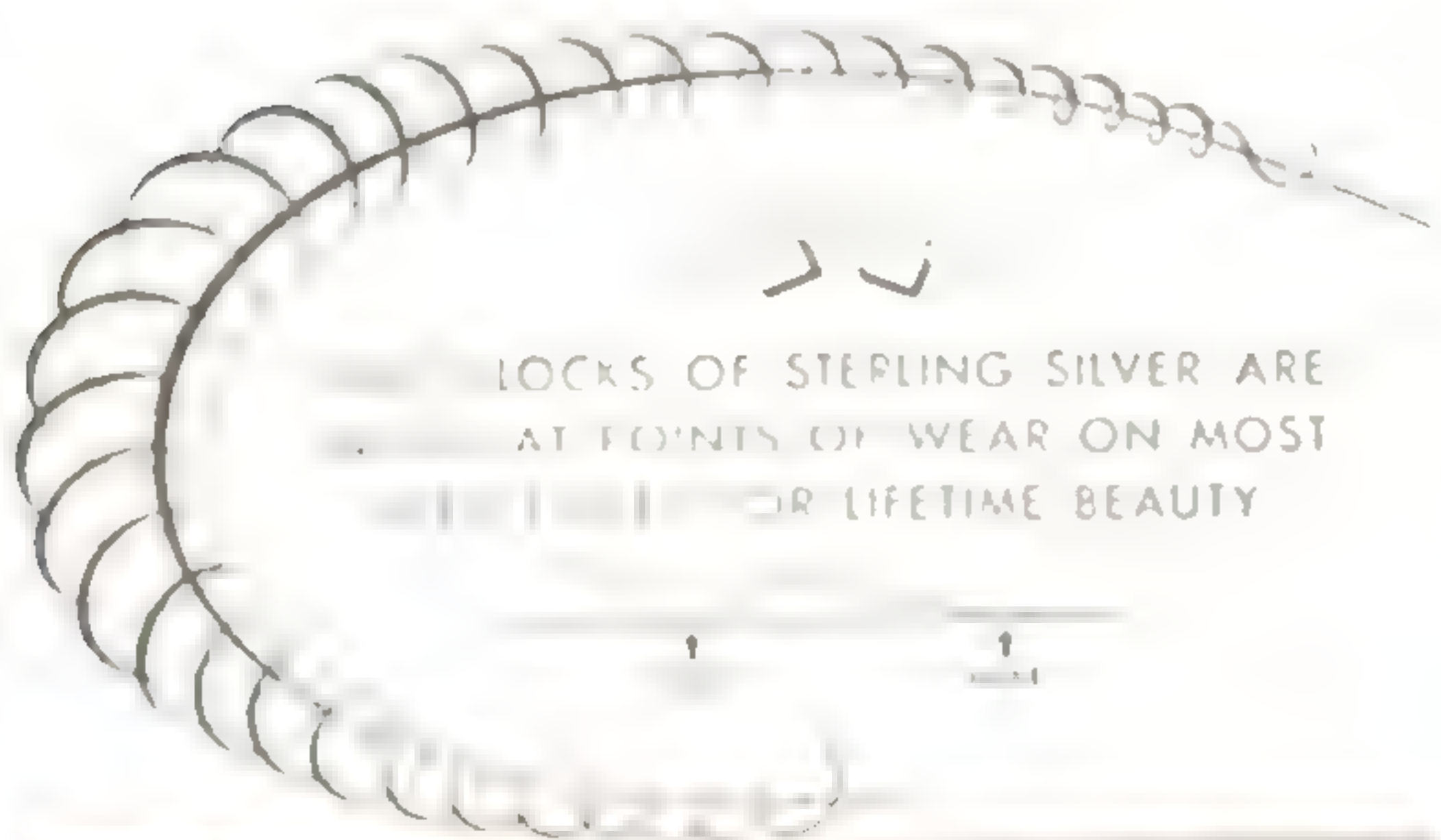
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How I Keep My Figure

(Continued from page 37)

so much food in the future. You won't be able to eat too much, even though you satisfy your appetite at every meal.

Another sane habit into which my mother guided me is not to sleep too much. There is nothing, according to my observation, that will cause anyone to gain weight quite so readily as more sleep than the average human being requires. I was always encouraged to sleep eight hours out of every twenty-four and I don't feel exactly right if I don't get that much. But I never sleep any more than that, even though I should like to, sometimes. Instead, I get up and play a game of badminton, golf or tennis.

YES, I like out-of-door games very much and they, too, are quite certainly good insurance against overweight. I have never chosen my games, though, with reducing in mind. I play golf, eighteen holes once or twice a week (when I am not working; I haven't time for much golf when I am), because I like it; tennis about twice a week, because I like that, too. I am crazy about bowling and usually bowl three nights a week.

And—no, I don't eat a "snack" right after my "athletics." I wait until meal-time. Thanks to Mother's training, regular eating is a habit too strong for me to break now. Incidentally, when I am not working, I often stay up later at night and therefore get up later the next morning. Which schedule works out so that I have breakfast around the middle of the morning and then usually don't eat again until dinner time. I don't seem to feel the need for so much food between pictures.

Do you know what I should do if I ever found myself in danger of "losing my figure"—if the tendency to gain weight should "rear its ugly head" in my own scheme of things? Well, first I should check up on my normal measurements, with relation to my weight, and if the latter were even a pound over normal, I should lose that

pound. It shouldn't be so hard to lose one pound! Going without lunch or a few desserts or potatoes or cream in your coffee for a day or two should do it. Next, after I had my weight just where I wanted it, I should buy myself, if at all convenient, a new dress which fit perfectly . . . not one loose enough to allow for a few extra pounds, but one which would tell the sad tale if even half a pound came on! And then, using that dress as a sort of gauge, I should keep myself slender enough to fit it! I have a dress, now, which is smooth-fitting enough to be such a gauge. I wear it every once in a while. And believe me, if it ever begins to get tight, I'll know what to do!

Of course, a set of bathroom scales is an awfully good thing to have, too, if you are weight-conscious. I have one and while at present I have become sort of negligent in using it because my weight seems never to vary, believe me, I shall weigh myself regularly if I ever develop a tendency to gain! It is so easy to step on the scales after your morning shower and to plan your meals or your athletic program for that day according to what you read there.

You could even do some "daily dozens" right there in your bathroom. I have always felt I should find routine "daily dozens" very uninteresting, but they are good for one's health as well as one's figure, certainly. For instance, I don't suppose there could be any better way of keeping your waistline intact than bending over front and sideways and touching your fingertips to the floor without bending your knees. But surely you know that one already.

And—don't forget dancing! I am sure you'll find that a lot more fun! After you learn a few basic steps, just turn on the radio or phonograph and go to it, remembering, always, to do it wholeheartedly. Because "keeping your figure," like everything else, is scarcely worth doing unless you give it the best you've got!



Cue as to how Betty Grable, now dancing for a star-studded living in Fox's "Miami," keeps her award-winning figure is the dress at the left. Facts behind the figure are her measurements as given below

Height	5' 4"
Bust	34½"
Waist	24"
Hips	36"
Neck	13½"
Headsize	22½"
Weight	112 lbs.
Wrist	6"
Thigh	20"
Calf	12½"
Ankle	7½"
Upper arm	10¼"
Shoe size	4C
Glove size	6

Round Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 47)

location; and as a result, Stirling, with an option just lifted, is in movies.

He's a sane, sensible young man who's done the things he loved to do and at twenty-five is ready for business.

His life has been hard and adventure-laden. He isn't easily fooled. Not even by Hollywood. Why, he even knows that one day it will eventually absorb him. Yes, he even knows that.

Oh, yes, he's a bachelor. The only time he got engaged was to the daughter of the U. S. consul at Papeete in the South Sea Islands. But, girls, it didn't take.

Gene Tierney:

GENE TIERNEY is as much a part of Americana as the hot dog and the covered wagon. She's a member of that social group known as debbies—short for debutantes. With the freedom given to all classes in our glorious America, Gene had a perfect right to do something about it (the debbie thing) if she chose. And she chose. She became an actress.

It wasn't easy. It took stamina, will power, determination and a will to succeed that no amount of social comforts could down. Oddly enough, Gene is now tatter-ragged *Ellie May* of "Tobacco Road," in which she wears dirt for make-up and sports bare feet in place of glamour.

Born in New York, Gene attended the usual swanky schools of the sub-debs—Miss Farmer's in Connecticut, St. Margaret's School in Waterbury and then Brillmont at Lausanne, Switzerland. But all the time, in the back of her mind, was the desire to do something and she was pretty sure that something was acting. Her parents were against it, of course, so Gene made a pact with her father, Howard Tierney, a New York insurance broker. She'd agree to "come out," try the social whirl for three months; then, if she didn't like it, he'd agree to accompany her in the rounds of the producers' offices once a week.

True to his word, at the end of three months, Father began the rounds with Gene, for she, of course, had loathed the social business. At the end of a month, when nothing happened, Mr. Tierney was beginning to be pretty pleased about it all. Then daughter Gene got a part in a play, "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains," after reading a piece in Irish dialect. The play failed and so did a second one, "Ring Two." But Gene got good notices in both of them and was brought out to Hollywood by Columbia where she did nothing for six months. Back in New York, she was handed the ingenue lead in "The Male Animal," a hit, and instantly Twentieth Century-Fox signed her.

She lives with her mother in Hollywood, adores brother "Butch," who is taking post-grad work at Yale, and sister Patricia Anne, aged four, who is attending school in Richmond, Virginia.

Her hair, reddish-brown, is thick and abundant; her eyes, green; her smile, amazingly crooked.

That well-tubbed, well-scrubbed, well-tailored look (usually slacks) is part and parcel of Gene, who is headed places these days—and all because she'd rather work than loaf.

Three cheers for Gene, we say.

Good-by, Linda; Hello, Dorothy:

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FREE CATALOG

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SAYMAN'S Vegetable Wonder SOAP

a Carmel Little Theater group and because he did, Dorothy is now in Hollywood. She has just finished her first role of any consequence as Orson Welles' wife in "Citizen Kane," a tough assignment for even an experienced trouper.

Between the Chaplin discovery and the Welles' lead there were many disappointments and rebuffs, enough to drive a less determined girl right back to Carmel and the artists. But Dorothy doesn't possess that mass of burnished red hair and those enormous hazel eyes for nothing.

So, she stayed, called one stupid producer a name and walked out of one studio by invitation and another through her own request.

Warner Brothers sent for Dorothy when the publicity over "Chaplin's new Carmel discovery" hit the papers. They changed her name to Linda Winters and gave her one bathing suit after another for the purpose of leg art, as they term it. But they gave her no roles and, after all, it was her idea to act before a camera, not pose for pictures.

She tried Columbia next. But all she could get of her lovely self before a camera was her hands. Those lovely slim hands were used for close-ups of other star's hands time after time.

Then a friend spoke to Welles about Dorothy (she changed her name back to her real one when she left Warners) and he agreed that she make a test. The role called for a drunken old bag, as Dorothy describes her, around sixty years old. Those tests were so good they were never remade when the picture got going. The tests were used as part of the film.

She's a native daughter, a rarity in California, and was born right here in Los Angeles. When she was nine, however, her family moved to Oakland where Dorothy attended school and took one year's work at the University of California.

An interesting job, as head of an art museum in Taos, Arizona (Kit Carson's home town), was offered her and there she came into contact with artists, authors, among them D. H. Lawrence, whom she had read all through high school, and other interesting people of the cosmopolitan small town.

Hostess in an art gallery connected with a dude ranch outside Carmel, California, was her next job. The artists that swarm the colony were quick to spot her beauty and begged her to model. This led to the Little Theater Group.

She claims everything happens to her in May. She married writer Richard Colins in May and the next May, just as she began the Welles picture, she discovered she was going to have a baby. She spends most of her time now between the baby and the antique shops, trying to furnish the house she and her husband have taken out in the Valley.

She's mad over Persian cats and fine old bottles. After "Citizen Kane" we predict we'll all be mad over Dorothy.

Rand Brooks:

WE are convinced that as the Hollywood girls go brunette the young actors in Hollywood grow blonder. Rand Brooks, the young lad who is seen in so many pictures, including "Jennie," "The Son of Monte Cristo," "Girl From Avenue A" and "Three Cheers for Miss Bishop" is another of these blond, blue-eyed, six-foot lads who threaten to become the blond Gables of tomorrow. For Rand, at twenty-two, is an actor, learning his trade the hard way, playing everything that comes his way.

For one so young his life has been a varied one of ups and downs. His father, a retired wholesale jeweler, had moved to a large farm near St. Louis to live in retirement when Rand was born. When Rand was thirteen his parents separated and the boy began traveling about the country with his mother, attending schools in Florida, New York and finally California where he graduated from the Beverly Hills High School.

When his father wrote that his funds were getting low, Rand, at seventeen, knew something had to be done toward helping support mother and grandmother. While loving the acting profession above all else, he decided it was too insecure to tackle as a newcomer, so he took a job in a broker's office at fifty dollars per month and worked laboriously through a depression that left the bond business limp. But all the while on the side Rand had been studying dramatics with a coach and finally he got up nerve to quit the brokerage business and camp in casting director Fred Datig's office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for weeks. In desperation Datig finally sent him back to see talent scout Billy Grady, who gave Rand an audition that turned out swell and a test that turned out horribly. Nevertheless, Rand refused to be too discouraged and begged to be allowed to hang about and help other newcomers make tests. Smart boy that he is, when his first chance in "Dramatic School" came. Rand was used to cameras, lights and directors. That role won him the part of Scarlett O'Hara's first husband in "Gone With the Wind" and the boy was on his way.

The loss of the foreign market meant a cut-down on the payroll and Rand was among those to be let out of M-G-M. It all but broke his heart, but he's been doing all right for himself as a free lancer.

Ann Rutherford is his best girl friend. With her he talks over all his problems. He feels safe in Hollywood as long as he isn't "discovered" before he's ready for leads. His favorite actor, by the way, is Louis Hayward.

He likes clothes, fast cars and food. But at twenty-two, Mr. Arlington (yep, the same name as Robert Taylor) Rand Brooks Jr. is a mighty serious lad.

The Best in the West:

THE library door was closed and the man who sat alone by the fire seemed at peace with himself and the room. Once, as he looked up from the scrips he was studying, his eye fell on an old account book on a lower shelf near his chair. He smiled to himself as he reached over and picked up the book, turning its pages idly.

The book, that carefully kept ledger, told about all the story there was to tell of Walter Brennan's career in pictures. Here was his first entry when he began in motion-picture business in 1926. It was for seven dollars and fifty cents for a day's extra work. Several pages over, there was a kind of giddy gayness in the way he wrote fifteen dollars for one day. But after that the pages were empty. That was when he held out for fifteen dollars, and only hunger drove him back to the seven-fifty again. And then one day it was twenty-five dollars and then back again to fifteen dollars, and down to seven-fifty, and then fifty dollars and seventy-five dollars and no more backslides. He was on his way up into the big round figures.

The thing that pleases Walter Brennan most about it all is the fact he has the same wife after twenty-five years and



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Stars all about! A meteoric shower of lights crowning San Francisco's twenty-seven hills below! In all the world, no other such view as seen through the Mark's windows in the sky. Nowhere gayer people in gayer setting.

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loves her as dearly as he always did. They live out in the Valley on a ranch, the one he gets to see little of because he works almost every day of his life, rising at six-thirty and getting back home at dark. Mike, the older son, a six-foot-four-inch giant who rides horses like a wild Indian, with no saddle and hell bent for heaven, is eighteen now. He and Andy go to Hollywood High School, and Ruthie, just fifteen, goes to a day convent school. There couldn't be a more normal, average, healthy American family than the Brennans.

It's fortunate, Walter feels, that no one recognizes him off screen. His old-man roles, the ones he had to beg Hollywood to believe in, render him unrecognizable to passers-by. No one expects a youngish man in his forties, smartly dressed and businesslike in appearance, to be Brennan.

It gives him a big kick when he's strolling with his friend, Lewis Stone, to stand by, unrecognized, while autograph fans swarm all over Stone and he himself goes scot free.

There's a wholesome reverence (the old-fashioned kind) about Brennan that fairly grips the heart. No cuss words ever pass his lips before his family and darned few away from them, we'll wager. Nearly every statement is prefaced with the old-timey phrase of "by jimminies."

"By jimminies," he'll say, "I want my kids to know the value of money. The boys get twenty-five cents an hour for work they do on the ranch, but they know I'll back 'em for any sum provided they're sincere. Mike, who belongs to the 4H Club, the future farmers of America, has already invested in cattle for the ranch he'll own one day."

His own boyhood was filled with a strange wanderlust that led him into strange places and strange professions, for instance into "turkey shows," those small-time musical comedies that tour the sticks.

His mother was bewildered and hurt over her son's strange roamings and so, to please her, he went back to Swampscott, Massachusetts, where he was born, and entered Rendge Technical School. But when war was declared in 1917, Brennan marched away in the 26th Division. He fought at the front-line trenches and then came home to go into the investment brokerage business. With the money he made, he decided to move on to Guatemala and go into the pineapple business. With him went his bride, the little girl who had sat behind him all through grade school and with whom he played "I Spy" at recess.

They never got to Guatemala. The real-estate boom was on in California and Brennan invested his fortune (a sizable one, mind you) into that business whose bottom fell flatter than a pancake. Brennan fell with it. And turning to the one industry the town offered and calling on his "turkey show" experience to help him, he began those weary rounds of casting offices.

It was in "The Wedding Night" that audiences and Hollywood first recognized and loved his homey, old-man characterizations, but it was the role of *Old Atrocity* in "Barbary Coast" that really sent him on his way—a way few men have equaled, with three Academy awards to his credit and his latest triumph as *The Colonel* in "Meet John Doe."

It is because of men such as Walter Brennan—wise as a father, loving as a husband, straight-dealing as a man and humble as an artist—that Hollywood survives. Of course, if the boys inherit his three Oscars, they'll probably use 'em as doorstops for the barn doors—but that's another story.



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Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

even strike anybody as peculiar . . . I like Hollywood because now that the Mocambo has opened, it is no longer quite so chic to go to Ciro's . . . just as when Ciro's opened it was no longer quite so chic to go to the Troc and when the Troc opened it made it no longer quite so chic to go to the Cocoanut Grove . . . I like Hollywood because when you really want to eat you go to Dave Chasen's, where everybody says you can get the best \$1.25 steak in the world for \$5.00. . . .

I like Hollywood because Alan Curtis, with his very modern, almost sinister sex appeal, is cast as the dreaming, gentle Franz Schubert in "New Wine," while Walter Pidgeon, who is truly a musical guy, has never been cast in a musical picture . . . I like Hollywood, too, because in its list of "best pictures of the year" submitted for Academy consideration, only three of them have been box-office hits . . . I like Hollywood because when Disney shows a picture of the sound track in "Fantasia" he does not show a picture of a sound track at all . . . but somebody's impression of what a sound track would look like if it did look like that, which it doesn't . . . I like Hollywood because the most individualistic and consistently successful producer of them all, Hal Wallis of Warner Brothers, is no more like that standard concept of a movie producer than is your Aunt Minnie . . . Wallie is no dumpy guy with an atrocious accent and flashy clothes giving ridiculous orders in a loud voice . . . he is a perfectly dressed, quiet-voiced, intelligent, modest gentleman who has a positive genius for remembering that movies should move, that stories should be about interesting people, and that love . . . in movies, at least . . . is a highly paying proposition . . . with the result that Warner Brothers, year after year, turn in profit sheets that make the other studios writhe with envy . . . I like Hollywood because I don't know of any producer who is like that standard concept of a movie producer, anyhow not even Sam Goldwyn, whose famous murdering of the King's English has more odor of publicity than reality about it.

I love Hollywood because "rain scenes" are never photographed in real rain, or "snow scenes" in real snow, and usually the last person considered fit to work on the screen play is the person who wrote the original story . . . and I think it is equally wonderful that every day or so expectant mothers drop by Central Cast-

ing and announce when their offspring will be born just in case there is a call for a baby an hour or a day or whatever old on those important dates.

I love Hollywood because with all the talk about its being a place only for youth, it is actually an ageless place—the town being just as excited over the discovery of Adeline De Walt Reynolds (Clarence Brown's discovery in "Come Live With Me" and over eighty) as it is over the art of Miss Carolyn Lee, aged less than four . . . and I like it, too, because from its own ranks it is evolving people who like movies well enough not to be entirely concerned with making money from them . . . as, for example, John Ford's putting his own money into "The Long Voyage Home" . . . and Director E. H. Griffith's buying the story "Three of Us Stayed" and then refusing to sell it at a huge profit because he wants to make it himself . . . and people like Mark Hellinger, making hit after hit (the most recent one is "High Sierra") and not getting important about it at all, and even though you may . . . like myself . . . have known him "when" . . . it is still possible to know him "now" . . . and people like David Selznick, refusing million-dollar contracts so that he can make pictures in his own, slow, perfected way.

LIKE Hollywood because it must certainly be the only place on earth where if you are an eagle you can earn more than you can if you are a "dress extra" . . . don't misunderstand . . . I don't like the idea of eagles' beating man at the economic game . . . but I like the goofiness of a town where that is possible . . . and it does happen here . . . there's an eagle in town who earns fifty dollars daily . . . and a squirrel who gets seventy-five . . . but dress extras, and good ones, are lucky if they average fifteen dollars a week, year in and year out . . . as for the high-salaried dogs in the film colony . . . well, there's no keeping up with them . . . and I suppose you know that all the star horses in Western pictures get their tails bleached glamour stuff, you know.

And finally I love Hollywood because every day in every way it puts on celluloid the true reproduction of the American way of living . . . a way of laughter and health and love and tolerance . . . a living message to the downtrodden, subject people that democracy does work gloriously and thrillingly and everlastingly.

What D' You Mean—Sweet Sixteen?

(Continued from page 34)

Derby once, in the daytime at that. And I've never been to Ciro's. But I do have eyes and ears. By which I've decided that drinking among the teen-age crowd is no better or worse than in Paducah. In fact, if you can believe what you read, they drink everywhere. More to be sophisticated than anything else, I'd guess.

Don't get any wrong ideas, however. There are plenty who don't drink. Deanna Durbin, a keen girl, is one. Bonita Granville is another. Jane Withers, of course, has her malted milks.

Romance and dating aren't everything. Count that girl in a coma who doesn't have the worry that goes with dressing and looking attractive so that the nice

man who lives down the block . . . But I seem to be coming back to the subject.

If you're the girl who dresses on a budget, I'm the one to give you a hint or two.

At the risk of being disillusioning, I must confess that I dress on a budget. It happens to be \$15 a week. So what do I do about it? Save up for three months and buy myself a Hattie Carnegie model? Not on your life.

The logical solution is sport clothes. As it happens, I'm mad about them. In them I can relax and be myself. Too, they cost less.

How fond I am of sport clothes you can guess when I set down in writing that I have only one "dressy" number in my



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whole wardrobe, a wardrobe which, of course, would give Marlene Dietrich an acute case of hysteria. I don't even own a formal, although perhaps I should. As for a mink coat, well . . . why bring that up?

My own particular problem is to see how far I can stretch \$15 a week.

You can have a lot of fun figuring out how to make a \$15 budget look like Constance Bennett's \$150-a-week clothes allowance. Perhaps this is a help. If you have it to spend, seven or eight dollars invested in a nice jacket—in some chic, substantial color, a good green, say—will bring you good returns. If you can get a skirt to match, so much the better.

After that, all you have to do is buy yourself a few sweaters (\$4 tops, a la Susanna Foster) and you've got an outfit you can wear anywhere—including to school, drat it!

If you happen to be handy with a needle, you can make yourself some cute little skirts for around fifty cents apiece. And I'm not kidding. Nothing pretentious, mind you. I mean the plain little peasant-style with a gathered skirt and a tight waistband attached. I wish I could supply patterns. Personally, I don't use any. I can whip up one of these numbers and make a lemon meringue pie at the same time—almost.

With a stock of these little skirts in different colors and materials with long sleeves or with short sleeves, to match or to harmonize, you can improve your wardrobe no end.

I'VE never crashed the fashion magazines and, to be honest with you, the Duchess of Windsor has never asked me for hints on dressing, but, if I may make the suggestion, please see to it that your clothes match your personality. If your boy friend insists that you'd register 116 in the shade and that Rita Hayworth is as Jane Withers beside you, for the love of Pete don't wear a dirndl.

If you're the vivacious type (and it doesn't matter if you're a blonde, brunette, redhead, brownette or florentine-top), don't be afraid to wear red. It's very becoming to a blonde, I think. Then, too, blues are swell. Moss green is wonderful. And so are tans and certain shades of brown. Too much navy blue is depressing, seems like. Oh, yes, what about pinks? They've been neglected. Chosen carefully, and provided that the doll-pinks are shunned like I shun a wimple, they set a girl off in a crowd.

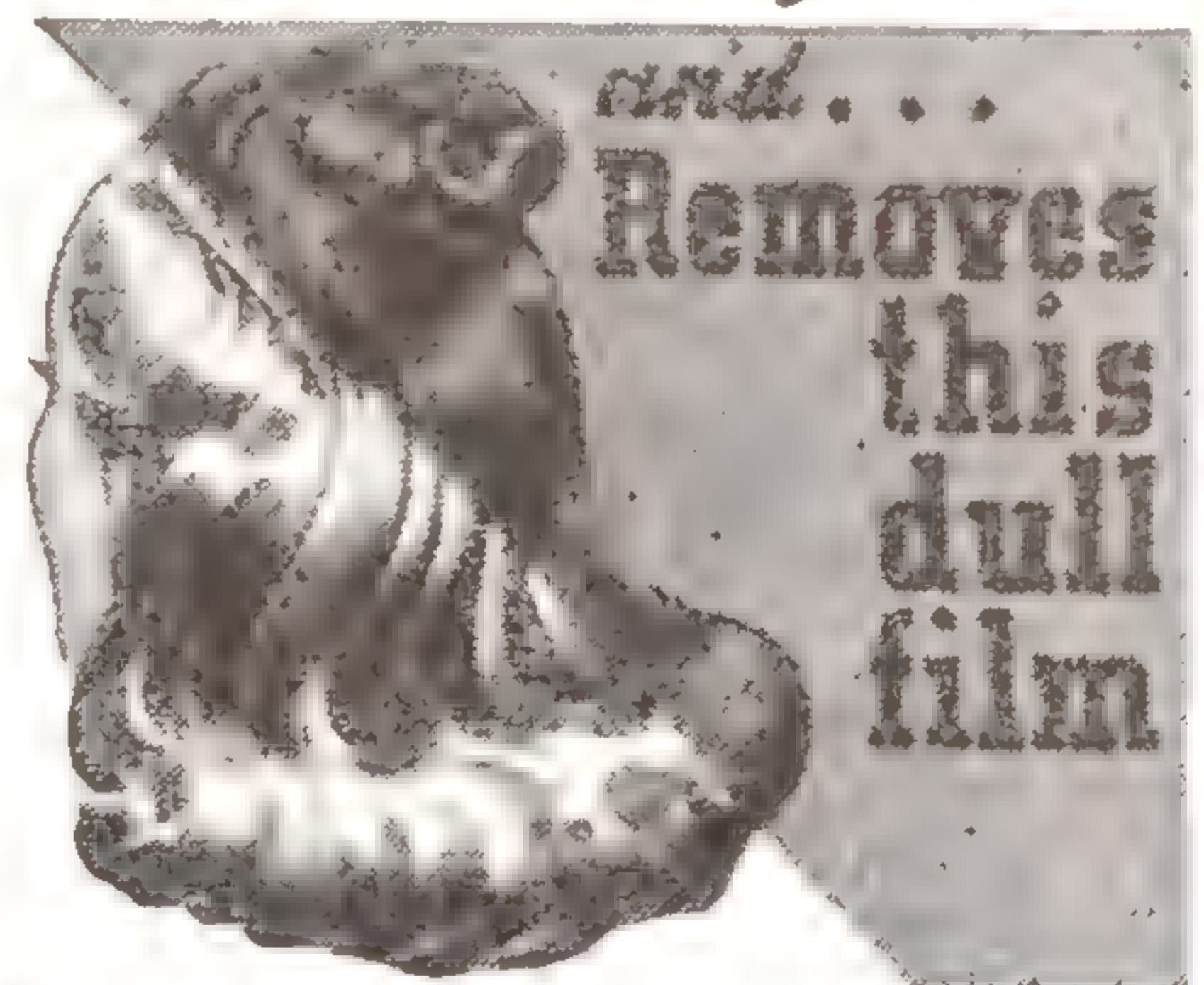
Countrariwise, if you're the nice, quiet type, as I'm not but ought to be, wear colors that are bright but not too bright. For example, when you wear red, don't wear vermilion. There's a wide range between that shade and, say, dubonnet. Select a good, even dye with a subtlety to it.

Perhaps you're the medium-brown hair type with no particular color scheme to follow. In which case, take my advice, why don't you, and go bright in a big way. There is nothing nicer than this nice brown hair and if you're smart you'll wash it often and keep it extremely shiny—a bit of wisdom, by the way, that fits all hair. Marjorie Weaver has hair like this and it's just stunning.

One word of warning: If you're a teenager, never wear a black skirt with a red jacket. Only Joan Crawford could get away with that.

Well, now that I have finished my little sermon on how to win friends and influence he-men, I'm moving to the North Pole by the next plane. I want to clear out before the stormy letters of protest come in wondering why the keepers let me out before I was thoroughly cured.

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The Truth about Temperament

(Continued from page 67)

to Hollywood a year ago she knew better than get fractious in a cast that included such players as Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart and Ruth Hussey under the direction of a man like George Cukor. Even so much as one flash of temperament and she could have been subtly slaughtered in every scene with such competition, and well she knew it. The result was that Kate was an angel child all during the shooting of the successful picture "The Philadelphia Story."

THE wisdom of Hepburn was the type Shirley Ross lacked when she tangled with Mary Livingstone on the set of "This Way, Please."

The Ross career was bounding along nicely at Paramount at that time. Shirley was pretty, a good dancer, a fair actress and a slick blues singer—in all, a neat package. But, unfortunately when she saw Mary getting a couple of strong scenes and many laugh lines in "This Way, Please," she went into the front office and objected. What upset the balance was Mary's being also Mrs. Jack Benny—and you know about Jack. Paramount knew about Jack, too. It was more important to them to keep Jack happy than it was to keep Shirley happy. So Shirley did not have her way.

One actress made life for everyone miserable when she was under contract to a large studio. She was expected to marry the producer. Later, when they ceased being friends, she capped all her didoes by walking out on her contract with the studio and him. This summer she was in Hollywood, much subdued, and did some acting. Though she stayed around Hollywood for a while after that, no contracts were offered. Producers just don't want people who are going to hold up production with their tantrums.

There's the case of Miriam Hopkins. Once upon a time she was one of the most sought-after of stars, for she is talented and a real personality. But temperamental—! The fighting that went on between her and Errol Flynn—no slouch himself when it comes to temperament—during the making of "Dodge City" could be heard clear from Burbank to Santa Monica.

There's a story they tell of Miriam several years ago. She had to dance for a certain scene and a dance instructor was assigned to teach her. Daily, he made appointments for lessons with her, went to the studio and waited hours, and daily Miriam postponed her lessons. Meanwhile, the picture was in production and the scene for her dance finally came around. Miriam did not do so well. The director asked how come. Miriam blamed it on too few lessons.

The teacher was there and told the director the real story. When it was all over, Miriam giggled. "I used to make excuses a lot when I was a kid," she said, "but I do it much better now."

Of course, the director dutifully laughed and forgave her. But probably he didn't forget. Time had to be taken out while she put the finishing touches on the dance.

Not that it is only stars who show temperament—and get licked because of it. Joseph Von Sternberg, he who discovered Dietrich, he who is actually a fine director, has a great deal of temperament. He would do scenes not only eight or ten times but forty and fifty, and, in one case, the case of Edward Arnold in "Crime and Punishment," he did a scene ninety-eight times. Arnold and Von Sternberg did not get on well together. Von Sternberg made Eddie go through that one scene for ninety-eight takes and then, when the actor was completely exhausted and nerve-shaken, he remarked to his script girl, "Now print take number six."

But for sheer rudeness and career-dumbness the case of a young character actress vs. one of Hollywood's wittiest stars seems to me to take the prize. The character actress was a very attractive girl who could play meanies superlatively. The picture was being made by an independent producer at one of the smaller and more crowded studios and he realized he was in a jam for stellar dressing rooms. Accordingly, he had a portable dressing room fixed up right on the sound stage he had hired and assigned his borrowed star to it. Meantime he signed the character girl for the second feminine role in the picture, a most important one. The producer was aware of the character girl's temper, but he gambled on his star's good nature and asked her to try to keep peace, for the good of the picture. This the star agreed to do. But then the character girl walked in and threw the monkey wrench. Seeing the dressing room assigned to the star and seeing her own dressing room on the lot, which was admittedly small and not luxurious, she refused to work unless she had a dressing room that equalled that of the star.

In vain the producer pointed out that he didn't have room to construct a second. In vain he pleaded with her to be a good sport. No siree.

It was then that the star interposed, thinking a little humor would relieve the situation. "I'm merely the star," she said kiddingly. "Why don't you take my dressing room?" At least she thought she said it kiddingly.

The character girl didn't, however. Calmly she overlooked all the traditions of the theater and of Hollywood, those traditions that have always given a star the preferential treatment. Said the girl, "Oh, very well, I'll stay then," and forthwith she sailed into the star's dressing room and assumed possession.

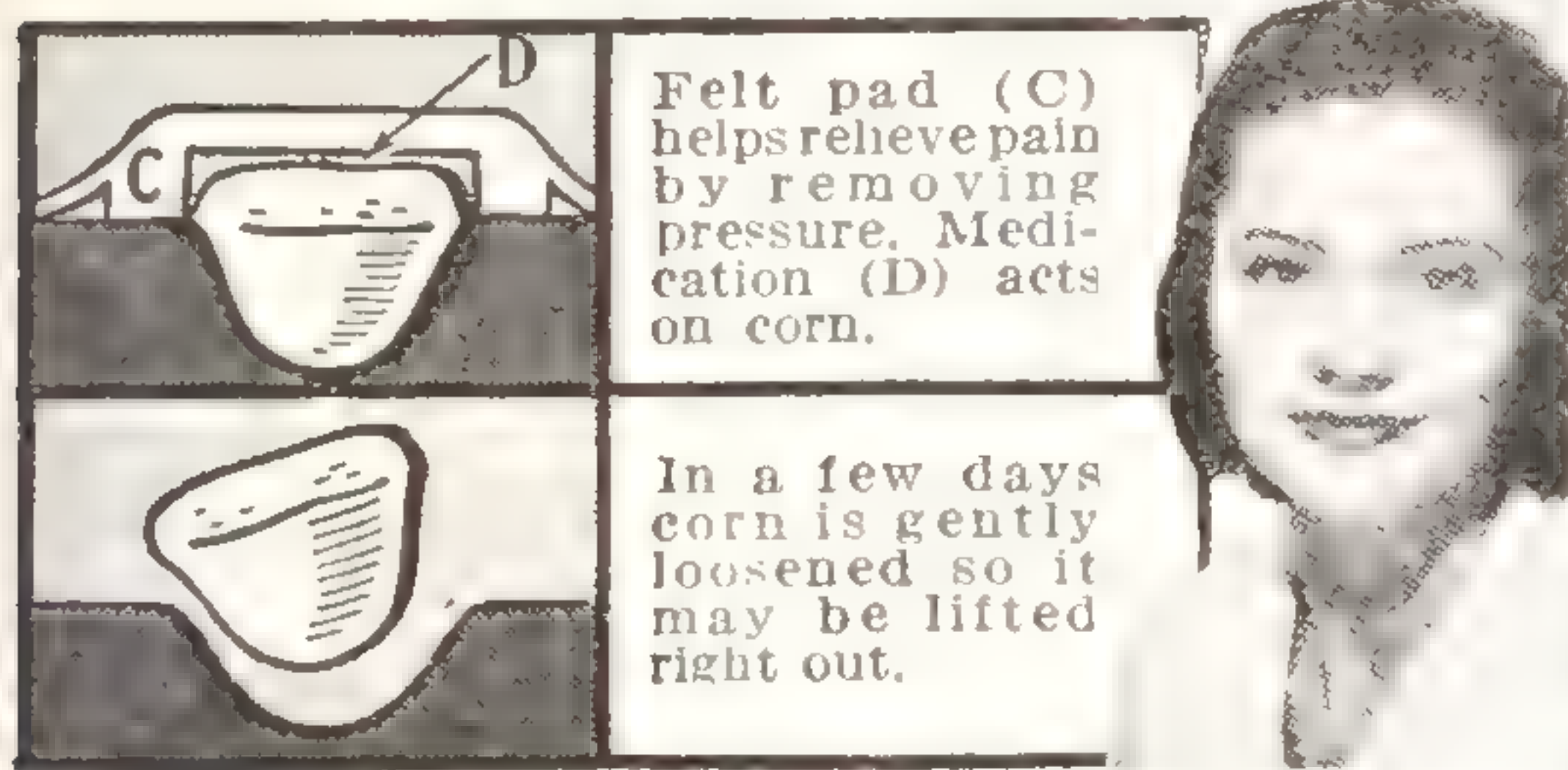
The star took it as a joke on herself. For that entire picture, she dressed across the lot. The producer raged about it; the star laughed. But she didn't forget, and neither did the producer nor Hollywood. The moral is that the character girl is rarely seen nowadays.

Because, you see, stars are just as human as the rest of us and "do unto others as ye would they should do unto you" works just as positively in Hollywood as it does any place on earth.

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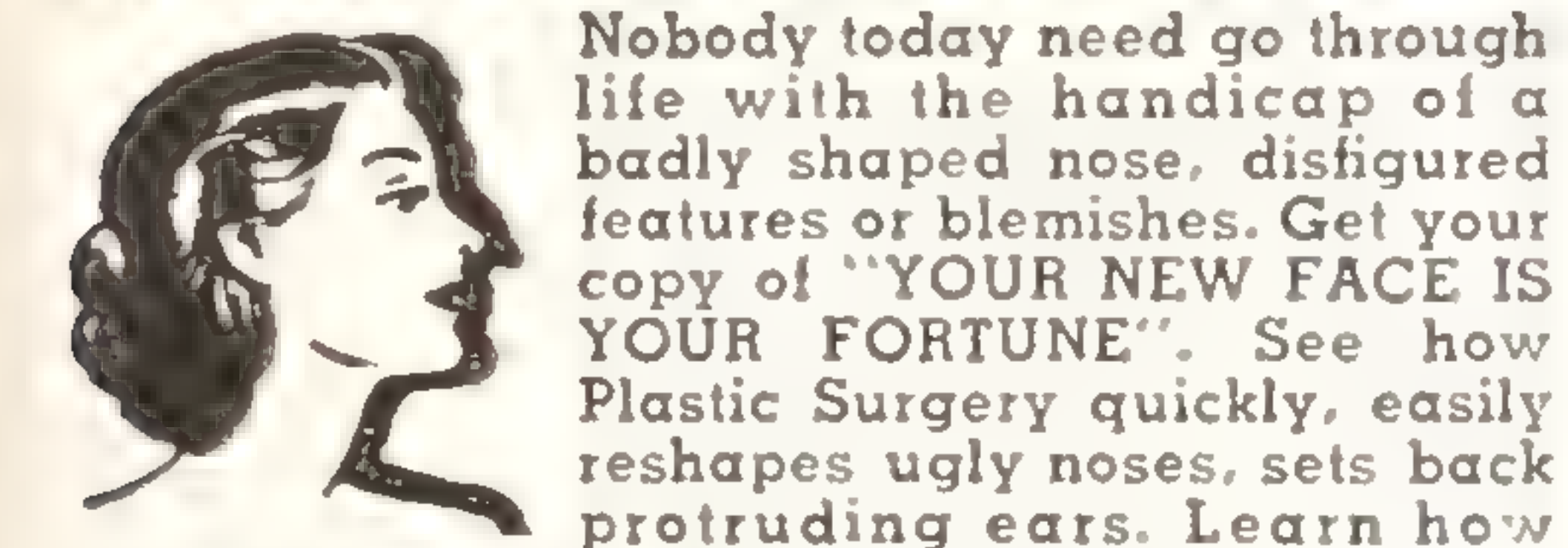
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓ Nice Girl? (Universal)

It's About: A nice girl, a near scandal, and young love.

WE feel a bit sacrilegious about this, but "Nice Girl?" is by far the weakest Durbin film to date and we doubt very much that without the magic name of Durbin it would get very far in the final check-up.

Please do not misjudge us. It is not a bad picture. It is only a "fair" picture; but we are so used to associating all that's best in movies with the fair Deanna that it comes as a shock to us not to be able to enthuse as usual.

The story just wasn't there, somehow, or if it was it didn't jell. Deanna is a small-town nice girl who throws herself at Franchot Tone's head and rebounds into the waiting arms of Bob Stack, the hometown boy who always loved her. Stack does his very best work. Ann Gillis as the kid sister is a darned cute trick, but Bob Benchley as the father left us puzzled. We had a secret hunch he was kidding the whole thing—himself, us and the picture.

There are several bright gay moments to enliven the proceedings and again we say, because it's Deanna's weakest vehicle, do not think it too dull, please.

Your Reviewer Says: Good clean fun.

✓ The Trial of Mary Dugan (M-G-M)

It's About: The trial of an innocent woman for murder.

WAGS in town have tagged this picture "The Re-trial of Mary Dugan," due to the fact it was previously filmed with Norma Shearer in the title role. We hereby pronounce it "The Last Trial of Laraine Day," for the young lady, in the name role, certainly proves herself capable of complete stardom. As the woman on trial for murder, defended by her lawyer lover, Robert Young, Laraine is marvelous and comes out top-winner in any comparison you choose to make.

The story is remarkably well done, beautifully shaped and molded, the suspense timed carefully so as to reveal no impending plot twists. Everything about it, the writing, the acting, the directing, is big-time, and if M-G-M imagined for a second they were giving forth with a second-run picture, they're doomed to joyous disappointment. It's a gem of a little smoothie. That's what we think of it.

Your Reviewer Says: A sound, solid piece of motion-picture work.

✓ The Mad Doctor (Paramount)

It's About: An insane doctor who murders his wives.

WHAT in the world has got into Paramount, do you suppose, releasing two horror films in one month? (See the review of "The Monster and the Girl," p. 106) When we put it right up to them, the studio admitted this picture was made well over a year ago and has been gathering eeriness on the shelf until what seemed the propitious moment. We must say, despite its age, the film is one of the best of its kind, even better than "The Monster" story.

Gee! I FEEL LIKE A NEW WOMAN!

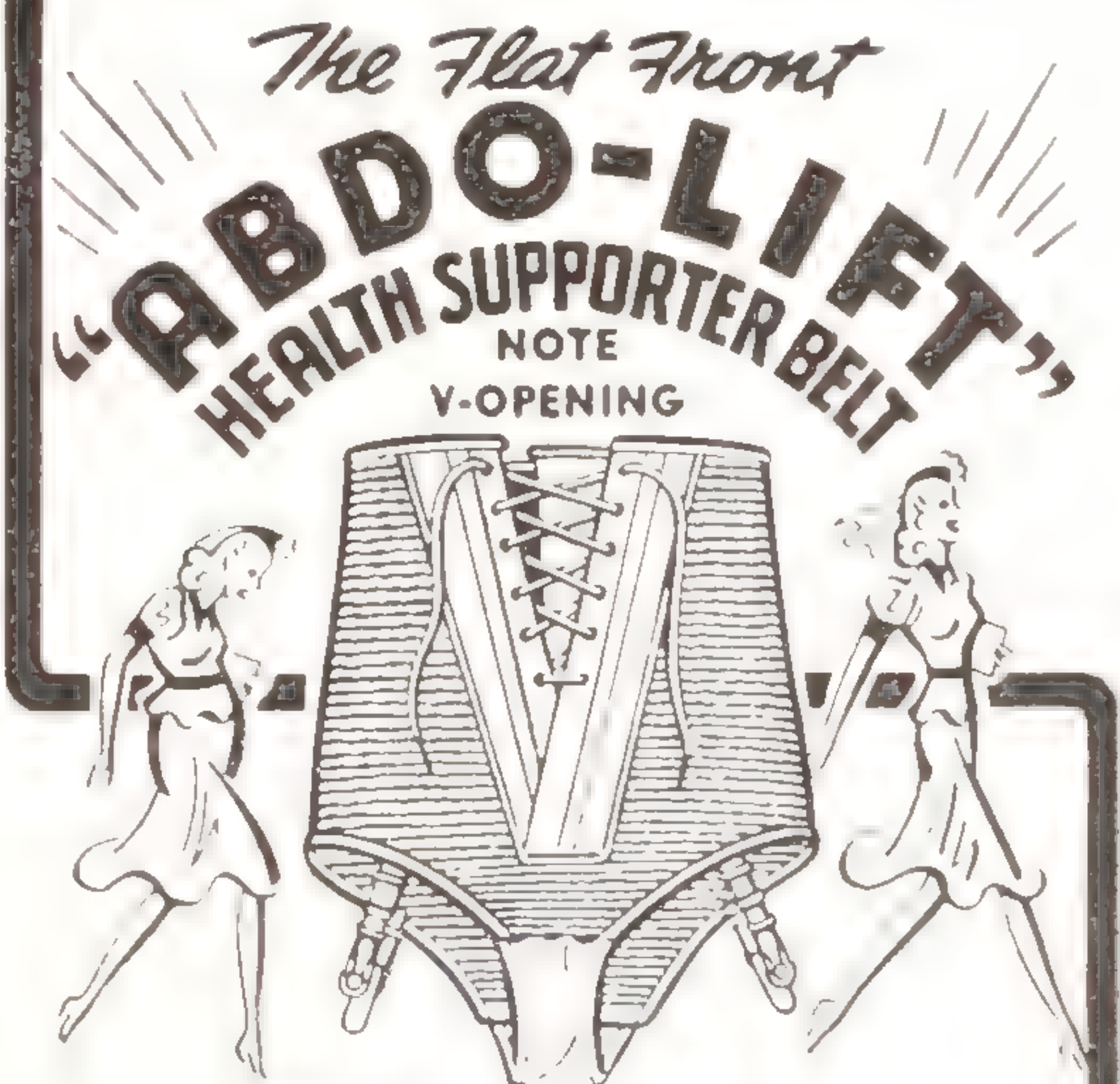
MY WIFE HATES TO GO OUT NIGHTS. SHE'S ALWAYS TIRED. THAT'S TOO BAD. MY WIFE'S ALWAYS FULL OF PEP. JOHN SAYS THAT SALLY IS NEVER TIRED IN THE EVENING. I'LL ASK HER HOW SHE DOES IT.

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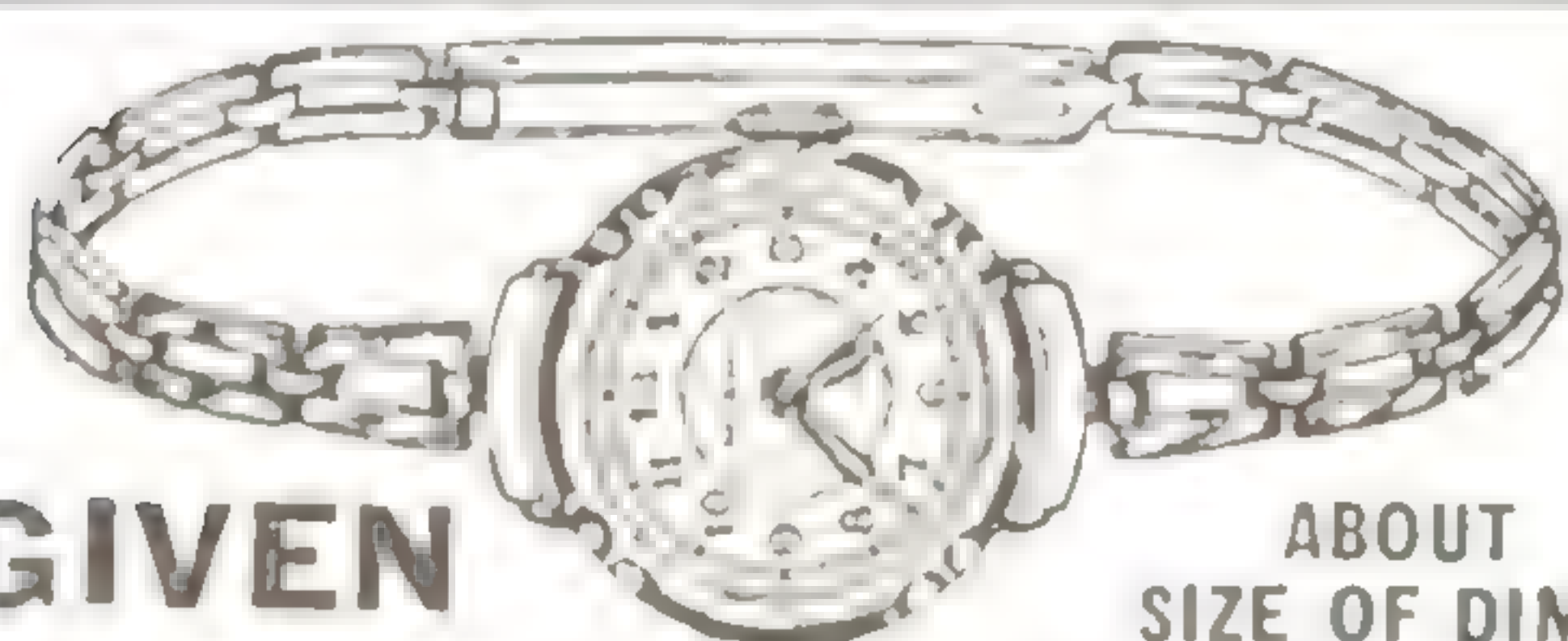
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Basil Rathbone is simply out of this world in his role of the mad doctor who marries 'em rich and leaves them—quite dead. He gets away with the murder business, too, until young John Howard comes along and suspects the worst when his own fiancée, Ellen Drew, falls under the doctor's spell. Brrrr, it gives us goose pimples just to write about it! And that Rathbone! But we did mention the beauty of his performance, didn't we?

Your Reviewer Says: Hold on to your scalps.

✓✓ Back Street (Universal)

It's About: The love of a woman for a married man.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. If you have a heart, prepare to have it torn. "Back Street," taken from Fannie Hurst's novel, is that kind of picture. It will never leave you the same, emotionally. Right now we want to nominate Margaret Sullavan as the actress of the month. In her role of the woman who lived only for the few stolen moments of love with the one man in her life, Miss Sullavan is superb. Charles Boyer, who refuses to color his role of the selfish lover with one trace of sentimental deviation from its true character, is another prize winner.

Comparisons are bound to be made with the Irene Dunne-John Boles version of the story made in 1932, which, alas, is one drawback to the remaking of old favorites.

However, in this instance, we feel the story becomes almost new again with Miss Sullavan's and Mr. Boyer's interpretation. And what a cast to aid them!

Your Reviewer Says: An emotional treat.

✓ Western Union (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The stringing of Western Union lines through the bold bad West.

HERE'S a good old rootin', tootin' Western tale for you, one that will more than please the men customers. So, ladies, have no fear of dragging off your husband or best beaus to see this movie. It's built to a formula that never fails—two men, Randy Scott and Robert Young, who love one girl (Virginia Gilmore); marauding Indians; gun fights; self-sacrifice; and a dash of comedy relief.

Scott, as the ex-bandit who pays back a debt of gratitude to Dean Jagger for having once saved his life, is very good indeed. So is Young. And Miss Gilmore looks like a promising newcomer.

It's lusty and gusty, out-West and virile and, despite its name, does not concern itself too completely with the history of the telegraph out West.

Your Reviewer Says: An outdoor hit

Road Show (Hal Roach—U. A.)

It's About: A millionaire who buys a carnival.

WELL, it has its moments and a tidy few lines of dialogue that are funny and amusing; but, on the whole, it misses. However, if you ever find it tucked away as a number two item on a double bill, stay to see it. We think the performance of Adolphe Menjou as a harmless looney will amuse you and the shenanigans of Patsy Kelly and her Indian suitor are good for several laughs.

The story has John Hubbard as a

sought-after young millionaire who finds love with Carole Landis, manager of a broken-down carnival. Carole doesn't dream the young man she hires as a laborer is a millionaire until—but you'll find out for yourself.

Charlie Butterworth and his fire-truck complex are fairly amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: Neither very good nor too bad.

The Monster and the Girl (Paramount)

It's About: A gorilla that avenged a murder.

WAIT a minute! Why are we approving, even mildly, a story so incredible, so unbelievable? Let's analyze this a second. Now, in the first place, we don't believe the brain of an innocent man could, at the exact moment of his execution, be transplanted into a gorilla's skull in order that the beast may wreak vengeance on the men responsible for his death. Certainly we don't believe it. Or do we? And it's that doubt, we are positive, that holds us fascinated to the end of this horror tale and has us giving it our nod of approval. The skillful direction of Stuart Heisler, the man who told so well the story of "The Biscuit Eater," is evidenced at every gruesome turn.

Anyway, it's one of those "I-don't-believe-it-but-tell-me-more" yarns and well worth an hour of your time.

Your Reviewer Says: A goose-pimpler.

✓ The Hard-Boiled Canary (Paramount)

It's About: A young burlesque singer in a children's musical training camp.

FOR the amazing musical ability of the youngsters in this film—singers, violinists, pianists, and so forth—we give a rousing hearty cheer. Tomorrow's stars are today's entertainers and as such are very good indeed. The story that weaves together the musical feats is not very long or strong as stories go. It has Allan Jones, son of the head of Camp Interlochen, rescuing a young burlesque singer from a raid and placing her among the boys and girls of the camp. Plain old havoc is the result. Mr. Jones should have foreseen that.

Susanna Foster, who is not a child but a young lady (believe me), is not nearly so good in her operatic attempts as she is in her intriguing impersonations.

In the cast, the youthful Heimo Haitto, William Chapman and dead-panish Patricia Travers stand out.

Your Reviewer Says: A grand musical treat.

✓ Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia)

It's About: A father's love for his family.

UNUSUAL is the word for this beautifully enacted story dealing with a father's love for his four sons. The theme is different in its continuity arrangement, with a time lapse from 1907 to the first World War. It tells of a father who brings up his four sons, with the aid of a governess, after his wife's death. His loss of fortune, his disillusionment through one of his son's wives, his growing love for the governess, are carefully highlighted.

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Warner Baxter gives one of his best performances as the father. Ingrid Bergman as the governess and Susan Hayward as the unfaithful daughter-in-law are outstanding. Richard Denning and Johnny Downs are splendid as the two older sons.

Your Reviewer Says: Different and appealing.

✓ Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Life among the "pore white trash" of Georgia.

EXACTLY as Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, the powers that be of 20th Century-Fox have halted motion pictures in their movements to give us a vivid, although repellent, still-life sketch of the shiftless, ignorant people of Georgia's "Tobacco Road."

This will emerge, undoubtedly, as a critic's picture, meaning, in plain words, it's art, brother, but it isn't box-office. Why anyone could imagine these mentally crippled, bovinelike people, lost in their world of physical filth, could ever come under the category of entertainment is beyond us.

True, Charley Grapewin as Jeeter Lester and William Tracy as his son give great performances, but to our notion it's too much like roaming through an asylum in order to laugh at the inmates. Gene Tierney has little chance to display her talent as the half-witted Ellie May.

With the lurid language and sex indulgences of the stage play eliminated from the screen story it remains a series of keenly etched character sketches.

Your Reviewer Says: Depressing.

✓ Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)

It's About: Andy annexes a secretary, a bagful of trouble and a diploma.

JUST about the best of the Hardy series is this family-portrait study of the enormously popular Hardys. Here is everything—woe, comedy, tragedy, love and Mickey Rooney. Here, too, is newcomer Kathryn Grayson with a voice to charm and entertain plus good looks and acting ability. We prophesy stardom one day for this lovely young lady who, in the picture, becomes Andy's secretary during high-school commencement week.

When Andy fails to pass his examinations we suffer right along with him and there, we believe, is the secret of Monsieur Rooney's popularity—he has the customers with him every inch of the way.

Todd Karns, handsome young son of actor Roscoe Karns, is another sure bet. Lewis Stone, as usual, is good and Ann Rutherford, beautiful.

Your Reviewer Says: One hundred percent entertainment.

✓✓ The Strawberry Blonde (Warners)

It's About: Love, life and the pursuit of happiness in the Gay (?) Nineties.

WARNERS have a honey of a picture in "The Strawberry Blonde," a story taken from the stage play "One Sunday Afternoon." It has a sweet kind of charm, nostalgic in flavor, radiating a sort of lump-in-the-throat aura that makes one fairly yearn for those days of Dad's and



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Mother's courtship. Unless, of course, one can remember back there oneself.

Jimmy Cagney, in our opinion, has never been so fine as the tough little mug with the fine clean spirit, who imagines he loves the *Strawberry Blonde* (Rita Hayworth) only to find real happiness with Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a revelation. She sparkles in a role that could have been very dull in less capable hands.

We are sorry, but somehow we felt the Rita Hayworth role fairly cried aloud for Ann Sheridan. Rita wasn't quite the "Strawberry" type, we're afraid.

Jack Carson, as Jimmy's loud noisy rival, and George Tobias as the Greek barber are tops.

Your Reviewer Says: Twenty-three skidoo to your nearest movie to see this one.

Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia)

It's About: *The Bumpsteeds go musical-comedy with a bang.*

HOW do you like the idea of your favorite comic strip and screen characters, *Blondie* and *Dagwood*, going musical? Well, frankly, we didn't take much to the idea either, but the action between the songs and dances (with *Blondie* shaking a mean hoof) is so funny one doesn't object to the strange interludes too much. Besides, *Blondie* is a keen performer and *Dagwood* on the drums is a wow.

It all happens when *Dagwood's* boss decides to take *Bumpstead* on a vacation to South America (Will he ever learn!) and *Dagwood* is called ashore on business at the last minute. The way he gets back on that boat and his attempts to hide are just too funny.

Tito Guizar sings beautifully and Ruth Terry in her song numbers is cute.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat for *Bumpstead* fans.

Ellery Queen's Penthouse Mystery (Columbia)

It's About: *A famous detective in action.*

MURDER mysteries must be a sure-fire theme at the box office, for here comes another, the second in this series, with a wise-beyond-his-years sleuth wading through danger and international intrigue to solve the murder of a ventriloquist (Watch your step, Bergen!) who had been entrusted with a secret government mission.

Ralph Bellamy is a perfect *Ellery*, with just the right balance of seriousness and good humor. Margaret Lindsay as his secretary and Charley Grapewin as the police inspector add to the proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair

✓ Buck Privates (Universal)

It's About: *Two comics in the army.*

HERE it is, the first comedy based on army life and let us tell you, it's very funny what with Bud Abbott ("I'm a bad boy") and Lou Costello gumming up Uncle Sam's defense plans.

The boys are terrific. Their amazing routines at times are simply hilarious; you really should see them. The plot? Oh yes, the plot! Now let's see. They had one, we're sure, but somehow—well, anyway, who cares! The two boys find themselves in the army before they know what they're doing.

Wealthy Lee Bowman and his chauffeur, Alan Curtis, are also among those present. The Andrews Sisters contribute some mighty swell warbling.

Your Reviewer Says: Blow the bugle loudly for this one.

Ridin' on a Rainbow (Republic)

It's About: *A cowboy who joins a showboat troupe for the purpose of sleuthing.*

PICTURE fans, shed tears of remorse for Autry, who rides a boat, not a horse.

Excuse the poetry, folks, and mighty sad it is too, for you see, me and the boys around the old corral are pretty nigh broken-up. They've taken our Gene off his horse and put him on a showboat and somehow the old prairie don't look the same.

Yessir, they've lassoed Autry and hog-tied him to a lot of show people in hopes that thataway Gene can track down the crooks that robbed the bank and vamoosed with the ranchers' money. Well, sir, the way it works out is a caution, dad-rat it all. But somehow we'd just as leave have the money gone and Gene back on his pony. Smiley Burnette went along for the ride.

Your Reviewer Says: Get a horse, cowboy.

Meet the Chump (Universal)

It's About: *A nut who grows nuttier by the minute.*

WELL of all the screwy, silly daffy-down-dillies, this is it. Despite ourselves and our age (we should know better) we laughed ourselves into a stupor and all the time we realized it was too ridiculous even to be legitimately funny.

Anyway, it has Hugh Herbert, who pretends to be even crazier than the law allows, which should tip you off. It seems Hughie has swindled his nephew out of a mere \$5,000,000 and has himself declared insane in order to avoid explanations. To top it off, his nephew, played by Lewis Howard, also lands in the nut house and the whole thing gets battier by the minute.

Anyway, it's a lot of nonsense that makes no sense, but if it provides laughter—and it does—who cares.

Your Reviewer Says: Nutty as a fruit cake.

Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A young horse-lover who saves her lands from becoming commercialized.*

JANE WITHERS falls in love with Buddy Rogers, saves her homelands for the breeding of her beloved trotting horses, aids her grandfather in establishing a local hospital and does it all with one hand tied behind her. Janey is so used to this type of movie by now she prances through them with the greatest of ease.

The sulky race that climaxes the story is a thriller and the cute twosided love story and the philanthropic motives are carefully worked out. While it's a cozy enough little story, somehow we feel Jane should have those bigger and better pictures she's been promised. What do you think?

Your Reviewer Says: A Jane Withers specialty

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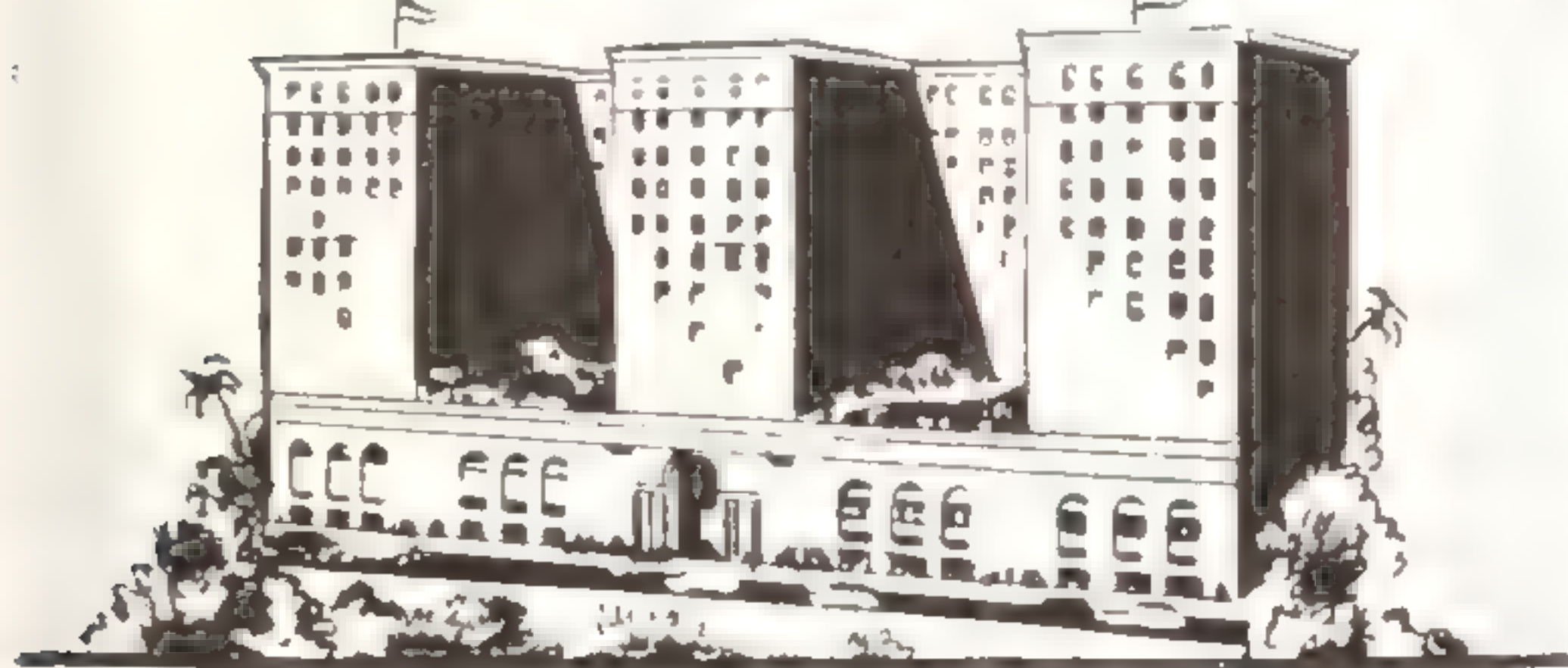
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✓ Scattergood Baines (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The sage of a small-town community.

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For our money there could be no finer *Scattergood* than Guy Kibbee, who brings to the role all the human qualities we've imagined in this small-town citizen. He's humorous, shrewd and abounds in genial understanding.

Francis Trout, recruited from the radio series, is very good in his first screen role. Carol Hughes and John Archer take care of the romance department most satisfactorily. But it's Kibbee's picture and make no mistake.

Your Reviewer Says: Homespun and all wool.

You're the One (Paramount)

It's About: A singer's attempt to land a job with a band.

If you will pardon us for not pulling our punches, kind readers, we will say right out loud this is one of the dullest pictures we've ever sat through.

However, if you've yearned for a close-up of Miss Bonnie Baker, the "Oh Johnny" girl, and that handsome band-leader, Orrin Tucker, your yearnings are gratified herewith. They are both in the picture. So is Albert Dekker, a fine actor who is sold down the river for a fare-thee-well.

Your Reviewer Says: A never-never film.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ADAM HAD FOUR SONS"—Columbia. Screen play by William Hurlbut and Michael Blankfort. From the novel, "Legacy," by Charles Bonner. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: *Emilie Gallatin*, Ingrid Bergman; *Adam Stoddard*, Warner Baxter; *Hester*, Susan Hayward; *Molly*, Fay Wray; *Older Boys*: Jack, Richard Denning; *David*, Johnny Downs; *Chris*, Robert Shaw; *Phillip*, Charles Lind; *Younger Boys*: Jack, Billy Wray; *David*, Steven Muller; *Chris*, Wallace Chadwell; *Phillip*, Bobby Walberg; *Cousin Philippa*, Helen Westley; *Vance*, June Lockhart; *Otto*, Pietro Sosso; *Dr. Lane*, Gilbert Emery; *Photographer*, Renie Riano; *Sam*, Clarence Muse.

"ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Harry Ruskin. Based on a story by Katharine Brush. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Judge Hardy*, Lewis Stone; *Andy Hardy*, Mickey Rooney; *Mrs. Hardy*, Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict*, Ann Rutherford; *Aunt Milly*, Sara Haden; *Kathryn Land*, Kathryn Grayson; *Steven V. Land*, Ian Hunter; *Jimmy McMahon*, Gene Reynolds; *"Beezy"*, George Breakston; *Harry Land*, Todd Karns; *Mr. Benedict*, Addison Richards; *Clarabelle Lee*, Margaret Early; *Susan Wiley*, Bertha Priestley; *Peter Dugan*, Joseph Crehan; *Barnes*, Lee Phelps; *Mr. Davis*, John Dilon.

"BACK STREET"—Universal. Screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson. Based on the novel by Fannie Hurst. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Cast: *Walter Saxel*, Charles Boyer; *Ray Smith*, Margaret Sullivan; *Curt Stanton*, Richard Carlson; *Ed Porter*, Frank McHugh; *Harry*, Frank Jenks; *Richard Saxel*, Tim Holt; *Freda Smith*, Peggy Stewart; *Darren*, Samuel S. Hinds.

"BLONDIE GOES LATIN"—Columbia. Screen play by Richard Flournoy and Karen De Wolf. Story by Quinn Martin. Based upon the comic strip created by Chic Young. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. Cast: *Blondie*, Penny Singleton; *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake; *Baby Dumpling*, Larry Simms; *Daisy*, Himself; *Lovey Nelson*, Ruth Terry; *Don Rodriguez*, Tito Guizar; *J. C. Dithers*, Jonathan Hale; *Alvin Fuddle*, Danny Mummert; *Mailman*, Irving Bacon; *Little Girl*, Janet Burston; *Hal Trent*, Kirby Grant; *Captain*, Joseph King; *Cab Driver*, Eddie Acuff.

(Continued on page 111)

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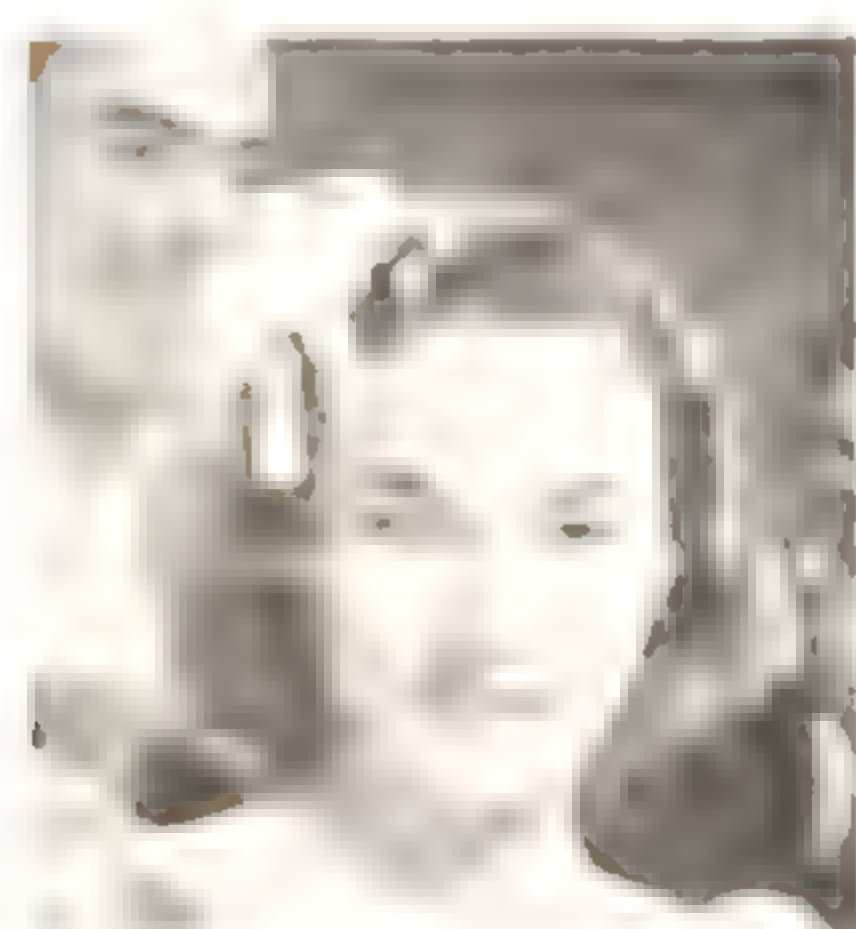


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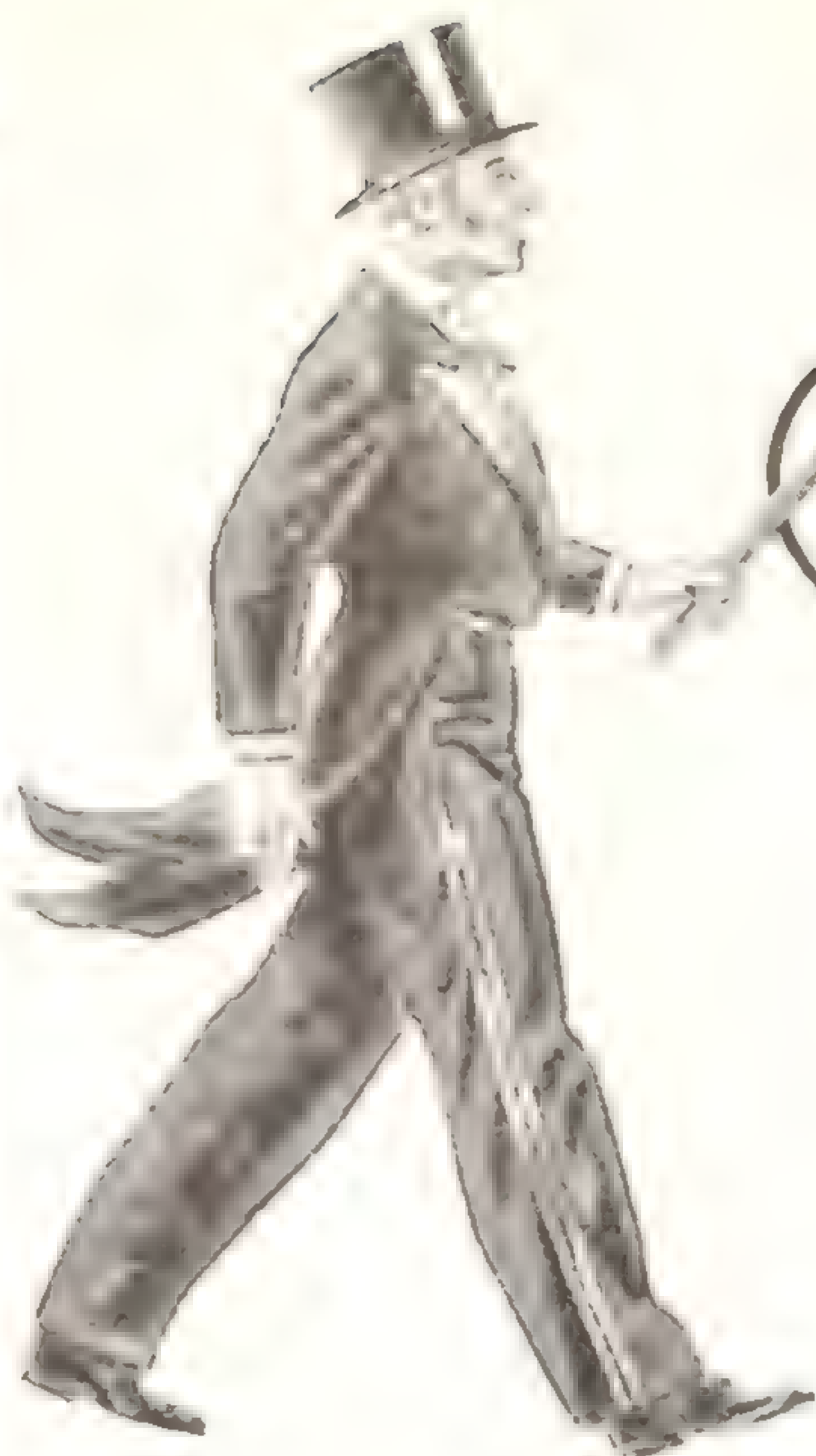
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"I like a girl if"

BY GLORIA MACK

Including a few remarks that Any-Man might make about any woman's eyes. The comments are ours; if you'd like some eye-openers, you'll look at them.

I like a girl if—

her eyes sparkle, if she always looks alive and never gets that "droopy sister" look at the midnight low.

To keep your eyes clear (and a sparkle, technically, is just the result of a healthy eye) bathe them every day with eye lotion; keep the skin around them unwrinkled and soft by applying eye cream. For a quick before-the-date pep-up, soak pads in eye lotion, place them over your eyes, lie down for about fifteen minutes and dream about the South Seas.

I like a girl if—

her eyes are deepset; if when the time, the place, and my sentiments call for it, her eyes can go soft and beautiful.

If nature didn't endow you with deepset eyes, you can give them that appearance by using shadow matching your natural coloring. Apply it—lightly!—over the whole lid. Then darken the upper lashes with black mascara. You can keep your eyes soft by careful shaping of the brows. Even the most luminous eyes will appear small if the brows are too thin. If the eyes are small to start with, make them appear larger by grooming—not thinly plucking—the brows.

I like a girl if—

her eyes don't look too prominently made up; if her lashes aren't beaded with mascara or smeared with eye shadow.

Use mascara only on the upper lashes, never on the lower ones. Don't have the brush too wet for application. A good trick for sunlight—where shadow and mascara sometimes show up a bit too well—is to smooth cream on the lids, then curl the lashes upward with an eyelash curler, which process, incidentally, will eventually train them to sweep upward. For bright-light business, mascara and shadow are effective and should never be omitted



I like a girl if—

her eyes are like Rita Hayworth's.

A short order with a long implication! The Hayworth, now appearing in "Affectionately Yours," is the girl all Hollywood has its eyes on for 1941 triumph. As for her eyes: She always carries a little eyebrow brush with her—and uses it—to guard against what expert Bill Knight called "working-girl eyebrows." Says Miss Hayworth: "We all know the difference between hair that is brushed and hair that isn't. Eyebrows are hair, and they look different, too, when regularly brushed." She uses brown eye shadow, darker near the lashes, and brings it right up to the eyebrows. She uses a small amount of mascara on her upper lashes only; her eyebrows are shaped, but not plucked. Her main rules are to take a great deal of time in making up the eyes and to use an eye lotion regularly.

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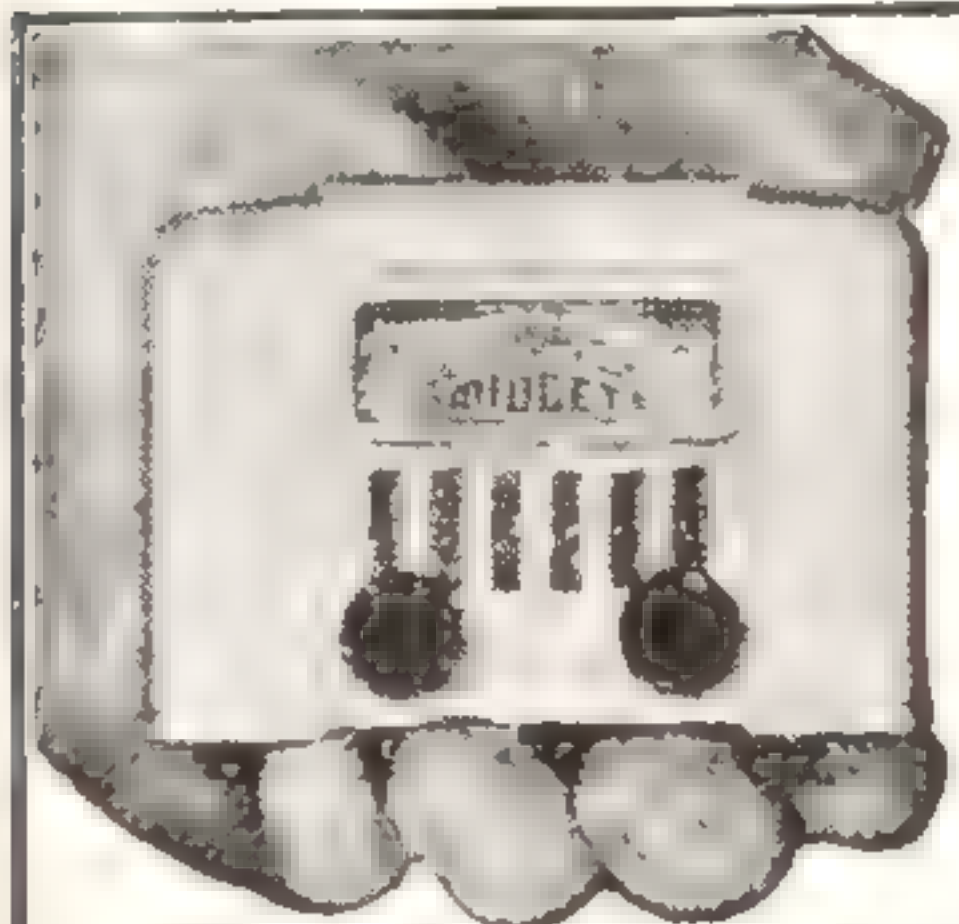


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MAY, 1941

(Continued from page 109)

"BUCK PRIVATES"—Universal. Original screen play by Arthur T. Horman. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: Randolph Parker III, Lee Bowman; Bob Martin, Alan Curtis; Slicker Smith, Bud Abbott; Herbie Brown, Lou Costello; Andrews Sisters, Themselves; Judy Gray, Jane Frazee; Michael Collins, Nat Pendleton; Dick Brunette, Leonard Elliott; Miss Durlina, Dora Clement.

"ELLERY QUEEN'S PENTHOUSE MYSTERY"—Columbia. Screen play by Eric Taylor. Story by Ellery Queen. Directed by James Hogan. Cost: Ellery Queen, Ralph Bellamy; Nikki Porter, Margaret Lindsay; Inspector Queen, Charley Grapewin; Lois Ling, Anna May Wong; Sergeant Velle, James Burke; Count Brett, Edward Cinnelli; Sanders, Frank Albertson; Sheila Cobb, Ani Doran; Gordon Cobb, Noel Madison; Doc Prouty, Charles Lane; Walsh, Russell Hicks; McGrath, Tom Dugan; Roy, Mantan Moreland; Jim Ritter, Theodore Von Eltz.

"GOLDEN HOOFS"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Ben Grauman Kohn. Original story by Roy Chanslor and Thomas Langan. Directed by Lynn Shores. Cast: Jane Drake, Jane Withers; Dean MacArdle, Charles (Buddy) Rogers; Cornelia Hunt, Katharine Aldridge; Dr. Timothy Drake, George Irving; Morty Witherspoon, Buddy Pepper; Booth, Cliff Clark; Mose, Phillip Hurlick; Green, Sheila Ryan; Calvin Harmon, Howard Hickman.

"HARD-BOILED CANARY, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Frederick Jackson. From a story by Andrew L. Stone and Robert Lively. Based on an idea by Ann Ronnell. Cast: Michael Maddy, Allan Jones; Toodles LaVerne, Susanna Foster; Sylvia Worth, Margaret Lindsay; George Thomas, Lynne Overman; Maidie Dugalle, Grace Bradley; Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, William Collier, Sr.; Heimo Haitto, Heimo Haitto; Kaye Connor, Kaye Connor; William Chapman, William Chapman; Dolly Lochr, Dolly Lochr; Patricia Travers, Patricia Travers; Richard Bonelli, Richard Bonelli; Richard Hageman, Richard Hageman; Tim Petina, Irma Petina; Tandy MacKenzie, Tandy MacKenzie; Miss Wilson, Fay Helm; Miss Clark, Esther Dale; Deems Taylor, Deems Taylor.

"LADY EVE, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Preston Sturges. Based on a story by Monckton Hoffer. Directed by Preston Sturges. Cast: Jean, Barbara Stanwyck; Charles, Henry Fonda; "Colonel" Harrington, Charles Coburn; Mr. Pike, Eugene Pallette; Muggsy, William Demarest; Sir Alfred McGlennan Keith, Eric Blore; Gerald, Nelville Cooper; Martha O'Driscoll, Martha O'Driscoll; Mrs. Pike, Janet Beecher; Burrows, Robert Greig; Gertrude, Dora Clement; Pike's Chef, Luis Alberni.

"MAD DOCTOR, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Howard J. Green. Directed by Tim Whelen. Cast: Dr. George Sebastian, Basil Rathbone; Linda Boothe, Ellen Drew; Gil Sawyer, John Howard; Louise Watkins, Barbara Allen; (Vera Vague) Dr. Charles Downer, Ralph Morgan; Maurice Gretz, Martin Kosleck; Winnie (Housekeeper) Kitty Kelly; Lawrence Watkin, Hugh O'Connell; Hatch, Hugh Sothorn.

"MEET THE CHUMP"—Universal. Screen play by Alex Gottlieb. Original story by Hal Hudson and Otis Garret. Directed by Edward Cline. Cast: Hugh Mansfield, Hugh Herbert; John Mansfield, Lewis Howard; Madge Reilly, Jeanne Kelly; Miss Burke, Anne Nagel; Gloria Mitchell, Kathryn Adams; Stinky Pink, Shemp Howard; Slugs, Richard Lane; Revello, Andrew Tombes; Juniper, Hobart Cavanaugh; Dr. Stephanovsky, Charles Halton; Camp, Martin Spellman; Muldoon, Ed Gargon.

"MONSTER AND THE GIRL, THE"—Paramount. Original screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Stuart Heisler. Cast: Susan Webster, Ellen Drew; Sam Daniels, Rod Cameron; Scot Webster, Phil Terry; Larry Reed, Robert Paige; McMasters, Onslow Stevens; Bruhl, Paul Lukas; Munn, Gerald Mohr; The Deacon, Joseph Calleia; Janson, Frank Thomas, Sr.; Sleeper, Marc Lawrence; Aunt Della, Janet Beecher; Tips, Cliff Edwards.

"NICE GIRL?"—Universal. Screen play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman. Based on the play, "Nice Girl" by Phyllis Duganne. Directed by William Seiter. Cast: Jane Dana, Deanna Durbin; Richard Calvert, Franchot Tone; Don Webb, Robert Stack; Hector Titus, Walter Brennan; Prof. Oliver Dana, Robert Benchley; Cora Foster, Helen Broderick; Sylvia Dana, Anne Gwynne; Nancy Dana, Ann Gillis; Martha Peasley, Nana Bryant; Mary Peasley, Elizabeth Risdon.

"RIDIN' ON A RAINBOW"—Republic. Screen play by Bradford Ropes and Doris Malloy. Original story by Bradford Ropes. Directed by Lew

(Continued on page 113)



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FOOD FOR *Sport*

BY ANN HAMILL

BY ANN HAMILTON

ROLLED STUFFED STEAK

Use round or flank steak about half an inch thick. For a two-pound steak, make the following stuffing:

- 2 tbs. bread crumbs
1 medium onion, minced
1/2 cup raisins, chopped
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 tsp. thyme
2 tbs. dried celery leaves
Melted butter
Hot water or hot milk

Combine ingredients in order given, moistening to desired consistency with melted butter mixed with an equal amount of warm water or warm milk. Spread stuffing on steak, roll loosely and fasten with skewers. Bake in moderate oven, basting occasionally.

HAM AND RAISINS

- 1 lb. ham (sliced)
1 cup raisins
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. dry mustard
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. powdered ginger
Paprika

Pan-boil the ham until brown and cooked through. Steam the raisins until plump (about ten minutes). Place ham on hot platter. Add mustard and ginger to ham fat in pan (use low flame so fat will not burn); drain raisins and cook in fat two to three minutes. Drain, dust with paprika and serve over ham.

Scalloped tomatoes and glazed sweet potatoes (both baked en casserole) take on new interest when raisins are added. Just add a layer of raisins for each layer of tomato or sweet potato.

SPINACH AND RAISINS

- 2 lbs. spinach 1 cup raisins
1 tsp. salt

Wash the spinach and add the raisins and salt. Cook all together until spinach is done, when raisins will have become tender and plump. No water is required, the water which clings to the spinach after washing being sufficient, provided you see that it does not boil away.

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(Continued from page 111)

Landers. Cast: Gene, Gene Autry; Frog, Smiley Burnette; Patsy, Mary Lee; Sally, Carol Adams; Captain Bartlett, Ferris Taylor; Maria Bartlett, Georgia Caine; Matt Evans, Byron Foulger; Blake, Ralf Harold; Frisco, Jimmy Conlin; Sheriff, Guy Usher; Morrison, Anthony Warde; Jeff Billings, Forrest Taylor; Eben Carter, Burr Caruth.

"ROAD SHOW"—Hal Roach—U.A. Screen play by Arnold Belgard, Harry Langdon and Mickell Novak. From the novel, "Road Show," by Eric Hatch. Directed by Hal Roach. Cast: Colonel Carleton Carraway, Adolph Menjou; Penguin Moore, Carole Landis; Drogo Gaines, John Hubbard; Harry Whitman, Charles Butterworth; Jinx, Patsy Kelly; Indian, George E. Stone; Priscilla, Margaret Roach; Helen Newton, Polly Ann Young; Ed Newton, Edward Norris; Alice, Marjorie Woodworth; Mrs. Newton, Florence Bates; Willie, Willie Best; The Charioteers, Themselves; Dr. Thorn-dyke, Paul Stanton; Stanhope, Ted Stanhope; Sheriff, Clarence Wilson; State Trooper, Lane Chandler; Drunk, Jack Norton.

"ROAD TO ZANZIBAR"—Paramount. Screen play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman. Based on a story by Don Hartman and Sy Bartlett. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: Church, Bing Crosby; Fearless, Bob Hope; Donna Latour, Dorothy Lamour; Julia, Una Merkel; Charles Kimble, Eric Blore; Proprietor—Native Booth, Luis Alberni; Dimples, Joan Marsh; Fat Lady, Ethel Greer; French Soubrette in Cafe, Iris Adrian; Saunders, George Renavent; Solomon, Jules Strangbow.

"SCATTERGOOD BAINES"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Michael L. Simmons and Edward T. Lowe. Based on Clarence Budington Kelland's "Scattergood Baines" stories. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Cast: Scattergood Baines, Guy Kibbee; Helen Parker, Carole Hughes; Johnny Bones, John Archer; Pliny Pickett, Francis Trout; Mirandy Baines, Emma Dunn; Ed Potts, Lee (Lasses) White; Clara Potts, Fern Emmett; Crane, Edward Earle; McKettrick, Bradley Page; Keith, Joseph Crehan.

"STRAWBERRY BLONDE, THE"—Warners. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. From a play by James Hagan. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Cast: Biff Grimes, James Cagney; Amy Lind, Olivia de Havilland; Virginia Brush, Rita Hayworth; Old Man Grimes, Alan Hale; Hugo Barnstead, Jack Carson; Nicholas Pappalas, George Tobias; Mrs. Mulcahey, Una O'Connor; Harold, George Reeves; Harold's Girl Friend, Lucile Fairbanks; Big Joe, Edward McNamara; Josephine, Helen Lynd; Toby, Herbert Heywood.

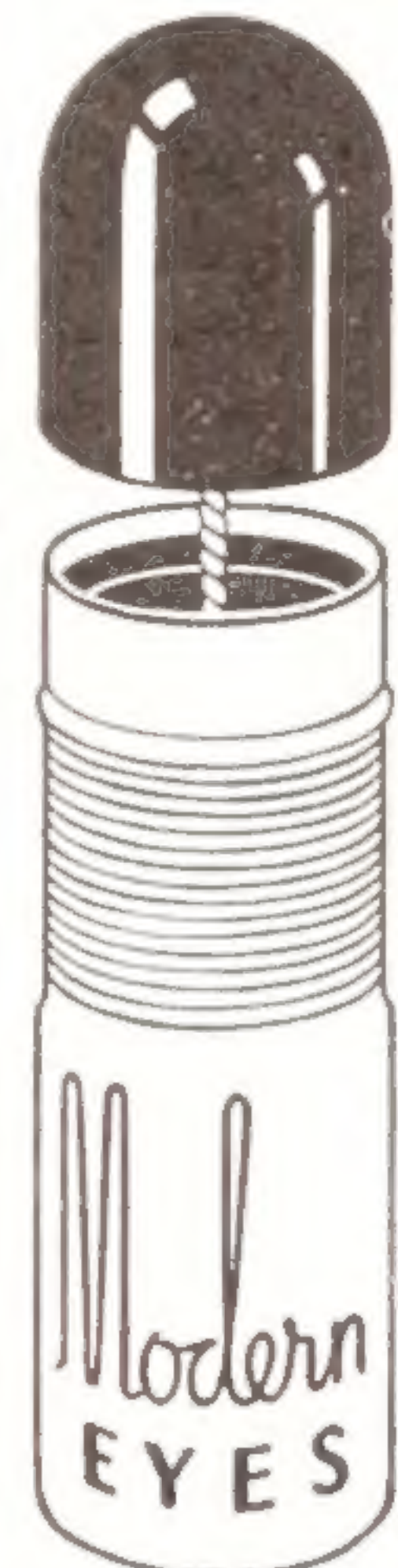
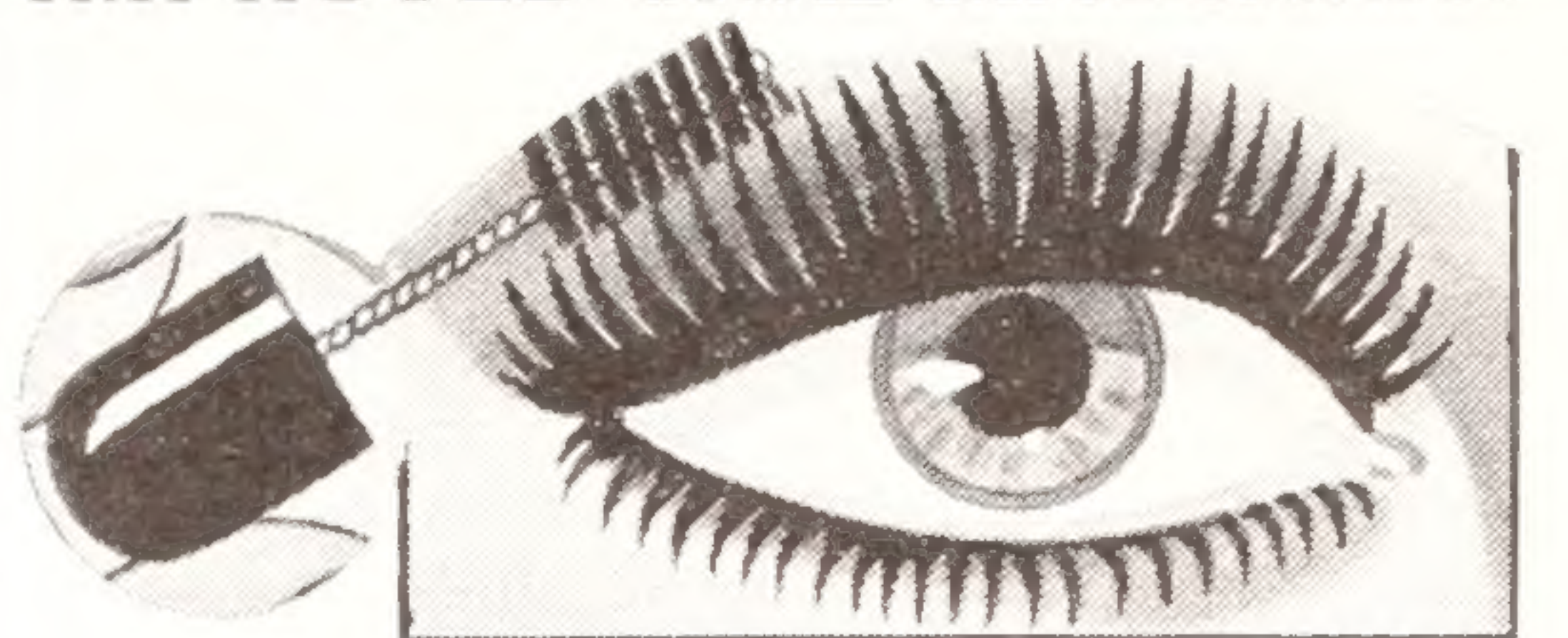
"TOBACCO ROAD"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Adopted from the stage play "Tobacco Road" by Jack Kirkland. Based on the novel by Erskin Caldwell. Directed by John Ford. Cast: Jeeter, Charley Grapewin; Sister Bessie, Marjorie Rambeau; Ellie May, Gene Tierney; Dude Lester, William Tracy; Ada Lester, Elizabeth Patterson; Captain Tim, Dana Andrews; Peabody, Slim Summerville; Lov, Ward Bond; George Payne, Grant Mitchell; Grandma, Zeffie Tilbury; Chief of Police, Russell Simpson; County Clerk, Spencer Charters; Teller, Irving Bacon; Auto Dealer, Harry Tyler; Mayor, Charles Halton; Clerk, George Chandler.

"TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN, THE"—M-G-M. Based on the play by Bayard Veiller. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Cast: Jimmie Blake, Robert Young; Mary Dugan, Laraine Day; Edgar Wayne, Tom Conway; Gertrude Wayne, Frieda Inescort; Mr. West, John Litel; Agatha Hall, Marsha Hunt; Mrs. Collins, Marjorie Main; Galwey, Henry O'Neill; Miss Matthews, Sara Haden; John Masters, Francis Pierlot; Captain Gregory Price, Addison Richards; Judge Nash, Pierre Watkin; Dr. Saunders, Alma Kruger.

"WESTERN UNION"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Robert Carson. Directed by Fritz Lang. Cast: Richard Blake, Robert Young; Vance Shaw, Randolph Scott; Edward Creighton, Dean Jagger; Sue Creighton, Virginia Gilmore; Doc Murdoch, John Carradine; Herman, Slim Summerville; Homer, Chill Wills; Jack Slade, Barton MacLane; Governor, Russell Hicks; Charlie, Victor Kilian; Pat Grogan, Minor Watson; Herb, George Chandler; Chief Spotted Horse, Chief Big Tree; Indian Leader, Chief Thundercloud; Porky, Dick Rich; Henchman, Harry Strang; Stagecoach Rider, Charles Middleton; Captain Harlow, Addison Richards; Barber, Irving Bacon.

"YOU'RE THE ONE"—Paramount. Screen play by Gene Markey. Original story by Gene Markey. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Cast: Bonnie Baker, Herself; Orrin Tucker, Himself; Luke Laramie, Albert Dekker; Death Valley Joe Frink, Edward Everett Horton; Miss Jones, Lillian Cornell; Aunt Emma, Renie Riano; Dr. Colonna, Jerry Colonna; Julius, Teddy Hart.

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The Marriage Dilemma of Judy Garland

(Continued from page 28)

Judy is a person of dreams and moods—the kind who needs older companionship to understand those moods. She expresses them best on paper and already has written a volume of poems, a limited number of which is being bound into a book for distribution among her closest friends.

We begged Judy for just one verse to bring you. She refused, and then she went on to give her reason. Used in such a fashion, her poems would not be serving the purpose for which they were written—to be enjoyed and understood only by those who knew her best—for others might not understand her motives in such a medium of expression. So you see within her, welling up and seething over, is the urge toward self-expression in various fields. And that's where Dave Rose comes into the picture in bright, clear focus. He is giving understanding and aid to that self-expression.

HELL go over to Judy's new white house in Brentwood of an evening. The two will work together for hours over a song—a new one, perhaps, or an arrangement of an old one. Together they'll think out the arrangements for Judy's Decca records, Dave writing out the music for Judy's songs.

Dave Rose is the release through which Judy's moods and thoughts find escape. No one else, no one nineteen, at least, can offer that to Judy Garland.

He understands. When Judy first wrote the story "Love's New Sweet Song" she was almost afraid to show it to her own young gay companions. It was a skit, incidentally, that revealed the tug of war in Judy's heart, for it, too, concerned a young girl's love for an older man. But Dave saw merit in the sketch and sat down with Judy to work out the musical arrangements to accompany the story. The results you may have heard on a recent Sunday afternoon broadcast. The day following the broadcast several major studios telephoned about the story. Was it for sale? Had Judy written others? Could they see them?

Dave Rose shared that success and that glory with her; for he had helped to make it all come true.

In fact, his influence goes even deeper. Through the earnestness with which he approaches his music he has made Judy want to learn more, to know more. This significant little incident will illustrate. Just two short years ago Judy was a happy-go-lucky kid with a youngster's typical attitude toward her studies.

"When I'm eighteen," she kept telling her studio teacher, Miss Rose Carter, "I'm through with these books. Not one more day do I spend with your old geometry!" And she longed for the magic day in June of 1940 when she would be no longer a schoolgirl but a grown woman.

However, before that day arrived. Judy's friendship with Dave had begun to blossom and take root. On the morning of June tenth she walked into the schoolroom for the usual lessons and found to her astonishment that things were different. Miss Carter was busy packing away the books and papers.

"What are you doing?" Judy asked.

"Why, you're eighteen now," Miss Carter replied. "You don't want these any more."

Judy burst into tears. "I do though," she sobbed. "I want to take the examinations and graduate with my class."

Truly, the gentle handiwork of Dave Rose was then plainly to be seen.

Graduation night arrived and Judy, in a simple organdy dress that matched but did not surpass the other dresses, stood up with the girls and boys of University High School. Suddenly a friend dashed down the aisle to Judy's mother, returning the bouquet she had sent her daughter. The note that was attached said: "Dear Mother, please do not be angry about my returning the bouquet, but all the girls are carrying corsages alike and they even had one for me. I want to be just like them."

Yes, there is a certain humility about Judy in everything she does that seems to reduce to its proper importance the query occasionally put to her: "But, my dear, Dave isn't well-known. Why, you should be going with someone equal to you in fame."

Judy Garland wouldn't understand that. She simply hasn't the capacity to understand that sort of snobbery. Nor does she crave elaborate gifts or luxuries. Her own bedroom is simple but tastefully fixed as a den or sitting room where the gang can congregate.

Her prize possession is a charm bracelet given her by Clark Gable for singing to him the song written by her own studio arranger, Roger Eden, "Please Mr. Gable."

AS to the fame of Mr. Rose, we can say that no musician in Hollywood is rising faster in his work than Dave. He is now musical director of four radio programs, arranging the music in his own style—which is good.

We watched him one afternoon during a Tony Martin radio rehearsal as he sat on a stool, microphones over his ears, directing the orchestra.

"Strike out that B natural," he'd call, or, glancing toward the quartette, he'd say quietly, "Bad note there."

We noticed how carefully Tony listened



Judy Garland and Jackie Cooper: A team-up that fits in with Hollywood's teen-age theory but misses out when it comes to romance. For the "why's" see story on page 27

to his every suggestion and how quickly Dave could detect the slightest off-note of any one musician.

He came down between numbers to chat for just a moment. When Judy's name crept into the conversation, he spoke of her without fluster or embarrassment, giving the impression their relationship was one of good friendship. But beyond generalities he would not go.

He spoke of his hobby—a train, not a miniature, that runs on its own track in his back yard, arriving nowhere but just where it started.

"In England where I was born, trains of this sort are quite common as a hobby," he said. "Perhaps that's where I gathered the idea. Or perhaps I got it from my ancestors, for I've been in this country since I was four years old."

"Yes," he added, "I am an American now."

All through his boyhood, he explained, he had been torn between wanting to run a train and write music. He does both now. And he admitted Judy is one of his most frequent passengers, riding round and round and getting nowhere.

SINCE the plans for Deanna Durbin's marriage have become so widely discussed, rumors have been rife in Hollywood that Dave and Judy would next trek to the altar. Don't believe it.

"I want Mr. Mayer of my studio to be at my wedding if I get married," Judy once said, "and I want it to be in a church with flowers and music. And I want my mother to be happy about it."

There you have the story in a nutshell. Judy recognizes the debt of gratitude she owes to the studio that has made of a plump, freckle-faced little girl a glamorous star (and we say glamorous after seeing Judy in "Ziegfeld Girl") and will do nothing against their wishes.

Her mother means the world to her and Judy will do nothing against her wishes, either.

So, there is her mother, dear beyond words to Judy, her studio, the work she loves, her career, all at stake. And we do mean at stake because it can truthfully be said Judy's marriage would be a disappointment—to put it mildly—to all but the parties of the first and second parts.

It would be ridiculous even to suggest that Judy does not adore Dave Rose. Seeing them together at Ciro's with Judy's heart shining through her eyes as she looks at him would convince the most incredulous.

But forced by the dictates of her affections, this girl finds herself faced with a decision, the momentousness of which few eighteen-year-olds of our generation are called upon to make. What will she do?

"I won't marry yet. Not for three or four more years," Judy said not so long ago.

But Dave Rose becomes a free man in March. (See page 17) What then? Will the bright and glowing prospect of a paradise no longer forbidden be too much for the heart of a girl in love?

We have tried to explain why Judy cares for a man older than herself, a man beyond her circle of happy kid times. We have tried to explain Judy and her soul. But we cannot explain the future and say what will come of this love.

The crossroads lie ahead. Only Judy knows which road she will choose and at what price.

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